



LIBRARY
OF THE
Theological Seminary.
PRINCETON, N. J.

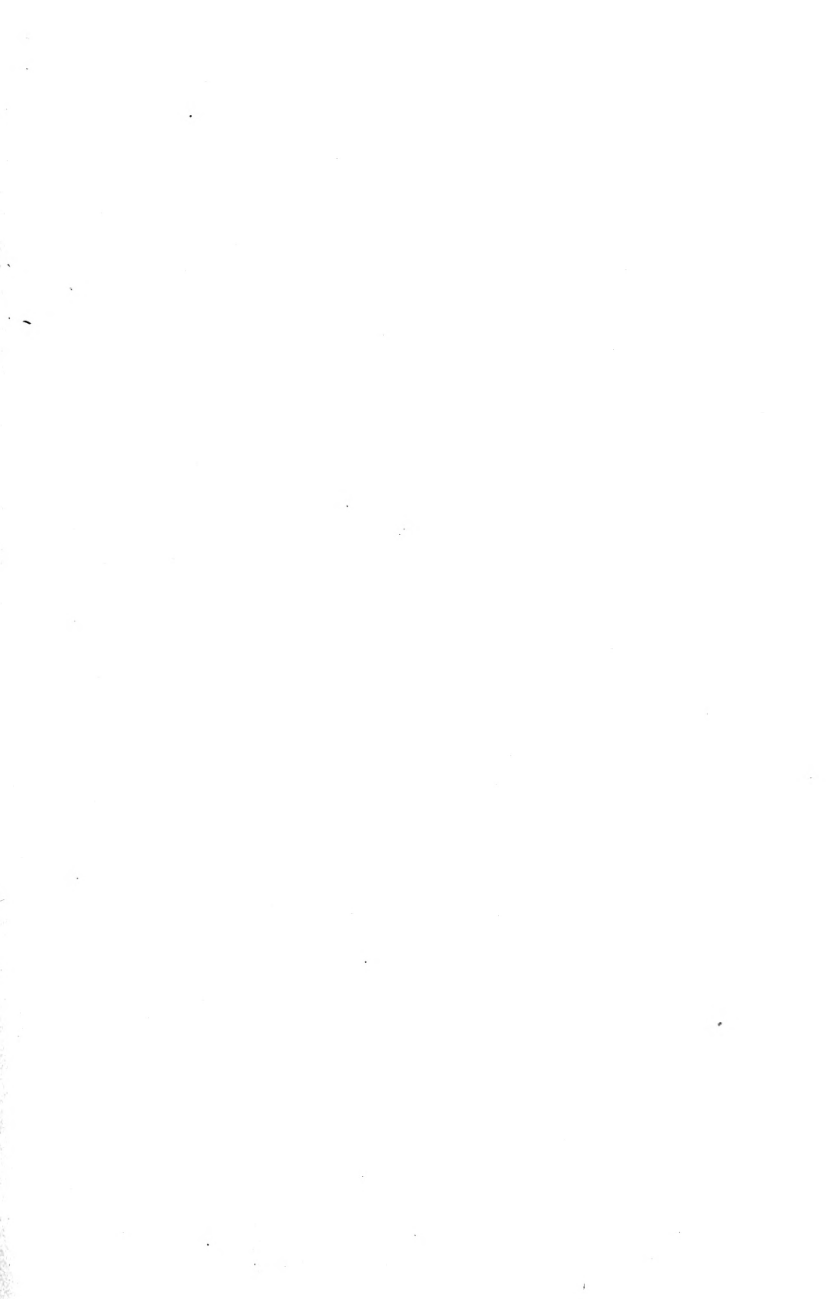
BV 1090 .E9 1848/49

Lectures delivered before
the Young Men's Christian
Assoc. at Exeter Hall

LECTURES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.





Samuel Morley



LECTURES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

✓
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

1848-49.

VOL. IV.

LONDON :

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21, BERNERS STREET.

1864.

EDINBURGH : T. CONSTABLE,
PRINTER TO THE QUEEN, AND TO THE UNIVERSITY

P R E F A C E.

As the following Lectures may be read by many who are unacquainted with the circumstances under which they were delivered, it has been thought desirable to supply a few words of an explanatory nature. They form the fourth course which has been delivered in connexion with the Young Men's Christian Association. The design of the Lectures may be perceived from the following fundamental rule of the Society :—

“That the object of the Association be the improvement of the spiritual and mental condition of commercial young men, by the efforts of the members of the Society in the sphere of their daily calling, by devotional meetings, Biblical instruction, and mutual improvement classes, the delivery of lectures, the diffusion of Christian literature, or any other means in accordance with the Scriptures.”

The topics were selected entirely with a view to the interest necessary in successive addresses before a large audience. Although they are somewhat heterogeneous in a programme, yet in their design and bearing there is harmony. In the Lectures there will be found, without any sectarian bias, a distinct recognition of the leading verities and principles of the Christian faith. To bring these principles fully into the sphere of the every-day life of the young men, was the object sought by the Association.

It is due to the esteemed and respected Lecturers to state, that their Lectures, valuable as they are, were prepared mainly in reference to their *delivery*. At the request of the committee, they most readily consented to their publication. The Young Men's Christian Association cheerfully acknowledge the deep obligation under which they have been placed by the clergymen and ministers who so kindly undertook to render this important service on behalf of young men.

The peculiar measure of interest and benefit which apparently attended the delivery of the Lectures the Committee devoutly ascribe to the blessing of the Almighty "Giver of every good and perfect gift." They earnestly hope that the publication of this book may guide many young men to the conclusion, that "Wisdom is better than rubies, and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it." "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding."

T. HENRY TARLTON,
Secretary.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE CHARACTERISTICS OF ROMANISM AND OF PROTESTANTISM, AS DEVELOPED IN THEIR RESPECTIVE TEACHING AND WORSHIP. BY REV. HUGH M'NEILE, D.D.	1
GOD IN HISTORY. BY REV. J. CUMMING, D.D.	35
THE BEARING OF COMMERCE UPON THE SPREAD OF CHRISTIANITY. BY REV. ROBERT BICKERSTETH, M.A.	79
THE COMMON ORIGIN OF THE HUMAN RACE. BY REV. WILLIAM BROCK,	105
MODERN INFIDEL PHILOSOPHY. BY REV. HUGH STOWELL, A.M. . .	133
THE POSSESSION OF SPIRITUAL RELIGION THE SUREST PRESERVA- TIVE FROM THE SNARES OF INFIDELITY AND THE SEDUCTIONS OF FALSE PHILOSOPHY. BY REV. JOHN ANGELL JAMES,	173
THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. BY REV. THOMAS ARCHER, D.D.	207
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848. BY REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, . .	231
• THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD. BY HON. AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL, A.M.	265
INTERNAL EVIDENCES OF THE DIVINE INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIP- TURES OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT. BY REV. THOMAS RAFFLES, D.D. LL.D.	285
CARDINAL WOLSEY. BY REV. SAMUEL MARTIN.	309
• SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, BART.: A STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN. BY REV. THOMAS BINNEY,	353

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF ROMANISM
AND OF PROTESTANTISM,
AS DEVELOPED IN THEIR RESPECTIVE TEACHING
AND WORSHIP.

BY

THE REV. HUGH M'NEILE, D.D.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF ROMANISM AND PROTESTANTISM.

WE are now to consider (but it must be most inadequately) some of the distinguishing characteristics of Romanism and Protestantism, as developed in their respective teaching and worship.

This is not a question of abstract theory. It is not a matter of philosophical investigation only, or scientific research, to be followed up simply for intellectual improvement. It is a living practical question, involving our very highest responsibilities, individually and nationally. It is to be *felt* as well as understood. Our Protestantism is to be *defended* also, against all enemies open and concealed ; and therefore it is matter of no small thankfulness to find our young men in the large provincial towns, and our young men in the metropolis, alive to the vital importance of this inestimable treasure.

England is still Protestant at heart. Proofs of this are accumulating on every side ; in the revival of that defensive tone of religious feeling, and that determined assertion of scriptural principle, by which, under the Divine blessing, our forefathers won the glorious Reformation for our country, and by which alone all the blessings of our civil and religious liberties can be maintained inviolate, and bequeathed to our children and our children's children. I have said *revival*, because for a time it seemed otherwise. The present generation of Englishmen know nothing of Romanism but by hearsay. A

general feeling existed that our Protestantism was perfectly secure ; and this produced a corresponding feeling that controversy against Romanism was altogether needless. Under cover of this ignorance and apathy, the Papal hierarchy, by denying upon oath, before Committees of the British Parliament, those obnoxious principles of perfidy and intolerance to which they are pledged upon oath in their own system, contrived to present themselves and their people before the nation under the engaging aspect of persons injured and oppressed, because of their religious opinions. Sympathy was excited. Concessions were made. England, anxious to be liberal as well as kind, broke down her constitutional defences. The few faithful watchmen who sounded an alarm were discountenanced as impracticable bigots, and the sworn enemies of our country *as she is*, were admitted to the full enjoyment of her dearest and most powerful privileges. Facts are eloquent and convincing. The removal of political disabilities was one thing. The endowment of religious error is quite another thing. The connexion between the two was denied. Now it is seen. Maynooth moved the country ; but it was an undisciplined, irregular movement, and therefore unsuccessful. Experience teaches. And now, an organization, wider and deeper far, marshalled also in sections, which, instead of crippling one another through jealousy, will stimulate one another by zeal, is heaving up the elements of a movement such as England has not witnessed for centuries, and such as no ministers of the Crown of England, advising the national endowment of Romanism, can possibly resist. Yes, we rejoice in the assurance (not without evidence) that Englishmen in every direction are beginning to see and feel the true merits of this question ; to discern the real friends of true liberty, inseparable as it is from true religion ; and to appreciate aright the dishonesty of those who have been seeking treacherously to undermine, the cold carelessness of those who have been consenting basely to betray, and the noble bold-

ness of those who have been standing forward determinedly to defend their Protestant citadel.

Our social and political privileges as Britons, and our saving blessings as spiritual Christians, grew together. They have waxed and waned together. They stood and still stand together. They must continue together, whether to stand or fall. It is in a spirit of devout thankfulness to Almighty God for the prolonged blessing of our national Protestantism, that I desire to meditate and discuss its distinguishing characteristics, as contrasted with the system of Romanism.

On no theme is it more essential to *define our terms* than on this. With an imposing claim to immutability, and a real readiness to act, as opportunity may serve, on the most obnoxious of her decrees, Romanism does, nevertheless, present a more than chameleon aspect, changing her colour, shape, and voice, in plastic adaptation to surrounding circumstances. Diluted down to the verge of mere negation, or misrepresented by artful and arbitrary suppression in the discourses of Dr. Wiseman and other men of the times, Romanism wears a mask for the deception of the unwary. This wily versatility in her administration must not be lost sight of in considering the characteristics of Romanism, though by the term I would rather be understood to mean the system itself *as it is*, when nothing is to be gained by concealment or hypocrisy ; the system as developed in canons, catechisms, and decretals ; matured under Gregory VII. ; consolidated under Clement, Adrian, and Innocent ; and stereotyped at Trent.

By Protestantism, I would be understood to mean the religion of Holy Scripture—not more and not less. The religion of *all* Holy Scripture, in its simplest, most obvious, and most grammatical construction : not nominal Protestantism, caricatured in Roman colours by Laud, and now again by the mediæval resuscitations of the Tractarian school : not ultra-Protestantism, setting at nought the miracles and mysteries of

redemption by the Son of God, and exhibiting a bare and bald counterfeit of Christianity as a rationalistic discovery of a high code of morals and an improved system of civilisation ; but sound and solid Protestantism, as revealed in the Bible, in opposition to Pharisees and Sadducees ; as exemplified in the history of the primitive Christian Church, in opposition to Sabellians, Donatists, and other heretics ; and as recovered and restored by the mingled fidelity and moderation of such men as Cranmer and Jewel, in opposition to the traditionary innovations of Rome.

Understanding so the two systems of Romanism and Protestantism, I proceed to contrast a few of their characteristics as developed—

- I. In their respective teaching.
- II. In their respective worship.

I. A distinguishing characteristic of Romanism, as developed in her teaching, is *legality*.

All her genuine disciples are under law ; under the principle of the old covenant : that is, the principle of bargain or condition ; duty performed and reward deserved ; or duty neglected and penalty incurred.

If it be asked, How, then, does Romanism deal with the gospel ? the answer is, she lavishes all the riches of revealed grace on the sacrament of baptism ; and then, for all who sin after baptism, that is, for all her disciples without exception, she has nothing better than what she very expressively calls *a new law*. The working out of this new law becomes of course a most important matter, and to this end Romanism has invented the *sacrament of penance*. Connected as this is with auricular confession and priestly absolution, it brings every real Romanist into habitual contact with his priest, as the keeper of his conscience under violations of the law, and the arbiter of his penances to be performed or penalties to be endured in

order to make satisfaction for those violations. The priest is the lawgiver under the new law. Thus the penitent is practically estranged from Christianity, as a thing exhausted on his baptism ; and busily engaged with Romanism, as the only engine of his restoration and salvation. His priest is his only accredited engineer, so he is in his priest's hands for time and eternity.

These statements might be largely confirmed, not by prejudiced or interested witnesses, but by citations from their own most guarded version of their teaching in the canons of the Council of Trent on penance. It is there solemnly declared, with a curse upon all who shall deny it, that "penance is truly and properly a sacrament instituted by Christ our Lord for the benefit of the faithful, to *reconcile them to God as often as they shall fall into sin after baptism ;*" that "penance is rightly called a second plank after shipwreck ;" that "the words of the Lord our Saviour, Receive ye the Holy Ghost ; whose sins ye shall forgive, etc., are to be understood of the power, in the priesthood, of forgiving or retaining sins in the sacrament of penance ;" that "sacramental confession was instituted by divine command, and is necessary to salvation ;" that "confession of every sin is possible, and that all Christians of both sexes are bound to observe the same once a year ;" that "we can make satisfaction to God for our sins, . . . by punishments enjoined by the priest, . . . such as fastings, prayers, alms, or other works of piety."

Let the practical effect of this, upon those who believe it, be fairly considered, and it will be seen that as the fundamental characteristic of Romish teaching is legality in principle, so in practice it is what may be called *ecclesiasticity* as distinguished from morality. It consists not in obedience to the known and unalterable commandments of God, but in compliance with the uncertain, variable, and arbitrarily apportioned impositions of the priest. These are dignified indeed with the title of the commandments of the Church ; but in this connexion the

Church is a mere fancy, an ideal, an intangible nondescript, having, to the masses of mankind, neither local habitation nor name nor power, save in the persons of the priest and bishop.

Here then is slavery, compared with which the condition of a negro under the lash, or of a convict in the hulks, may be comparative freedom. For *there*, the body only is enslaved ; but *here*, the mind and heart.

“ At the early age of seven years, the Roman Catholic child is taught to kneel before his confessor, and ransack his young heart for sin. From that time till the hour of his death, he is bound under the heaviest penalties to disburden his soul at stated periods to the priest. Nor is he allowed to conceal anything. It is not enough to confess actions and words. Thoughts, purposes, wishes must be equally disclosed. The laws of delicacy are rudely violated, and the timid female dares not refuse to answer questions which other lips than those of her spiritual instructor would not have presumed to utter in her presence ; she dares not even to withhold from him such feelings and imaginations as are kept secret from the dearest earthly friend. It is industriously inculcated that concealment is mortal sin. Hence absolution often fails to produce comfort. Some trivial matter, some thought which the penitent was ashamed to avow, remained unacknowledged. The tender conscience is racked and torn with agony ; no peace can be enjoyed till all obstacles are surmounted, and the tongue is made willing to betray the most retired privacies of the soul. Thus the priest becomes entire master. Confession may not reach the ear of Deity but by his intervention.”¹

The effects of this system on the moral character of the priests are of the most deplorable kind. As a celebrated modern writer justly remarks : “ The practice of auricular confession would entail a thousand evils and dangers upon the parties concerned, even apart from the unnatural condition to

¹ Cramp's *Text-Book of Popery*, p. 193, 2d edit.

which one of these parties has been reduced. But what must we think of auricular confession, when he, into whose prurient ear it is poured, lives under the irritation of a vow of virginity? The wretched being within whose bosom distorted passions are rankling, is called daily to listen to tales of licentiousness from his own sex ; and infinitely worse, to the reluctant or shameless disclosures of the other. Let the female penitent be of what class she may, simple-hearted or lax, the repetition of her dishonour, while it must seal the moral mischief of the offence upon herself, even if the auditor were a woman, enhances it beyond measure when the instincts of nature are violated by making the recital to a man. But shall we imagine the effect upon the sentiments of him who receives the confession ? Each sinner makes but one confession in a given time ; but each priest in the same space listens to a hundred ! What then, after a while, must that receptacle become, into which the continual droppings of all the debaucheries of a parish are falling, and through which the copious abomination filters ?”¹

In contrast with all this, a distinguishing characteristic of Protestantism, as developed in her teaching, is *grace*. Her genuine disciples, as declared by St. Paul, are “*not under the law, but under grace* :” under a new principle, not of bargain, but of blessing ; not of condition, but of free gift ; not of character exacted in order to obtain pardon, but of pardon bestowed in order to produce character.

If it be asked, What then does Protestantism do with the principle of law ? the answer is, She confines its operation, in this matter, to her Head, her Captain, her Conqueror—Jesus Christ. In him she honours the principle of law, while through him she rejoices in personal deliverance from its condemnation. She teaches that Jesus Christ was made of a woman, made *under the law* : under the law as a principle of life and duty, for and on behalf of those who had been under

¹ *Fanaticism*, pp. 206-210.

the condemnation of the law as a violated covenant. She teaches that, being so found in fashion as a man under the law, Jesus Christ performed every duty, in thought, word, or deed, which was required of man as a creature ; and endured every penalty, in flesh and spirit, which had been incurred by man as a sinner : that he was *made sin* for man, *made a curse* for man, and is *the end of the law for righteousness* to every man that believeth in him. She teaches that he for them fulfilled the law, and that they in him are fulfillers of the law. She teaches not that this is all exhausted upon baptism, and that all who sin after baptism are replaced, beyond all this, under another law ; but that all who receive baptism *rightly*, that is, *in faith*, are brought *into* all this blessedness, being brought into union with Jesus Christ. She teaches that the atoning death of Jesus Christ upon the cross, once for all, is a perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction for sin, both *original and actual* ; and that there is none other satisfaction for sin but that alone.

She teaches that all who believe in this are justified from all things, that they have the blessedness of the man whose iniquities are forgiven, whose sin is covered, of the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin, of the man to whom the Lord imputeth righteousness without works : and that if any of them sin, they have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous One, and he is the propitiation for their sins.

She teaches that the Gospel is not a demand for work to be done, but glad tidings of work done already : that no satisfaction for sin is ever to be made, or ever can be made, in addition to what is made already : that no justifying righteousness is ever to be wrought, or ever can be wrought, in addition to what is wrought already. She asks no contribution towards her great feast from any of the guests, but delights in the proclamation that “ the oxen and fatlings are killed, and *all things*

are ready." She urges no man to the hopeless task of making his peace with God, but declares to every man that Jesus Christ is our peace ; that in him God is well pleased, and in him "we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." Let the practical effect of this upon those who believe it be fairly considered, and it will be seen that as the fundamental characteristic of Protestant teaching is grace in principle, so in practice it is the very highest standard of morality, beginning with the first and great commandment of the Divine law, "Thou shalt *love* the Lord thy God," etc. "We *love* him, because he first loved us." "In this was manifested the love of God," that "he gave his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." Protestantism teaches pardoning love from heaven, producing grateful love on earth. And this is the fruitful spring of all holiness. "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Love is labour made easy, nay, delightful. Love knows nothing of constraint, or coercion, or bondage. When the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, the service of God is "perfect freedom."

And here I may notice a friendly objection which has been urged against our present proceeding in this Course of Lectures. I have received a letter upon the subject, dated London, November 15. The writer, after giving us credit for good intentions, says, "But I beg to add that your prospectus of the Exeter Hall Lectures to Young Men for the ensuing season is not good, either as to time or matter : " After a brief discussion of the time, which he considers too late in the evening, he thus comments on the matter : "Our youth of both sexes require to be well and diligently instructed in the knowledge and service of the self-existent God, whose holy worship excludes all known sin and includes all personal holiness. 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' And they need to have the energies which God hath given them powerfully roused and stirred up to seek the Lord while he may be found,

and to call upon him while he is near. ‘Behold, now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation.’ But delay is dangerous and often fatal. Deeply impressive counsels of prudence, also, should be religiously and affectionately urged upon them, in order to produce and promote in them sobriety, habits of industry, obedience to parents, economy in money matters ; for they should never spend their good money *before* they get it, nor buy a thing, how cheap soever it may be, when it is not wanted, nor indulge in the expensiveness of costly apparel and ornamental foolishness, nor should they ever sit down to meals or go to bed without acknowledging their God in prayer and thanksgiving, nor dare to omit daily private prayer before God, who *sees unseen*, for he is a Spirit, but rewardeth openly.

“In case, however, that their teachers should neglect to inform their minds, to rouse their energies, or to turn their feet into the good and right way, they themselves must attend to self-culture, and in humble dependence upon God, amend their own ways and their own doings, returning at the same time unto the Lord with all their heart, and he will bless them. —Yours with profound respect.”

I have read this here because true Protestantism teaches all this : not of course in Lectures of this kind, where time does not serve for enlarging on such details. But even here she teaches the fruitful principle, from which alone all such conduct can so spring as to be acceptable to God. She bears in practical remembrance the words of the Lord Jesus, when he said, “ *Make the tree good*, and his fruit good ; or else make the tree corrupt, and his fruit corrupt.” Protestantism aims at the root, that *love*, the first and great commandment of the law, may become the instinct of the heart.

Protestantism teaches a renewal or revival of this love, by a renewed application in faith, to the one only and all-sufficient satisfaction for sin made by Jesus Christ ; a renewed applica-

tion accompanied indeed with "godly sorrow," even true repentance for sin, but not with any presumptuous attempt to make satisfaction for sin. Protestantism teaches complete restoration, peace with God, access in Christ, fellowship with the Father and with his Son, and joy in the hope of the glory which shall be revealed.

Here is liberty, holy liberty, and to all who enjoy it, the Apostle, protesting against Phariseism, and so by anticipation protesting against Romanism, said, "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

Thus the two systems stand contrasted in the fundamental characteristics of *law* and *grace*, with this addition, that the laws under which Romanism is practically enslaved are not the laws of God, but the traditions of men.

2. Consequent upon this is another contrast between the two systems, which well deserves attention.

A characteristic of Romanism as developed in her teaching, is *congeniality with human nature as it is*, without any serious attempt really to improve it.

Natural conscience has been well likened to a legitimate but dethroned monarch. Its right is not disputed, though its authority is resisted. Yet this revolutionary resistance is not constant. Conscience at times reasserts its authority, and is heard. Then, for the time, the man is willing to do, or undergo, what at other times he never thinks of, or possibly laughs to scorn. Passion leads the rebellion: conscience struggles for the restoration, and the campaign is coeval with unconverted human nature in this world. Conscience confesses, *Video meliora, proboque*, "I see and approve of what is right." Passion interposes, *Deteriora sequor*, "I follow what is wrong."

Thus the action of each is intermittent. During the ascendancy of conscience, while passion slumbers, human nature craves relief; and is willing to purchase it, or anything which

holds out a prospect of it, with money, or with toil, or with suffering. During the ascendancy of passion, while conscience slumbers, human nature craves indulgence in divers transgressions, and *will* transgress, whatever the result may be.

A system professedly religious, which propounds no relief, or supposed relief, for the paroxysms of conscience, is not congenial to human nature as it is ; and therefore infidelity can prosper only among those, comparatively few, whose consciences are seared, as the apostle expresses it, with a hot iron. A religious system which gives no indulgence at any time to any sinful passion, is not congenial to human nature as it is ; and therefore true Christianity or Protestantism can prosper only among those, comparatively few, whose hearts are renewed.

But a religious system constructed to meet the alternate requirements of conscience and passion—a system at one time exacting penance, and promising relief thereby to the conscience ; and at another time promoting worldliness and thereby extending indulgence to the passions—is congenial to human nature as it is ; and therefore Romanism, with her black Lent and red Carnival, can prosper with the unconverted multitude. She gives or takes, smiles or frowns, according to circumstances. She is equally at home in the cell of discipline, and in the saloon of gaiety : early at mass, and late at the opera. Her teaching is not in high principles of essential right ; but in measures, and balances, and compensations ; in liabilities incurred and liquidations effected ; in bargainings for peace without purity ; false peace purchased, or supposed to be purchased, by mortifications of the body, but wholly destitute of that constraining love which mortifies the deeds of the body.

In holy contrast with this, a characteristic of Protestantism, as developed in her teaching, is *antagonism to human nature as it is*, with the high and determined aim to renew it to conformity with God.

True holiness is moral similarity to the Holy One, and in

this consists true happiness. Escape from punishment does not of itself secure happiness ; though it is indeed a necessary preliminary to that state of mind in which happiness commences.

So long as the question to be decided is pardon or no pardon, the root of the operations of the mind is selfishness. A mind so exercised cannot rise into any ennobling desires after God's glory. It is occupied with the great personal inquiry, *Am I safe ?* And the aim of all its toils, however imposing in themselves, is to secure a favourable answer. All false religions, and all perversions of the true, by postponing the question of perfect pardon to the last, perpetuate a grovelling selfishness. They never answer, they never can satisfactorily answer, the question, *Am I safe ?* and therefore they keep, and must always keep, their disciples outside of the door.

Protestantism alone, or, in other words, true Christianity, proclaims pardon first ; pardon righteously procured by the sinner's Substitute, and graciously bestowed upon the sinner himself, that the mind, believing this, and entering into personal peace, may thenceforth be delivered from the bondage of selfish toil, and engaged in sanctifying communion and fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. Protestantism teaches that we have not received the spirit of bondage, *again to fear* ; but the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

This newness of heart holds no truce with the rebellion of unconverted nature ; but re-establishes conscience on the throne, and wages an exterminating war against every sinful passion. Instead of dealing with sin, any sin, as a thing for which man's merit or man's suffering can make satisfaction to God, Protestantism represents sin, every sin, as so essentially hateful and infinitely dishonouring to God, that nothing short of the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ can stand between it and everlasting perdition.

Thus Protestantism teaches what the apostle calls " boldness

and access with confidence by the faith" of Jesus. Here the true Protestant has entrance into the holiest, nearness to God, consciousness of God's presence, and joy unspeakable and full of glory in the penetrating assurance of God's love. Being thus brought nigh, he then begins to hold spiritual communion with God. **IT IS BY COMMUNION ENJOYED, THAT CHARACTER IS FORMED.** Beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, and delighting in the sight, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. Thus *sanctification is progressively carried on, in a communion which is based upon a justification already perfected.* And godly sorrow for sin—true penance—is secured by the love of God shed abroad in the heart, quickening holy shame, and self-abasement, and genuine brokenness of spirit, for having offended so loving a Father.

Romanism, on the contrary, denies a perfect present justification, making it to depend upon character produced, instead of righteousness imputed. And she denies a perfect present pardon, making pardon eventually to depend upon penances performed, and unbloody sacrifices offered in the immolation of bread and wine, which she declares to be transubstantiated into the body, blood, soul, and divinity of the Son of God. Neither is she satisfied with exacting this continual sacrifice for the sinner during his life. She hangs uncertainty about his death-bed. For, even after the application of extreme unction, she proclaims the necessity of more prayers still to be offered, and more masses still to be purchased, for the departed spirits of the faithful, before they can be permitted to draw nigh unto God. Thus, Romanism can never produce *godly* sorrow. Her repentance to the last is selfish fear. She has no present security, no rock to stand on now, no filial access to God, no sanctifying communion with God, no constraining love of an all-sufficient Saviour elevating her motives, and transforming her into the Divine image. She presents a mixture of terrorism,

self-righteousness, and superstition. Terror held out against the guilty conscience to keep the sinner in thralldom : self-righteousness encouraged in the supposed merit of the sinner's works of slavery : and superstition cultivated in the required dependence upon masses and penances, and pilgrimages and charms ; upon the prayers of dead men and women, and, last of all, upon the fabulous fires of purgatory.

3. Another characteristic of Romanism, as developed in her teaching, is *ecclesiastical domination over the civil magistrate*.

Romanism teaches that our Lord Jesus Christ has established an Institution in the earth, invested with a Divine right to govern the earth : to act as Christ's vicar in appointing kings and deposing kings ; in binding subjects to allegiance, and absolving subjects from allegiance. And that this Institution is under the management of officers, in indefeasible succession, who are and ought to be exempt from the jurisdiction of all temporal tribunals, and amenable only to their own commander-in-chief, who is declared to be the Bishop of Rome. To prove the justice and fairness of this representation, the canon law, the decretals, and the pages of authentic history might be, as they have been, very copiously cited.

The practical consequence of this is, that even where the civil ruler is a Romanist, Romanism is felt to be an *imperium in imperio*, demanding the jealous vigilance of the government to resist its usurpations and exactions. But where the civil power is Protestant, as in England, Romanism is essentially rebellion. When it ceases to be rebellion, it ceases to be *bona fide* honest Romanism. It may indeed, under adverse circumstances, and to gain some point, deny its hostility to heretics ; and even its most dignified ecclesiastics, who have sworn their accordance with the persecuting decretals, may swear their rejection of the same, and affect the utmost indignation at the libellous charge of believing Romanism proper, as she is stereotyped at Trent. But what then ? Why then, Romanism, in-

stead of a rebellion, wears the aspect of a conspiracy. Truly the disguise is superficial ; and any intelligent man who will take the trouble to look through the mask, will see with what justice we may apply here, what the Duke of Wellington is reported to have said of the openly illegal combinations of our French neighbours : *On conspire sur la place*. "They conspire in the public streets."

If Protestant statesmen be surprised by this feature of the Romanist system, when opportunity shall favour its unmasked action, they will have nothing to blame for it but their own wilful ignorance.

The following animated and powerful statement appeared some time ago in one of our daily journals :—

"Romanism has seldom of late years been regarded steadily under its genuine and exclusive aspect, of an unappeasable foe to civil liberty. Romanism may be in many senses a cheat, but in every sense a tyrant. In vague and abstract terms, we allow, Romanism confines her jurisdiction to things spiritual ; but in practice, by vigilant and subtle induction, by claims of relationship between things spiritual and things temporal, she brings all the affairs of this world within her constructive empire. In the council-room, in the confessional, in the closet, in the chamber, in the street,—ever watchful, ever menacing, ever exacting, ever calculating : where Romanism, through her minister, finds admission, *there*, there is no security nor confidence, no free agency, no free speech, no bold or independent thought ; all is conscious, irretrievable, and unvarying bondage."

In peaceful contrast with this, a characteristic of Protestantism, as developed in her teaching, is, *ecclesiastical submission to the civil ruler*.

Protestantism teaches that our Lord Jesus Christ established an institution in the earth invested with a divine commission to preach the Gospel for the conversion of sinful man, and to inculcate his Divine rules for the holy and peaceful living of con-

verted men. And that one of these rules, applicable to every member of Christ's church, ecclesiastic and laic, is this : "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake : whether it be to *the king as supreme* ;" (St. Peter does not appear to have had any notion of a bishop being supreme ;) "or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him," that is by the king (1 Pet. ii. 13, 14).

Protestantism teaches that the Christian institution is not of this world's dominion ; that instead of arrogating the place or authority of Cæsar, it should recognise the authority of Cæsar as an ordinance of God, and render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

Protestantism (Article 37, Church of England) teaches that "the king's (or queen's) majesty hath the chief power in this realm of England, and other his (or her) dominions : unto whom the chief government of all estates of this realm, whether they be *ecclesiastical* or civil, in *all causes*, doth appertain, and is not, nor ought to be, subject to any foreign jurisdiction," nor to any ecclesiastical jurisdiction, whether foreign or domestic.

The practical consequence of this is, that Protestantism invests political subordination with the sacredness of religious duty, and inculcates submission to the powers that be ; not merely for fear of punishment from men, but chiefly for conscience' sake towards God. Conscience towards God is at once the most powerful guarantee for religious submission, and the most watchful guard against any such extension of submission as would involve what is irreligious. Let this be carefully considered. By making submission a matter of *conscience towards God*, we keep in immediate view our best defence against submission, whenever the civil ruler arraigns his own charter, and commands anything which God forbids, or forbids anything which God commands.¹

¹ This leaves the *details* of this question untouched. Of course it does. A discussion of them in a discourse like this was manifestly impracticable ;

When Protestant statesmen lose sight of this, and deal with Romanists and Protestants as with subjects of equal rights, and to be invested with equal privileges, they not only exhibit such practical disregard of God's truth and authority as cannot be persevered in with impunity by either man or nation ; but also they dishearten, and as far as lieth in them, disgust and alienate faithful subjects, while they give power and encouragement to plausible conspirators, who are at heart ready but waiting rebels : who must be such, under a Protestant state, unless they be traitors to their own ecclesiastical monarchy. In a Protestant state : honesty as Romanists and loyalty as subjects are absolutely and essentially incompatible ; while honesty as Protestants and loyalty as subjects are absolutely and essentially inseparable.

II. Turning now from the teaching to the worship of Romanism, I must be brief. The distinguishing characteristic of Romanism, as developed in her worship, may be expressed by the somewhat quaint, but significant word *sensuousness*.

The meaning I wish to convey by it is, that instead of engaging the inward man with an invisible being, the skill of Romanism is expended upon objects which address the senses of the outward man. Ceremonies and shows, music and painting, architecture and statuary, gorgeous dresses and sweet-smelling incenses, attitudes, postures, processions, and stage effects—these are the arresting characteristics of Romish worship, where no immediate contact with heretics (whom it is politic for the

yet the question itself is too important to be overlooked. *Those* details concerning which Protestants may differ among themselves, are not involved in the statement here made. It is a principle of Romanism, that ecclesiastics, even in their character and relations as *citizens* should not be amenable to civil tribunals. It is, I believe, a principle of *all* true Protestants that they should. This is the distinction designed in the lecture, and it is an important one. It decides against Rome that the sacred office of an ambassador for Christ does not exempt any man who holds it from the jurisdiction of the civil ruler : though it does not attempt to define, among Protestants, the exact limits and boundaries of that jurisdiction.

present to conciliate) demands a reserve and comparative modesty. In this country we cannot see Romanism undisguised, and enjoying herself in full holiday costume. Notwithstanding all her recent resuscitations, she still ventures on no more than half-dress in England, and therefore it is difficult to convey to Englishmen who have never visited Romish countries any adequate impression of her idolatrous worship.

Dr. Middleton, in his celebrated *Letters from Rome*, says very well : “ Many of our divines have, I know, with much learning and solid reasoning, charged and effectually proved the crime of idolatry, on the Church of Rome ; but these controversies (in which there is still something plausible to be said on the other side, and where the charge is constantly denied, and with much subtilty evaded) are not capable of giving that conviction which I immediately received from my senses,—the surest witnesses of *fact* in all cases, and which no man can fail to be furnished with who sees Popery as it exists in Italy, in the full pomp and display of its pageantry, and practising all its arts and powers without caution or reserve.

“ The noblest heathen temple now remaining in the world is the Pantheon or Rotunda ; which, as the inscription over the portico informs us, ‘ having been impiously dedicated of old by Agrippa to Jove and all the gods, was piously reconsecrated by Pope Boniface the Fourth to the blessed Virgin and all the saints.’ With this single alteration, it serves as exactly for all the purposes of the Popish, as it did for the Pagan worship, for which it was built. For as in the old temple every one might find the god of his country, and address himself to that deity whose religion he was most devoted to ; so it is the the same thing now, every one chooses the patron whom he likes best : and one may see here different services going on at the same time at different altars, with distinct congregations around them, just as the inclinations of the people lead them to the worship of this or that particular saint. And what

better title can the new demi-gods show to the adoration now paid to them, than the old ones whose shrines they have usurped ? Or how comes it to be less criminal to worship images set up by the Pope, than those which Agrippa, or that which Nebuchadnezzar set up ? If there be any real difference, most people, I dare say, will be apt to determine in favour of the old possessors ; for those heroes of antiquity were raised up into gods, and received divine honours for some signal benefits, of which they had been the authors, to mankind,—as the invention of arts and sciences, or of something highly useful and necessary to life : whereas, of the Romish saints, it is certain that many of them were never heard of but in their own legends or fabulous histories ; and many more, instead of any services done to mankind, owe all the honours now paid to them to their vices or errors,—whose merit, like that of Demetrius, in the Acts, was their skill of raising rebellions in defence of an idol, and throwing kingdoms into convulsions for the sake of some gainful imposture. And as it is in the Pantheon, it is just the same in all the other heathen temples that still remain in Rome : they have only pulled down *one* idol to set up *another*, and changed rather the name than the object of their worship. Thus the little temple of Vesta, near the Tiber, mentioned by Horace, is now possessed by the Madonna of the Sun ; that of Fortuna Virilis, by Mary the Egyptian ; that of Saturn (where the public treasure was anciently kept), by St. Adrian ; that of Romulus and Remus, in the Via Sacra, by two other brothers, Cosmas and Damianus ; that of Antonine the Godly, by Lawrence the Saint : but, for my part, I would sooner be tempted to prostrate myself before the statue of a Romulus or an Antonine, than that of a Lawrence or a Damian ; and give divine honours rather with Pagan Rome to the founders of empires, than with Popish Rome to the founders of monasteries.”¹

¹ *Letters from Rome*, pp. 132, 161-164.

The magic power of genius, and all the contrivances and embellishments of consummate art, are lavished on the material of Romish worship, to invest it with imposing forms of beauty and grandeur.

The subtle distinctions between honour, veneration, and worship, into which a few philosophic thinkers may abstract their minds, and shelter themselves from the charge of actual idolatry, are not characteristics of the system, but exceptions to its operation. M. Chateaubriand, who painted and varnished the Romanism of France (never so degraded as that of Italy or Spain) with all the apologetic ingenuity in his power, was nevertheless unable to keep his work, *Génie du Christianisme*, free from the frequent intrusion of such passages as this : “Does the believer suffer ? he prays to his little image and is comforted. Does he desire the return of his relative or his friend ? he makes a vow, and takes the pilgrim’s staff : he springs over the Alps or Pyrenees, and visits Our Lady at Loretto, or Saint James in Galicia : he prostrates himself, he prays the Saint to restore him his son (perhaps a poor sailor-boy wandering on the seas), to prolong his father’s days, or to raise his good wife from the bed of sickness ; his heart is lightened ; he turns back to his hut, covered with shells ; he makes the hamlets echo with his conch ; and, in wild and tender notes, he chants the condescension of Mary the mother of God.”¹

But no writer that I am acquainted with on this subject, fruitful as it has been, has exhibited the materialism of Romanist worship with such a master-hand as our own immortal bard, in his *Essay on the Reformation*. He says—

“Sad it is to think, how that doctrine of the Gospel, planted by teachers divinely inspired, and by them winnowed and sifted from the chaff of over-rated ceremonies, and refined to such a spiritual height and temper of purity, and knowledge of

¹ *Génie du Christianisme*, tom. ii. p. 334.

the Creator, that the body, with all the circumstances of time and place, were purified by the affections of the regenerate soul, and nothing left impure but sin ; faith needing not the weak and fallible office of the senses to be either the ushers or interpreters of heavenly mysteries, save where our Lord himself, in his sacraments, ordained that such a doctrine should, through the grossness or blindness of her professors and the fraud of deceivable traditions, drag so downwards, as to back-slide one way into the Jewish beggary of old-cast rudiments, and stumble forward another way into the new-vomited paganism of sensual idolatry ; attributing purity or impurity to things indifferent, that they might bring the inward acts of the spirit to the outward and customary eye-service of the body ; as if they could make God earthly and fleshly, because they could not make themselves heavenly and spiritual. They began to draw down all the Divine intercourse betwixt God and the soul, yea the very shape of God himself, into an exterior and bodily form ; urgently pretending a necessity and obligation of joining the body in a formal reverence and worship circumscribed. They hallowed it, they fumed it, they sprinkled it, they bedecked it, not in robes of pure innocence, but of pure linen, with other deformed and fantastic dresses, in palls and mitres, gold and gewgaws fetched from Aaron's old wardrobe or the Flamen's vestry.

“Then was the priest set to con his motions and his postures, his liturgies and his luries, till the soul, by this means of over-bodilying herself, given up justly to fleshly delights, bated her wing apace downwards, and finding the ease she had from her visible and sensuous colleague (the body), in the performance of religious duties, her pinions now broken and flagging, shifted off from herself the labour of high soaring any more, forgot her heavenly flight, and left the dull and droiling carcase to plod on in the old road and drudging trade of outward conformity.

“And here, out of question, from her perverse conceiting of God and holy things, she had fallen to believe no God at all, had not custom and the worm of conscience nipped her incredulity : hence, to all the duties of evangelical grace, instead of the adoptive and cheerful boldness which our new alliance with God requires, came servile and thrall-like fear : for in very deed the superstitious man, by his good-will, is an atheist ; but being scared from thence by the pangs and gripes of a boiling conscience, all in a pudder shuffles up to himself such a god, and such a worship, as is most agreeable to remedy his fear ; which fear of his, as is also his hope, fixed only upon the flesh, renders likewise the whole faculty of his apprehension carnal ; and all the inward acts of worship, issuing from the native strength of the soul, run out lavishly to the upper skin, and there harden into a crust of formality. Hence men came to scan the Scriptures by the letter, and in the covenant of our redemption magnified the external signs more than the quickening power of the Spirit. And yet, looking on them through their own guiltiness with a servile fear, and finding as little comfort, or rather terror from them, again they knew not how to hide their slavish approach to God’s behests, by them not understood nor worthily received, but by cloaking their servile crouching to all religious presentiments sometimes lawful, sometimes idolatrous, under the name of humility, and terming the piebald frippery and ostentation of ceremonies, decency.”¹

The distinguishing characteristic of Protestantism, as developed in her worship, is *spirituality*.

“God is a Spirit.” And man’s highest attainable worship of God is not through the aid of his senses, but during the suspension of his senses—in silence, in solitude, in darkness—when no impression from the world without is made on eye or ear ; but the heart within, in all consciousness and all fervour

¹ Milton, *On Reformation in England*, pp. 1-4.

of chastened feeling and desire, reposes and rejoices in the bosom of eternal love. St. Paul, describing this communion with God, said, "Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell:" so little had the bodily senses to do with it. True Protestant worship is "the ascent of the human heart to God; the ascent of the heart, with all its wants, all its sins, all its misery, all its hopes."¹ "Ye shall seek me," saith the Lord by the prophet, "and find me, when ye shall search for me with *all your heart*."² The individual—who has been taught by Divine grace to know himself a sinner, Christ as a Saviour, the Holy Spirit as a Sanctifier, and the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ as *his* God and Father—will seek him with the whole heart. And as in private, so also in public worship. He will not rest in secondary helps. He will not mistake emotion of his animal nature for spiritual worship. He will not mistake an ecstasy of admiration of art, whether in music, painting, or sculpture, for sanctifying communion with the invisible God. Still less will he mistake votive offerings in gold or silver, flowers or candles, to the saints or to the blessed mother of our Saviour, for heart-homage to the High and Lofty One who inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy.

Plainly and well did the writer of our Church of England Homily, on the place and time of prayer, distinguish between Protestant and Romanist worship. Having referred to the Turkish conquests in Christendom as "a sharp scourge of God's vengeance" for idolatry, and also to the calamities incurred by the Jews for the same cause, he then adds: "And have not the Christians of late days, and even in our days also, in like manner provoked the displeasure and indignation of Almighty God? partly because they have profaned and defiled their churches with heathenish and Jewish abuses; with images and idols; with numbers of altars, too superstitiously and intolerably abused; with gross abusing and filthy cor-

¹ Howels.

² Jer. xxix. 13.

rupting of the Lord's supper, the blessed sacrament of his body and blood ; with an infinite number of toys and trifles of their own devices ; to make a goodly outward show, and to deface the homely, simple, and sincere religion of Christ Jesus ; partly, they resort to the church like hypocrites full of all iniquity and sinful life, having a vain and dangerous fancy and persuasion, that if they come to the church, besprinkle them with holy water, hear a mass, and be blessed with a chalice, though they understand not one word of the whole service, nor feel one motion of repentance in their hearts ; all is well, all is sure. Fie upon such mocking and blaspheming of God's holy ordinance ! Churches were made for another purpose, that is, to resort thither, and to serve God truly ; there to learn his blessed will ; there to call upon his mighty name ; there to use his holy sacraments ; there to travail how to be in charity with thy neighbour ; there to have thy poor and needy neighbour in remembrance ; from thence to depart better and more godly than thou camest thither. Finally, God's vengeance hath been and is daily provoked, because much wicked people pass nothing to resort to the church, either for that they are so blinded, that they understand nothing of God and godliness, and care not with devilish example to offend their neighbours ; or else for that they see the church altogether scoured of such gay gazing sights, as their gross fantasy was greatly delighted with ; because they see the false religion abandoned, and the true restored, which seemeth an unsavoury thing to their unsavoury taste, as may appear by this, that a woman said to her neighbour, ' Alas ! gossip, what shall we now do at church, since all the saints are taken away, since all the goodly sights we were wont to have are gone ; since we cannot hear the like piping, singing, chanting, and playing upon the organ, that we could before ? ' But, dearly beloved, we ought greatly to rejoice, and give God thanks, that our churches are delivered of all those things which displeased God so sore, and filthily defiled

His holy house and His place of prayer ; for the which he has justly destroyed many nations, according to the saying of St. Paul, ‘If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy.’ And this ought we greatly to praise God for, that such superstitious and idolatrous manners as were utterly naught, and defaced God’s glory, are utterly abolished, as they most justly deserved ; and yet those things that God was honoured with, or his people edified, are decently retained, and in our churches comely practised.”

How seasonably might we now address, with all dutiful respect and unfeigned Christian attachment, to our beloved Sovereign, the words of Bishop Ridley to King Edward VI. : “We most humbly beseech your Majesty to consider, that besides weighty causes in policy, which we leave to the wisdom of your honourable councillors, the establishment of images”—the endowment of Romanism—“by your authority shall not only utterly discredit our ministers as builders up of the things which we have destroyed, but also blemish the fame of your most godly Father, and also of such notable fathers as have given their lives for the testimony of God’s truth, who by public law removed all images,” rejected and repudiated Romanism.

“The almighty and everlasting God plentifully endue your Majesty with His Spirit and heavenly wisdom, and long preserve your most gracious reign and prosperous government over us, to the advancement of His glory, to the overthrow of superstition, and to the benefit and comfort of all your Highness’s loving subjects.”¹ Substituting Victoria for Edward, our hearts respond, Amen ! Other characteristic distinctions might be added, did time permit ; particularly that universal mark of true Protestant worship, *the civilisation* of a language understood by the worshippers, in striking contrast as it stands with the universal *barbarism* of Romanist worship, in a language not

¹ *Treatise on the Worship of Images*. By Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, last page.

spoken or understood by any body of worshippers upon earth. But I must forbear, and hasten to a conclusion.

What now becomes you, my young friends, as Britons, Christians, and Protestants, but high and holy thanksgiving, not with your lips only but in your lives also,—personally, socially, politically ; practical thanksgiving to the God of our fathers for the special mercies bestowed from the beginning on our favoured country ? Special favours demand special acknowledgments. And who that compares the history of England with the histories of the other kingdoms of Christendom, can fail to recognise the distinguishing favour of God ?

What is history ? The record of the deeds of ages past. Yes, but closer,—Who performed those deeds ? Who were the actors in the scenes recorded ? Kings, queens, bishops, priests, statesmen, generals, armies, navies, courtiers, conspirators, mobs. Yes, but closer still,—Who sustained all these men and women, causing their blood to circulate and their lungs to play from moment to moment ? Who gave them minds to think and hands to act ? Who appointed their times and seasons ; putting down one, and raising up another ? In whom did they live and move and have their being ? God rules over all ! Yes, and now we have the true answer to the question, What is history ? Authentic history is only another name for God's dealings with the nations of mankind. And authentic history, known and remembered, supplies the appropriate fuel for the sacred fire of national humiliation on the one side, and national thanksgiving on the other. Of this, the Psalms of David, given by inspiration of God, and written for our learning, supply the richest illustrations. The principle is transferable. “ We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what works thou didst in their days, and in the times of old.”

1. We praise the God of England for the introduction of pure Christianity into our country as early as the first century, and, as many suppose, by the ministry of an inspired apostle,

thereby mercifully restraining our forefathers from the gross idolatries and debasing impurities of heathenism, breaking down the blood-stained altars of the Druids, and planting amongst us the sweet fruit-bearing rod of the stem of Jesse.

2. We praise the God of England for the indignant recoil of the barons, and of the nation with them, from the intolerable tyranny of the Anglo-Norman kings, leading to the successful demand for the Great Charter, and thus laying a foundation for the liberties of Englishmen, in our infancy as a nation, which other nations of Europe are endeavouring, and endeavouring in vain, to lay at this very hour.

3. We praise the God of England for overruling the necessities (from whatever second causes arising) of our first Edward—necessities which required supplies of money such as the nobles, then the only Parliament, refused to vote him, and induced him, in order to obtain the votes desired, to admit men of the middle classes of society into Parliament, thus commencing our House of Commons, that broad and massive fulcrum which has supported and still supports, in happy equilibrium, the splendour of our monarchy and the reality of our freedom ;—a base so broad in principle as to be able to make itself broader, and thus practically to adapt itself to the growing exigencies of the state of society ; bringing an increasing amount of *regulated* popular influence to bear on the executive government, and thereby protecting that government against irregular outbreaks of that influence. Enlargements of our popular representation have been the safety-valves of our constitution. Doubtless it is possible to make them too wide, thereby dissipating our strength and impeding our progress. It was equally possible to have kept them too close, thereby increasing incalculably the risk of explosion. We give thanks to God, in whose hand are the hearts and minds of all men, for the mercy of moderation. Look to this, my young friends ; be “ sober-minded,” and avoid extreme politicians.

4. We praise the God of England, because, during the darkest ages of Europe's history, there were still lingering spiritual lights amongst us ; living embers of the faith, the indestructible faith of God's elect, though sadly overlaid and all but smothered by accumulated heaps of superstitious rubbish ; and because a breath from heaven fanned them from time to time into a bursting flame. Yes, we praise God for those gracious tokens that our country was not forsaken ; those stars in the night, and in the morning twilight of the coming Reformation. Such an one was John Wycliffe, who exposed and denounced the corruptions of Romanism, and translated the New Testament into English as early as the year 1380.

5. We praise the God of England for the Reformation itself ; achieved through a desperate struggle, a time of light, a time of martyrdom, a time of victory.

Saints of God, true children of the light, were raised up on every side—bishops, presbyters, nobles, commoners, peasants (male and female)—during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. It was a time of light.

Rome, arrayed in desperate hostility against God, became drunk with the blood of the saints in the reign of Mary. It was a time of martyrdom.

Elizabeth ascended the throne. Whatever may have been her personal principles or preferences, her public measures were Protestant ; and it was a time of victory.

Rome, driven to desperation, drew both swords—the spiritual and the temporal. The Pope excommunicated our Queen as a heretic, and absolved her subjects from their oath of allegiance. To the terrors of superstition connected with such decrees, he added the more substantial terrors of the secular arm, wielded by the King of Spain, who was then considered the most powerful monarch in Christendom. He fought, as he cursed, in vain. Whether Elizabeth, with the ordinary resources of the nation then at her disposal, could have successfully resisted

the Spaniards under ordinary circumstances, can never be determined. She was not allowed to incur the risk. The God of our fathers, who has the winds in his treasury, and whose are the mighty waves of the sea,—the Lord God of England fought for England, and the Armada, presumptuously called Invincible, was scattered like the leaves of a forest before an autumnal gale.

From the day that force was found useless on the part of Rome, fraud and treachery were employed. Several attempts were made to assassinate the Queen. They all failed. For nearly half a century Elizabeth reigned, Protestantism was favoured, and England prospered.

When Elizabeth slept with her fathers, the hopes of Rome revived. What would James I. turn out to be ? What would he do ? Would he go on countenancing and consolidating the Reformation ? or would he retrograde, and give England back to be ruled by an Italian bishop ?

6. We praise the God of England for deliverance upon deliverance : deliverance from a Romanist conspiracy in its attempt to destroy our Protestant king ; and deliverance from a Romanist king in his attempts to destroy our Protestant constitution : from the one, by the seasonable discovery of the gunpowder treason ; from the other, by the seasonable arrival and happy successes of William Prince of Orange.

My Lord, and my young friends, our Protestantism—so excellent in itself, so won to our country, and so kept—is well worth keeping still, and keeping pure.

Our God works by means. And to Christian men we look, as to his instruments : to you, my young friends, we look, and to such as you, the rising strength and intelligence of the middle classes of our society : to you, my lord, identified as your lordship already stands, with the practical mercy, the social humanity of Great Britain ; to you we look as our leader, providentially ready for the crisis, in our approaching conflicts for the defence of our Protestantism.

It is worthy your noblest ambition. Not as a party question ; we have a prize at stake far above all consideration of human parties : not as a matter of bigotry or exclusion ; we grieve over the necessity laid upon us by the insuperable instincts of self-preservation,—the painful necessity of wounding the feelings of any of our fellow-creatures or professing fellow-subjects : but as a question of *truth*, of the revealed truth of God, in comparison with which all secular considerations sink into insignificance. The favour of our fellow-men, the advancement of our party, the interests of our denomination, the worldly prosperity and prospects of our families,—these are toys of childhood compared with the cause of true religion.

Yet a little while, and the question will not be with any of us, Have you been Whig or Tory, Conservative or Liberal, Protectionist or Free-trader ? But, Have you been a sound, consistent protester against the falsehoods of Satan by whomsoever maintained ; and have you been a faithful soldier and servant of Jesus Christ ?

GOD IN HISTORY.

BY

THE REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D.

GOD IN HISTORY.

GOD in History is my glorious theme. Young men gazing with intermingling hopes and fears into the unsealed future are my noble audience. To indicate the thread by which you may guide yourselves through labyrinthine years to come is my aim. To honour God by unfolding his presence above, below, around, and to do you good by enabling you to see, to realize, and to taste that it is so, will be, I pray and trust, the desirable result.

I assume that whatever evil, sin, imperfection, alloy appear in history, are not of God, but interpolations,—miasmata from below. God did not make sin.

I assume that all good that is developed in history ; all beneficent, holy, happy issues that evolve from the intermingling conflicts of persons, principles, passions, are from God. I take it for a fixed and sure truth, that when evil is overruled for good, darkness for light, and man's side-ends for great public and beneficent results ; and when, above all, we find the creature planning his own purpose, and God overruling it for His, and the evil intended working out the good that was not intended, we see visibly the footprints of God,—the traces of His omnipotent beneficence,—the fact of God in history.

Man is in history ; its most wonderful, and often its most perplexing phenomenon. Angels are in history ; opening its mysterious seals, sounding its awful trumpets, and pouring forth its dreadful vials. Satan is in history ; ever active to sug-

gest what is evil, arrest what is good, or overthrow what is holy, pure, permanent, divine.

But God is in history. Were it not so, man would become a fiend ; angels would flee as from another Gomorrah ; Satan, wearing his burning coronet of sin and the regalia of hell, would lord it over sea and land ; and time, commencing with Paradise, would close with Pandemonium.

Many are anxious to get rid of all idea of God in history or in the world. They desire to extinguish every sense of His presence or of their responsibility. "No God" is their wish, and "No God" is therefore their conclusion. It is not with the feeling of simple aversion, but with emotions of desperate hostility that they think of God. They are not Atheists, but anti-Theists. They have a latent feeling that God is, and this feeling they persecute and tear up, because it torments them in proportion to its strength.

Yet, just in as far as such persons succeed in emptying their minds of all idea of the presence of God in the history of the world, they increase the density, chaos, and confusion already about them. To an unlettered peasant, the firmament on a clear winter evening glows with splendour like the city of God, but it seems, nevertheless, a wilderness of tumbling and eccentric orbs. But to an astronomer's eye, our planets are revolving each on its axis, and all around the sun ; and that sun, with all his planets, is but a group revolving round an inner and more central sun ; and all that mighty host but sentinels around the throne of Deity. Such is the difference between seeing all the facts of history as accidental occurrences, and seeing them all projected from God, or overruled by Him, for grand and beneficial issues. Others feel it an unspeakable joy to see the shadow of Deity sweep along the currents of time, and to hear the voice of God, as of old, amid the trees of the garden. They see Him in verses, chapters, and books ; in the youngest children and the oldest cherubim ; in the dew-drop

dancing on the cabbage-leaf, or on the ocean girdling the earth with its glorious zone ; in the smallest molecule of light, and in the majestic mountain or the everlasting hills ; in the tripping of an infant's foot, and in the overturning of a monarch's throne ; in the flight of Louis Blanc, and in the fall of Louis Philippe.

God is not confined to consecrated acres and hallowed shrines ; his power is felt where his presence is deprecated or unsuspected. He is in the counting-house, the shop, the exchange, the market ; on the deck, the battle-field ; in the parliament, the palace, the judgment-hall. Forcing none, he adjusts, arranges, and directs all ; making microscopic points the pivots of gigantic wheels, and a random shot, as recently in Paris, the tocsin of a revolution that has changed the condition, connexion, and prospects of almost every nation in Europe. God is in all history, whether he be seen or not ; in its minutest winding, in its gentlest ripple, and in its roaring cataracts ; at your festivals and funerals, beside the baby's cradle, and above the monarch's throne.

Robertson writes history very much like an accomplished *littérateur* ; more charmed by the sparks struck from its collisions than arrested by the sense of a present Deity. Hume writes as if he were the hired advocate and special pleader of Satan ; seemingly the patron of religion and virtue, really the desperate enemy of both. Gibbon brings the splendours of a magnificent genius and the drapery of a gorgeous style to do the same work which Hume's dry metaphysical diction had failed to do. Alison, whatever may be thought of minor views, is the most faithful, eloquent, and correct Christian writer of history. A historian ought to stand, like the apocalyptic angel, in the sun, and from that central and commanding foothold review the past and record the present. He ought to see the facts of history as the astronomer sees the stars in the firmament ; each in its orbit, and all moving round a central

sun. He ought to see God in all, and yet not the author of sin. A fierce conclave of Covenanters once went out to murder a magistrate, against whose life they fanatically thought they had a commission ; the magistrate escaped, but one Archbishop Sharpe happened to pass : " Truly," they said, " this is of God, and it is a clear call from God to fall upon him." This was adding blasphemy to murder. God permitted them thus to sin, perhaps in order to teach posterity what terrible atrocities may be perpetrated under the garb of religion, but God was no further in that sanguinary episode.

God is in history ; forgiving, neutralizing, and overruling the evil that is in the world.

God is in history ; creating, upholding, and carrying to victory whatever is good or holy in it.

The rejection of the conviction that God is present—acting in, regulating, restraining, or overruling all facts and times and events—has aggravated a thousandfold the miseries of sceptical minds. They are adrift from the anchorage-ground of Deity, their bark on an ungoverned and ungovernable sea—helm broken, compass cast away, and all is chaos. Thus wrote David Hume : " I am affrighted and confounded with that forlorn solitude in which I am placed by my philosophy. When I look abroad, I see on every side dispute, contradiction, distraction. When I turn my eye inward, I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. Where am I, or what ? From what causes do I derive my existence, and to what condition shall I return ? I am confounded with these questions, and begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, environed with the deepest darkness."—*Treatise on Human Nature*, vol. i. p. 458.

Voltaire says : " Who can without horror consider the whole world as the empire of destruction ? It abounds with wonders ; it abounds also with victims. It is a vast field of carnage and contagion. Every species is without pity pursued and torn to

pieces through the earth, the air, the water. In man there is more wretchedness than in all other animals put together. He loves life, and yet he knows he must die. This knowledge is his fatal prerogative ; other animals have it not. He spends the transient moments of his existence in diffusing the miseries which he suffers ; cutting the throats of his fellow-creatures for pay ; in cheating and being cheated ; in robbing and being robbed, and in repenting of all he does. The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches, equally criminal and unfortunate. I tremble at the review of this dreadful picture. I wish I never had been born."

These men had no central column against which to lean amid the social and moral convulsions of the world. To them the world had no plan, the centuries no mission ; and the existence of the creature, and the being of the heavens, air, earth, were to them mere fortuitous accidents. They staggered amid the chaos in which their scepticism had placed them. They felt the misery and bitterness of their intense solitariness, and therefore deprecated their existence as a calamity. They had souls too great for any on earth to satisfy, and they knew of no God above the earth from whose fulness they could fill them. Hence the greatness of the atheist's nature is his curse while atheism is his creed.

To such minds all history is but the ceaseless flux and reflux of disconnected facts ; a chaos of intermingling and conflicting occurrences, without polarity, harmony, or design. A historian's duty, according to this theory, is to write a dry chronicle, to sum up the centuries, and to leave the skeletons and mummies of departed ages for the admiration or dissection of future inquirers.

Others, dissatisfied with so cold and bare a recital of disjointed facts, have cast their eye over them from Olympus, and made history musical by song, if they could not make it cohere by an all-pervading and percolating element. In their hands

events have turned up their most beautiful phases, and facts their sunniest sides ; and the rush of nations and the roar of the wheels of war, and the cataracts of revolution and political convulsion, come down to us in their records truly musical, as sounds ring sweetest in their echoes.

Others have interspersed with the facts of their history, noble reflections, sober analyses, great political truths, moral inferences, and these have been regarded as safe, respectable, and right-minded writers.

There is another and a nobler class of historians, who rise above the region of events, and standing on that sunlit elevation on which Christianity has placed them, see indeed all secondary elements intermingling and fermenting in the valleys below, but also God's great hand laying its pressure upon each, and fixing it in its place, and gently yet irresistibly bending it to its destiny.

We desire to be of the number of such men. I see the stage ; I hear the actors ; but behind the curtain I perceive the drama of which these apparently independent and spontaneous actors are but the exponents. I see the battle, and hear its terrible din, and admire its heroic combatants ; but above the fume and smoke I see the majestic presence of One who has given each his commission, and the strife its close, and the conflicting tides of war their ebb and flow, and their "hitherto and no further." If I look at the mere machinery in a vast manufactory ; one wheel revolving with immeasurable speed, another slowly and solemnly ; one in one direction, and another in the opposite ; levers and cranks and axles, all apparently in direct and designed antagonism ; I prophesy destruction—annihilation. But, guided by a new light, I am able to see both the end and the beginning, and I discover that while there is friction, atmospheric resistance, and other disturbing forces,—like passions, prejudices, and obstinacies in the histories of nations,—yet is there, overpowering all the

movements, one great central power ; and issuing out of all that intricate mechanism, one intended and grand result.

Can we stop here ? Do not these analogies raise us to a higher platform, and teach us that the finger of God is at the rise, and the glory of God in the consummation of history ; that the disturbing forces put forth by a Pilate, a Herod, a Nero, a Mohammed, a Napoleon, a revolution in Paris, an insurrection in Vienna, a rebel's windy spasm in Ireland, or a chartist's insane pike-flourish in the streets of London, are all overborne and annihilated in the great current of mighty power that comes down from the throne of the Deity, and rushing into all facts, all events, all minds, guides, overrules, and carries each and all up to the throne again, there to deposit its tribute of glory to God and good to the universe ? Shall Alexander the Great seek his origin only in Divinity ; shall Bonaparte regard himself as the man of destiny ; and shall we fail to see in the history of these, and greater than these, the presence of God ?

True, "He is a God that hides himself." It is the anointed eye alone that most clearly sees Him. But true men will not fail to catch gleams of his glory as He passeth by. Shall we own that a Divine Hand gave their impulse, and their path, and existence to those vast orbs that burn perpetually in the firmament like altar-candles before the throne ; and can we doubt that the same hand launched into history such depositaries of yet intenser power as the heroes, and captains, and kings, and master-spirits of the earth ?

Von Müller writes : "The Gospel is the fulfilment of all hopes, the perfection of all philosophy, the interpretation of all revelations, the key to all the seeming contradictions of the physical and moral world. Since I have known the Saviour, everything is clear."

"God was manifest in the flesh." God is manifest in providence. God is in history : not in its long chapters and

absent from its short ; not in stirring and electric revolutions only ; but in its tiny turnings, its microscopic incidents ; in the light of its lowly firesides, and in the blaze of Alexandria, of Ephesus, and Constantinople.

History is very much like a river ; at times it flows onward—broad, beautiful, and placid, and traced by the rich vegetation and the budding seeds of future savannahs on its banks. At other places it is broken up into falls, and liuns, and cataracts, the roar of which deadens all the sounds of nature, while the spray darkens the very splendour of noon. In the former, we have statuaries, and painters, and poets, and scientific men, and literary men. In the latter, we have the Hannibals, the Cæsars, the Napoleons, the Robespierres of the world. Ordinary minds see no evidence of God in the one, however much they may recognise it in the other. Yet the most noisy forces are not the most powerful or expressive. Thunder and lightning are very powerful ; and yet gravitation, which has no speech, and whose voice is not heard, is far more mighty. Earthquakes that explode the crust of the earth into fragments are powerful ; but vastly more powerful still is the silent and swifter light that draws from the bosom of the earth, flower and fruit and tree.

A revolution is the explosion of the earthquake, or of the volcano that startles the wide world, and dazzles the vulgar eye, and forces common minds to see God in it. A reformation is the silent progress of the light that kindles first the mountain-tops, and “shineth more and more unto the perfect day.” Can we doubt that if God speaks in the thunder of the one, He rides no less gloriously on the bright beams of the other ? He directs the hurricane, and pilots the frail bubble that dances on the wave. We are satisfied, on its highest evidence, that the facts of history are not dry, dead things, stuck round the earth ; but the mantles of Divine prophecies—the rebound below of the touch of Deity above—the oracles of his provi-

dential will—the conductors of the lightnings of the skies as they make their transit from eternity to eternity. The clear eye can see, running through all indestructible affinities by which they cohere, and on all, a great family likeness, and that the likeness of Divinity.

Where God is, often the carnal eye is the last to see him ; and where he is not, save in judgment and wrath, the same eye thinks it sees him. A tender babe is born in Corsica—lovely, gentle, full of promise of good ; it is Napoleon, the scourge of nations. A seeming malefactor dies upon a tree, and the people shout for joy, as if a curse were swept from the earth—and it is the Son of God. To quote the words of a true poet, “If pestilence stalk through the land, ye say this is God’s doing : is it not also his doing when an insect creepeth on a rosebud ? If an avalanche roll from its Alp, ye tremble at the will of Providence : is not that will concerned when the sere leaves fall from the poplar ?”

One of the most interesting fields for illustrating the proposition assigned me, is Prophecy and its performance ; and to a few of the most striking I will direct your attention. The first prophecy was pronounced in Paradise : “The woman’s seed shall bruise the serpent’s head.” God has interposed in every fall, and flow, and winding in the history of the human race, to guard this prophecy, and guide it to performance. The very instincts of self-preservation now felt in our humanity were so planted, lest man, weary of the curse, should take his own way of escape from it, and thus frustrate the word and promise of God, whose purpose and design it is to subdue all hostile elements, and to erect out of the ruins of ancient Paradise a fairer and more glorious Eden. Accordingly, to evolve the first promise in the last paradise, we see God coming down into history, instituting sacrifice, walking with Enoch as his friend, and separating and setting apart one family from which the Seed of the woman was in due time to issue.

When the apostasy of man rose to its height, and the few who were the depositaries of the first promise were threatened with extinction, God came down visibly again into history, and opened the windows of heaven and the fountains of the deep, and swept the abounding wickedness from the face of the whole earth—saving a faithful remnant, amid the faithful few ; but lest man's faith in his promise should faint or fail, God stood on the highest pinnacle of Ararat, and pointing to the rainbow, assured him, that while it spanned the sky, and hung round the earth, no such desolation should overflow the world again. And thus, if you cannot excavate the earth, and gather fossil remains of antediluvian life, without tracking God's footprints below, you cannot lift your eyes to the heavens, and fail to see God's smile spread over the firmament above ; and thus the sky above and the earth below, like the twin lips of an oracle, proclaim God is in history.

“ Triumphant arch that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part ;
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.
When o'er the green, undeluged earth,
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine ;
How came the world's grey fathers forth,
To watch thy sacred sign !
How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town ;
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast
A thousand fathoms down !
As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.
For, faithful to His sacred page,
God still rebuilds thy span ;
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man.”

When, on the ebbing of the flood, men determined to raise a vast fabric on which they might be elevated above future floods—thus disbelieving God's promise; and to make this idol tower the centre and hope of humankind, and thus localize and prevent the spread of the population of the earth, God poured confusion into their speech, and by this one act in history arrested the progress of the iniquitous structure, and necessitated distinction into nations, and thereby the dispersion of mankind to go forth over all the earth, that amid the snows of Lapland and under African suns—in all lands and in all languages—worship might ascend as incense to the throne, and all kindreds thus see and adore God in history.

We read subsequently of God speaking aloud in the ear of history, and calling Abraham, and separating him and the rest of the patriarchs from the depraved inhabitants of the earth, “raising up the righteous man from the east, calling him to his foot, giving the nations before him, making him rule over kings; giving them as the dust to his sword, and as driven stubble to his bow.”

In the great and protracted age of the patriarchs, we see a provision for perpetuating religious truths when there was no written document; and in their insulated position we see a colony amidst the vast multitude of Sodom, and Gomorrah, and Canaan, in connexion and communion with heaven, and thereby keeping alive the channel of the promised Seed, and testifying to the world God was still in its history.

We next read of still more vivid evidences of the great fact we seek to show. God came down, and dwelt in the bush in Horeb, scattering around on that desert the burning beams of the inapproachable glory. He next descended in a chariot of fire on Sinai, amid thousands of angels, the quaking hill and the agitated earth re-echoing his footsteps. We see Him next in the blazing pillar of fire that marched before the hosts of Israel; the deep sea attesting God in history, by opening its

bosom to make a promenade for Israel, and collapsing in fury to make a sepulchre for all the hosts and chivalry of Egypt. In the shortening of human life ; in the giving of the law ; in the institution of burdensome ceremonials, sacrifices, rites, oblations ; in the captivity of Babylon, when the weepers hung their harps on the willows by the Euphrates,—we see converging on ancient Israel, from above, around, below, an accumulating pressure intended to lead them to remember the first promise, and pray, and sigh, and cry for a deliverer out of Zion—a Saviour. Do we not see, in all these facts, design, contrivance, consistent unity,—God in history ?

By and by we see less of the driving and more of the drawing process in the ways of God. David emerging from the sheepcote, and establishing a kingdom, the type of the true Beloved ; Solomon's reign of splendour and glory, to see which Sheba's and Seba's queen came from afar ; the erection of the Temple, and the resting of the glory between the cherubim, and the Urim and Thummim, and the blossoming rod and the incorruptible manna,—are proofs not only of God *being*, but of God *acting*, in history, and writing on its page the fulfilment of his ancient promise. In the long dark eve of that stupendous fact—the Incarnation—we see every human element allowed to reach its perfection, in order to prove that no human element could restore men to God and happiness to men.

In Greece, poetry, and painting, and statuary, and philosophy had reached their perfection ; nevertheless slavery, suicide, licentiousness luxuriated under their reign, and humanity thirsted yet more for God, of whom their greatest wise men had miserable conceptions. Greece shows us how far the wing of unaided humanity can soar, and how essential for man is a revelation from God.

As if to contrast with this, the Jews, who knew little of the fine arts—an unscientific and unæsthetic race—cherished the sublimest conceptions of Deity. How do we explain this ?

The Greeks were taught by man ; the Jews by God. Yet the one fact was as necessary as the other. God was in the Parthenon as truly as in Solomon's Temple—working out the experiment in the one, how little man could do ; and showing the great truth in the other, how gloriously God can teach.

The Roman empire, at the eve of Christ's advent, had spread its sway over almost the known world ; the laurels of the *στέφανοι*, the *crowns* of its Cæsars, were gathered from every land ; whatever skilful policy or martial prowess could do, Rome did. But numbers, sick at heart, waited still for the Consolation of Israel. The inscription is legible on the tomb of nations, "The world by wisdom knew not God."

At length the great Deliverer, for whom every nation had searched and toiled to find a substitute, and failed ; for whose advent patriarchs and prophets, and priests and kings had prepared the way ; whose path to a cross was paved with types and shadows and gorgeous ceremonies ; whose foot-fall had been, for four thousand years, the sweetest note in the chimes of mercy and truth that met together, and righteousness and peace that kissed each other ; who was set up from everlasting as the model after which all shall be fashioned, and the end to which all times and things shall contribute,—this great Deliverer came, and found only a manger in the world he had made, and hostility in the hearts he sustained by his power, and came to redeem from destruction by his precious blood. God manifest in the flesh was the noblest apocalypse of God in history. The malignity of Herod, the hypocrisy of Pilate, the inveterate hatred of the Pharisees, the haughty scorn of the Sadducees, Roman laws and Jewish rites, the helplessness of women, the vacillation of men, the shout of them that reproached him—"Thou that savest others, save thyself,"—and the cry of human nature in the agony of its irrepressible conviction—"Truly this was the Son of God ;" these and in-

numerable other conflicting and antagonistic forces, coming together without preconcert, pursuing their exclusive ends without any unanimity of plan or identity of purpose, all conspire and co-operate to accomplish the purposes of God, and to prove to after ages God in history. Sin and Pain are thus ironed together like convicts, and are forced to do God's will. The leech likes only blood, but the physician uses it for the health of his patient ; out of the corrosive poison God brings out a precious elixir.

What a monument of God in history is Calvary ! Ignorance or wickedness alone can blind man's eyes to its glory.

Very beautiful it is, also, to see that every miracle that Jesus did was not a mere stroke of power, but an earnest and first-fruit of the rescue of man from his slavery, and of creation from its curse. When he healed the sick, it was a forelight of the sickless state. When he raised the dead, it was a foretoken of the first resurrection. Whatever man lost in Paradise, the Son of man regained in Gethsemane. The wilderness which the first Adam left as our inheritance, the second Adam entered, and out of it educed the outline of Paradise regained. His healing men's bodies, undoing the heavy burdens, raising the dead, unstopping the ears of the deaf, was God in history, beginning that process which the ministry of our physicians labours to perpetuate, and the voices of our clergy to circulate, and which shall end in the glory of that dawning age in which there shall be "long hours" of joy and "short hours of toil."

Starting at the empty tomb of their risen Lord, the first ambassadors of Christianity went forth to subdue the earth, with no patronage but an open world, and no help but in Him who had promised to be with them. Weakness prevailed against might, and few against many, and the lone fishers of Galilee against the soldiers of Cæsar. Humility overthrew pride, and love triumphed over hatred ; and naked truth, the unarmed child, overcame the Macedonian phalanx, and the Roman legion,

and Satanic hosts, till the Vine of Israel shot up, and gracefully wove its tendrils around the sceptre, and mingled them with the laurels of the Cæsars, and at length the hated religion of a corner of the Roman empire became the faith of countless nations, and the hope and stay and joy of humanity.

Persecution fanned its flames ; the sufferings of its martyrs convinced their murderers, and added new disciples to the faith. The winds of heaven wafted to distant lands the testimonies of the saints, and the silent subterranean catacombs into which they were crowded were inscribed with the records of the truths clung to in trial, and the joys realized by the worshippers within them. All forces helped Christianity, all winds bore her onward. Her records in all lands are the imperishable evidence of God in history. The carnal have tried to burst the restraints of the gospel, and the fierce and violent to tear up by the roots that tree of life whose shadow gives protection even to them ; but like the banyan tree, the more its upper boughs have been cut and hacked, the wider and deeper its under roots have spread. God stands by it, though we see him not, and restrains with unseen but mighty hand, the fierce passions of mankind, and draws glory to himself from the remainder ; and makes the first false prophet and the last false priest undesignedly aid the cause they have studied to betray. I know no more eloquent proof of God in history than this, that all the architects of creation have failed to build up a lie, and all the inquisitors of Spain have failed to burn one truth. God dies not when his children and confessors suffer, and truth is not consumed with her martyrs ; and when the iron hoof of infidelity shall tread down all the churches, shrines, and altars, and holy places of Christianity, there shall be left in every Christian's bosom the chancel of a holy heart, which man can neither make nor mar—God's first temple in Paradise, and God's last temple on earth.

Having glanced at this, the main current of evidence of God in history, let us look at some of the side streams. Wherever

there is prophecy or promise in Scripture, we shall find God in history, watching over its perfect performance. The minutest characteristics of the Babylonian, Medo-Persian, Greek, and Roman empires were pictorially set forth in Daniel, long prior to their corporate existence ; and the evidence of God in history is the fact that Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, Alexander, Pompey, Cæsar, and Constantine, all start up in brilliant succession at the moment indicated some thousand years before ; and having done the work predetermined of God, they successively sank into the darkness, out of which like meteors they originally emerged. God's sure word of prophecy is the grand fluxion, of which the history of nations is the fluent. God is as truly in the history of modern and ancient Europe, as in the forty years' journeying in the wilderness. Read the prediction respecting Ham, that his descendants, the children of Africa, will be bondsmen of bondsmen. England nobly sacrificed twenty millions, in order to wash her hands of the heinous crime and horrible abominations of slavery, and sent her cruisers to sweep the seas of every craft that ventured to encourage the inhuman traffic. But while God is not the author of this sin, nor man irresponsible for his crimes, slavery has grown under the attempts to extinguish it, and shot up in spite of the power of Britain and the piercing protest of outraged humanity, the hour of its extinction not having yet come ; thereby showing that heaven and earth may pass away, but that one jot or tittle of God's Word cannot pass away till all be fulfilled.

Of the descendants of Ishmael, the Arabs, it was written some six thousand years ago, that each should " be a wild man ; his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him," and that he should " dwell in the presence of his brethren."

Gibbon, the foe of Christianity, unconsciously bears witness to God in history, when he states, " the arms of Sesostris and Cyrus, and Pompey and Trajan, could never achieve the conquest of Arabia ;" and when he says, " the Arabs are armed against

mankind ;” “and at this day,” says Sir Robert Porter in his travels, “the Arabs are still a wild people, dwelling in the presence of all their brethren, unsubdued and unchangeable ; one of those mysterious facts that establish the truth of prophecy ;” and, we may add, another evidence that the God who spake in prophecy is the God who acts in history.

Of Egypt it was written, upwards of two thousand years ago, “Egypt shall be the basest of kingdoms ; I will make the land waste by the hands of strangers : there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt ; it shall be the basest of kingdoms.”

Gibbon, ignorant of the prophecy, and declaiming against the very existence of God, thus writes : “Its constitution condemns the natives to perpetual servitude, under the arbitrary dominion of *strangers and slaves*.”

Volney writes : “Deprived, twenty-three centuries ago, of her natural proprietors, she has seen her fertile fields successively a prey to the Persians, the Macedonians, the Romans, the Greeks, the Arabs, the Tartars.” “In Egypt there is no middle class ; a universal air of misery is manifest in all the traveller meets.”

God’s truth was in prophecy, and atheists attest God’s presence in the fulfilment : and thus God in history is the echo of God in prophecy.

Of Nineveh it was prophesied by Nahum : “Nineveh *shall be* like a pool of water,” “to be devoured as stubble fully dry ;” “the Lord will make an utter end of it.” Diodorus relates, “it was destroyed partly by fire and partly by water.” According to Gibbon, “the city, and even the ruins of the city, have wholly disappeared.”

Tyre was once the London of the ancient world. “It was,” says Volney, “the theatre of an immense commerce, the nursery of arts.”

Upwards of two thousand years ago, God thus spake of it in prophecy : “I am against thee, O Tyrus, and will cause

many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causeth his waves to come up. And they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers. I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock. It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea."

The Chaldeans, and finally the Greeks under Alexander, came up against it. Alexander formed a mound from the mainland, out of the materials of old Tyre, and literally, in the words of the prophet, scraped off her dust, and buried it in the sea. There is left scarce a ruin of Tyre. A rock is all that remains, on which modern fishermen now dry their nets. In the words of Volney, "It contains fifty or sixty families, who live obscurely on the produce of their little ground, and a trifling fishery." Thus there is seen in history the shadow of Him who inspired the prophecy ; and while his voice is heard sounding in the one, his hand is seen acting in the other. Your time would not allow me to show similar proofs from the state of Idumea, Babylon, Judea.

But one race I cannot pass by, whose existence is eloquent evidence of God in history : I mean the Jews.

Of them, God thus spake hundreds of years before the destruction of Jerusalem : "I will scatter you among the heathen ;" "Thou shalt become an astonishment, a proverb, and a byword, among all nations, whither the Lord shall lead thee." "Among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest."

These, and many other predictions, intimate the state of that mysterious race till Christ come. All nations have homes in Jerusalem. The Jew has none. They have been sifted through all nations, and have taken root in none. They are the subjects of every dynasty, the victims of every tyranny ; the scoff of the infidel, the scorn of the great. From the Thames to the Tiber, and from the Tiber to the Ganges, and from the Ganges to the Missouri—"from Greenland's icy mountains to India's

coral strand"—they are found insulated from the sympathies of all men, indicating affinities with something above and before, but with nothing around. That once great nation has been poured down upon the earth like quicksilver ; it has split into innumerable scattered and disintegrated globules, which the hand of the Great Proprietor will yet collect, and form into a mighty mass that shall glow with imperishable splendour and reflect his glory. Many thousand years ago, God in prophecy pronounced the future dispersion and doom of the Jews, and God in history has kept them like the bush on Horeb—burning and not consumed—till that day come when the glory shall return from between the cherubim, and the dry bones rush together from a thousand lands, and the groans of creation, and the oppression of the Jews, and the travail of the Christian cease together. Do you hear every morning that deep-toned voice in your streets ? It is the echo of the voice of God in prophecy ; evidence to a sceptic world that God's word is truth. No man can read the history of the Jews, and the prophecy of which that history is the shadow projected into many years and lands, and not conclude that the prescience of God pronounced the prediction, and that the presence of God in history superintends its fulfilment.

Let any man read the descriptions of Romanism, as they are delineated in the New Testament Scriptures, and compare with them the development in history of the features and facts of that terrible apostasy, some of whose characteristics were so eloquently rendered in this place last Tuesday ;—the system with which we shall soon have to grapple ; a system which refuses to examine a dogma lest it lose faith in it ; which regards prayer as a punishment, and simony as a virtue ; which puts the queen of heaven in the place of the Saviour of sinners, and mechanical ceremonies in the stead of spiritual worship ;—a system which speaks in all tongues and lives in all lands ; which enters alike royal cabinet and republican congress ; whose

hundred hands grasp the sceptre and arrange the ballot-box ; whose wiles seduce priests and statesmen to endow Popery in Ireland, and open diplomatic intercourse with the Pope in Italy ; whose fine music and dramatic ceremonies draw over our young men by thousands to the Romish cathedral in the Borough ;— and see if Popery, in its creeds and canons and history, be not a counterpart of prophecy in the pages of the Word of God. It was laid down as a qualification of Aaron, “ I know he can speak well.” May it not be laid down as a qualification for a Romish priest, “ I know he can chant, genuflect, or pirouette, and dress well ?”

Romanism, in the nineteenth century, is the echo of its description in the first.

Yet, strange but true ! and evidence that God in history is not Divine responsibility for human sins, every new corruption that Rome took to her bosom shot forth into a curse that tormented her, as if to show that while God predicted her he did not make her. The sword with which she evangelized smote herself ; the decretals and chartularies which she forged became the witnesses of her crimes ; the cathedrals she built from the plunder of widows and orphans echoed with her own groans, and, in 1793, flowed with her own blood ; her doctrine of priestly celibacy has been poison in her veins ; and her confessional, erected to be the seat of power, has been felt by her as a burning throne. At every stage of her development, God *in* but not *of* her history has cried aloud, “ Do it not ; ” as often she has done it and suffered.

You have read and heard of the controversies and discussions of the ancient fathers, councils, and ecclesiastical writers. These were frequently fierce, often turning on some word or syllable of the sacred text.

Let the value of some of their discussions be placed at as low a rate as you like : their writings, preserved by that Church which was less willing to preserve the Bible, contain almost all

the New Testament ; so that, were every copy of the New Testament suddenly to disappear from the earth, I could gather almost the whole volume from the folios of the Fathers. It thus appears that God was present in the midst of these controversies, overruling them for the safety and preservation of his Word. The fragments of the writings of Porphyry and Celsus, the ancient opposers of Christianity, prove that the passages they quoted fifteen hundred years ago are verbatim in their writings as they exist in our Bibles ; and thus the Bible is proved by infidel evidence to be pure to-day as it proceeded from its Fountain.

The preservation of the Old Testament in its uncorrupted purity is evidence of God in history. The distinction of the twelve tribes gave each an interest in preserving their law in its integrity. Their kings had each to write out a copy of the law. The people, in order to obey God's command to teach it to their children, must also have had or written out copies of it. The jealousy of Jews and Samaritans made the one a watch on the other. The translation of the Old Testament into Greek, and its dissemination throughout the world—the Chaldee Paraphrase—the very superstitions of the Jews, who counted the letters and paragraphs, and fixed the middle letter and middle word of each book, are all proofs of the presence of God disposing the good and overruling the bad to the preservation of the purity and safety of the sacred records. No part of the Old or New Testament is lost.

Of the facts recorded in the Bible every day and every land and every science furnish evidence. The Andes, the Alps, the Pyrenees hold in their gigantic bosoms the demonstrative evidences of the Flood. Heathen writers witness to the tower of Babel ; and Tacitus, Strabo, and Josephus record the destruction of Gomorrah. Young, Salt, and Champollion have drawn from the stony lips of the Pyramids testimonies to the truths of Scripture, and made the hieroglyphics on innumerable frag-

ments to reflect the scenes of four thousand years ago ; and, out of the very tombs of Egypt, Belzoni has raised witnesses, as it were from the dead, to cry in the ear of a sceptic world, "Thy word is truth !" From the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii coins and medals are still gathered, silently attesting the same fact. God is collecting all things to witness to his word. He is in the Pyramids of Egypt, in the ruins of Pompeii ; in the laboratories of science, in literature, in poetry, calling up new heralds of his glory ; and by and by the whole earth shall be covered with ten thousand times ten thousand witnesses from every realm, and school, and kingdom, and science, who, Baptist-like, shall point while they preach, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

The disputes and differences among true Christians about minor things,—as church government, and rubrics, and rites, etc., have been the occasion of preventing the minutest passages of Scripture from the very possibility of alteration, in order to favour a particular view. The watchful controversialist would instantly have exposed the attempt of his opponent to altar a text. Even in the literature and logomachies of the scholastic divines, during the dark and leaden ages of mediæval Europe, we can trace the presence and providence of God. They kept alive and stimulated mental activity, and their abstruse speculations led to the foundation of noble universities and useful schools ; and their incessant controversial war—in which the angelic doctor beat the seraphic, and he the irrefragable—kept in practice those powers which were destined at the Reformation to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." The scholastic divinity was the old and worn-out instrument on which the musician practised and acquired the skill that enabled him to touch with power and draw forth the harmonies of a nobler one. God was among the schoolmen of the middle ages. Peter Lombard,

Duns Scotus, and Thomas Aquinas had their mission. Those abstractions of theirs which the eagle's eye could not see, and those fooleries of theirs which a modern dunce cannot tolerate, were not useless. Had Christianity appeared abroad in its princely and glorious aspect, it had been quenched and banished from the earth by the Roman autocrat. As it was, these schoolmen wove the ark of dialectic subtilties in which the Babe of Bethlehem was preserved from the Pharaohs of the earth. When the time of the Church's deliverance drew near, it was the scandalous lives of prominent ecclesiastics, the excesses of their tyranny, the merely literary character of Leo x., the prevailing ignorance as well as immorality of the priests, that were overruled by God to precipitate the great Reformation. Nor can one fail to perceive that the fall of Constantinople, which had previously covered Europe with the treasures of ancient learning, and next the discovery of printing, were God's appointed heralds crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." Thus the fall of Constantinople, which gave new impetus to scholarship, was the evidence of the presence and overruling providence of God. Thus Guttenberg, the inventor of printing, was not a mere accident—an isolated fact. He was as much the creature of God as the highest angel; and his work, unconsciously on his part, a contribution to the sovereign purposes of Deity.

To pass on to individual instances.

In the beautiful and simple story of Joseph, which is worked up with our earliest recollections, his visit to his brethren in Dothan, the pit, the purchase, the prison, the accusation, the elevation to Pharaoh's right hand, are evidence that facts are more resplendent than fiction, and that God is in the minutest turning of individual biography as much and as truly as in the mightiest pulse of national or European life.

Saul of Tarsus, delighted with the work of persecution,—serving his sanguinary apprenticeship by watching the outer

garments of the murderers of Stephen, a persecutor from taste, an amateur in blood, sets out to Damascus, full of energy and overflowing with proscriptive zeal. Midway a voice sounds from the sky that laid him in the dust, and left him the advocate of the cause he endeavoured to crush, and the preacher of that Christianity which he till then had hoped to expunge from the face of the earth.

Josephus the historian, a Jew, sits down, amid the debris of Jerusalem, to write its history, and to praise, as he felt it expedient, his Roman master, and yet cover as he could the sins and shame of his people, for whom his sympathies still glowed. These were his motives and ends. He writes his history, and therein records, unconsciously and undesignedly on his part, the fulfilment of the Saviour's prediction of the fall of Jerusalem ; so much so, that if asked to produce a minute and detailed evidence of the strict and amplest fulfilment of what is written in Matt. xxiv., and irresistible proof that Jesus is the Messiah—by a witness no one can suspect of partiality, or accuse of leaning to Christianity—I would summon to my presence the Jew Josephus, the faithful chronicler of the downfall of his beloved Jerusalem, of the utter desolation of his country, and of the unparalleled sufferings of its guilty people, and in this a witness that God is in history.

Gibbon sits down by the lake of Geneva and amid the shadows of the Alps, to sketch, in his own magnificent language, the decline and fall of Rome. He casts censure where he can on Christians, and reproach when he dares on Christianity, and turns to caricature, in many a note, its finest and sublimest truths. Christians begin to study prophecy, especially the Apocalypse, and lo ! his very sarcasms are important proofs of its truth, and the facts he collects attestations to its inspiration, and the scorn he flings at the Bible bursts into the glory that embosoms and illuminates its history ; and of all commentators on the Book of Revelation, he who set out with

a determination to upset Christianity itself is the most important ; and thus the author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is, it may be a reluctant, but an irresistible and splendid evidence of God in history.

The monk Tetzel went forth at the bidding of Pope Leo x. to raise money by any process—the most productive the best—for finishing the Cathedral of St. Peter at Rome. The wretched hireling sold indulgences and pardons for past, present, and future iniquities. His excesses roused the indignation of the good and the inquiries of the thinking. Undesignedly he stirred up the Reformation ; he digs the foundations of a Protestant temple instead of gathering funds for the superstructure of a Popish one ; his voice becomes the requiem of German Popery, and his progress its funeral march. The blasphemies of the monk Tetzel awakened the feelings of the monk Luther, and Pope Leo sending his emissary to collect money for superstitious ends, is connected with the Lord of Glory commissioning Luther to prophesy again and unfurl that glorious banner which has waved over so many and so noble lands ; and thus Tetzel, the dealer in indulgences, is summoned from his infamous grave to attest that God is in history.

I need not quote the biography of Martin Luther as evidence of the great truth I am endeavouring to establish. He goes into an Augustinian convent, in order to prepare himself for the Romish Church, and finding a Bible, unread before, he gets a fresh ray of truth that directs him out of it. He makes a journey to Rome, in order to be strengthened in his views and convictions as a Romanist, and he returns disgusted with the scenes of profligacy he witnessed, and armed with intenser indignation against the very system he went to see and admire in its most favourable position. He is sent to Wartburg as a prisoner, and there he translates the Bible. The Pope flings at his head a whole shower of anathemas, and Luther reads God's Holy Word in the light of the bonfire made by the burn-

ing of the anathemas of the sovereign pontiff. Every stone thrown at Luther rebounded and hit Pope Leo x. The very plans that were calculated to extinguish the rising light acted on it like the winds of heaven on a forest on fire.

God was in that intense and stirring history, and therefore all opposition, persecution, scheming, policy, only helped it to culminate in glory, in victory. We see sweep along these great historic events the long procession of soldiers, monks, pilgrims, kings, emperors, prelates, popes ; but these are not the builders, they are but the tools in the Builder's hand ; these are not the sculptors, they are but the chisels obedient to the Sculptor's touch.

The most stupendous event since the Reformation—its antipodes in some respects—was perhaps the French Revolution of 1793. Personated and condensed, as it was, in its terrible exponent and agent, Napoleon, its most powerful energies were ultimately directed against this great land of ours, Old England.

In our policy at home, so finely developed by the great prime minister of that day, and above all in the master spirits that crowded every deck and started up in every field, we see God's great intervention in that terrible crisis to save the land of right and love and truth and freedom. In vain France hurried ships and admirals and sailors to muster, invade, or sweep our shores, for the very name of Nelson carried terror into every opposing crew ; while with a decision, a speed, and splendour, undeniably of God, he swept the seas and disappeared from the scene as soon as at Trafalgar he had struck the finishing blow.

Having done God's work on the seas, by executing his judgments on them that had provoked them, our country had to complete her mission by her sacrifices, deeds, and victories upon land.

If in the hour of need God sent a Nelson to do his behest upon the deck, he sent a Wellington to rival if not eclipse him on the field. The conqueror of Europe was baffled by the

genius, and humbled by the heroism of the Duke. The torrent of military conquest that gathered speed and bulk with progress, and carried on its surging waves whatever religion had consecrated or time had spared, was met and stemmed by Wellington : yes, rolled back in its stormy channel, and the path of havoc turned into the career of victory, till—on the field of Waterloo—the Trafalgar of the land—Napoleon was struck down ; the fabric of his iron empire crumbled into ruin, his sword shivered in his grasp, and his diadem torn from his brow, and he himself left to die in chains, an exile in a solitary spot in the Atlantic Sea. Can we doubt that God was in our history ? The nations that denied, or blasphemed, or polluted his name by their superstitions, felt each almost omnipotent against the other ; but found all combined but weakness against that land whose monarch reigns *DEI GRATIA*, “by the grace of God,” and whose people in the main look beyond the skies to the everlasting hills for strength and victory.

During the volcanic outburst of the first French Revolution, and while God, to whom the thanks were given, carried our country from victory to victory, he stirred the hearts of our clergy and people at home ; and in the decade extending from 1792 to 1802, nearly all our missionary societies were created, as if to show that while Satan raged and smote the Redeemer’s heel, God put forth His glorious cross and crushed the serpent’s head. While the crashes of fallen dynasties were echoed from every shore of Britain, there was heard sounding over the main, and awakening glad music amid distant isles and benighted deserts, the silver sounds of the trumpet of jubilee, and God’s great voice heard to be greater and “mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.”

The Baptist Missionary Society first lifted up its head and shone, while it was sprinkled with the beams of the Sun of Righteousness. The London Missionary, the Church Missionary, the Wesleyan Missionary, the Religious Tract, and the

Bible Societies, raised their heads in glorious succession. There are differences in details, identity in truth, and rivalry only in beneficence. If we look at a series of mountain peaks, on which the first rays of the sun are falling, the intervening valleys are concealed and lost, and the illuminated crags and pinnacles alone are visible in the rosy light that illuminates them. So with those noble societies. I cannot see their differences. I can only see their bright heights glowing in the splendour of their common Sun. I cannot hear in them any voice but God's : I cannot see in them any life but love : I cannot trace in their history any one but God, who makes the weakest things monuments of his might, and the most defective things trophies of his grace.

During all the revolutionary storms of continental Europe, our country not only reposed in the quiet sunshine of peace, but more and more girded herself as a Christian people to go forth the ambassadress of heaven, the benefactress of the earth. In the language of William Wilberforce, whose sanctified influence was at that time so eminently blessed, "Amid the din of warlike preparations, the foundation-stone was laid of the Bible Society, an institution which was to leaven all nations with the principles of peace ;" and thus, while other nations were pulling their houses about their ears, ours—alike hut and hall—stood firm, because upon the Rock of Ages ; and our hands were busy, not in pulling down, but in rearing new institutions, which should spread the everlasting gospel from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth.

It was about the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, that infidelity broke out with increased hostility and bitterness. But in this also was manifest the overruling providence of God. The violence of the assault stirred up the noblest spirits of Christendom, and the defence so completely covered the attack, that all felt thankful for so ferocious an onset because of so splendid a defence. I have seen the

sun by his very brilliancy exhale from the earth thick mists that grew into dark clouds, and threatened to eclipse the luminary of day ; but by the intensity of the same beams he dissolved the clouds into showers which refreshed and fertilized the earth they concealed from the sunlight. So the Sun of Righteousness draws up, by his very glory, clouds of atheistic and infidel opponents ; but the same glory that provoked their exhalation from the earth, turns them into means of usefulness and progress to his kingdom. What the world's false prophets pronounce to be the tombstone of Christianity, is ever the platform on which this Bird of Paradise plumes its wing for a higher flight and a wider range.

While at that time God was so conspicuous in our history, in the light of the blessings which he showered down, his presence was singularly transparent in the judgments which, like chartered emissaries, walked the world around us. The very scenes and spots where nations had sinned with a high hand were those where God punished them visibly before the world. Judgment tracked the sin, and punished it where it had left its trail.

The priests of France had stained their country's soil with the blood of slaughtered victims on occasions as melancholy as memorable in history, and on the same soil the priests of France were humbled and cruelly murdered by that rampant infidelity which was just the rebound of their superstition.

The Pope himself was seized by the soldiers of Napoleon in the Sistine chapel, marched a prisoner amid files of soldiers along the ante-hall, in which are still retained the paintings of the massacre of the French Protestants on St. Bartholomew's Eve. So true it is that national sins will sooner or later be visited by national retributions.

And what are the news of this very day ? In the *Times* newspaper of to-day (28th Nov. 1848) I read :—" The head of the Romish communion, lately the object of furious idolatry,

is now more hated and despised than the most worthless of his predecessors, and is only allowed to live because not worth assassination. The patrimony of St. Peter is offered in the streets for sale to any set of demagogues."

Great Babylon is now coming into remembrance before God, and she who has murdered men and souls, and canonized the murderers, is now about to drink that cup of judgment which her dreadful iniquities have filled up.

There is a great and palpable evidence of God in the history of our own great land, which I dare not omit or dilute.

Every time the reigning monarch of this realm fostered or sympathized with papal supremacy and error, our glory faded, our greatness melted away, and ruin stared us in the face ; but just as often as the reigning sovereign displayed and acted on Protestant—that, is, Bible—Christianity, the whole country rose in greatness, in prosperity, in glory. The feature was not the occasional but the constant. It alone is proof of God in our history. Queen Mary died, and bequeathed a country replete with embarrassments—disquiet at home and desperate hostility abroad. The only plant that positively luxuriated was Popery ; all under and around it was chaos, confusion, eclipse.

Elizabeth ascended the same throne. She acted on the fact that Protestantism is true and Popery a lie. She crushed the powers of Spain, enfranchised the Dutch, advocated and enforced the liberties of every people, however feeble, that appealed to her ; and made her throne the envy of the bad, the admiration of the good, and the rallying refuge for all who felt the tyranny of the oppressor.

James VI. of Scotland ascended the British throne as James I. He manfully announced his sympathy with Protestant truth, and his allegiance to its cause. From that moment, all the strength and cunning of the Popedom were concentrated on his destruction. The horrible conspiracy of the Gunpowder Plot—than which I know no nobler occasion of God interposing

in our history—was prosecuted with a success that gave way only on the eve of execution. Had this desperate attempt not been detected by a providential interposition, too plain to be misapprehended, the whole history of our country from that day to this had been changed. God was in the history of that reign, guarding us from popish treachery, and keeping us for Protestant blessings. Charles I. commenced a reign full of promise. Foreign and domestic wars were hushed, and Britain gave token of a bright and glorious career of political, commercial, and national happiness.

But Charles contracted a popish marriage, acquiescing in the requirements of the Infanta, that their children should not be suckled even by Protestant nurses, and that till thirteen years of age they should be under Roman Catholic teachers.

What followed? The star of our country was obscured; insurrection and feuds sprang up among his subjects; confusion fell like a cloud on his councils, and Charles himself perished on the scaffold.

Cromwell rose to supremacy when all around and within was faction, disorder, poverty, contempt abroad, and confusion at home. Whatever were the flaws or personal character of that iron general, his whole policy was eminently Protestant. Wherever Protestantism was crushed under the hoof of the apostasy, his sword and treasure were placed at the command of the sufferers; to foster Protestant Christianity, and to leave Popery to pine or perish from the earth, was the delight of Cromwell, and the glory of his reign. England forthwith rose as on eagle's wings: she commanded the reverence of remotest nations; and, in the words of Dr. Croly, whose splendid elucidation of these facts is worthy of universal study, "He realized the splendid improbability that, before he died, he would make the name of an Englishman as much feared and honoured as ever was that of an ancient Roman."

Charles II. ascended a throne—glorious, powerful, and pros-

perous,—fixed in the conviction and flourishing in the affections of his people. He was a Roman Catholic in disguise : he used every effort to make his subjects and his country Romish too. Almost in an instant the whole canopy of his country was covered with cloud ; fire and pestilence depopulated the capital ; defeat and dishonour fell upon our arms abroad.

James II. avowed himself a Roman Catholic. He trampled under foot all law, and trust, and precedent, and the country retrograded still. Determined to be deceived no longer, this Protestant nation rose in its majesty and strength, and swept the Stuart dynasty from the throne, and called William to occupy their place. Acting on Protestant principles, he restored the shattered condition of his country, humbled foreign aggressors, quenched Irish rebellion, and aided Protestants wherever they were persecuted.

I do not prosecute the parallel into later times ; but here let me add with all solemnity, that if our country shall be so infatuated as to give its resources—our resources, our earnings—to the maintenance of Popery and the endowment of its priesthood in any of these lands ;—if the minor aberration of 1845, instead of being abjured, shall be persisted in and developed in state endowment of the anti-Christian apostasy in 1849 ;—then I fear that, as on former occasions, confusion will light upon our councils, and civil broils at home and humiliating disasters abroad accumulate in all directions. Woe ! woe ! to our country, if she deliberately takes to her bosom what she has so solemnly renounced and abjured. God in her history has heretofore been mercy and goodness, inflicting paternal, not penal chastisement. God in her history will then, I fear, be the consuming fire, and having partaken of the sins of Babylon, she shall receive in terrible measure of her plagues.

Has not the year now drawing to its close been an appeal to our country to be true to God, and proof that if she be so He will be a shield and buckler unto her ?

In January, the opening month of this year of wonders, Sicily demanded a new constitution, and Denmark re-echoed its cry for another.

In February, Sardinia obtained its charter ; and Paris rose *en masse*, and displaced its monarch by a republic.

In March, Saxony received the freedom of the press ; and Metternich, whose wisdom and policy were supposed to be a match for all the diplomatists of Europe, fell and fled.

The fires of revolution blazed in every capital ; chains of iron were snapt asunder like threads of flax ; kings that laid their heads on their pillows at night, safe in the conviction that a hundred thousand bayonets were at their bidding, awoke in the morning to find themselves refugees, and their thrones blazing in the flames. A tornado swept the whole continent of Europe, and the dust it raised arose from falling thrones and broken sceptres, and the debris of wrecked and shattered dynasties. Great kings seemed suddenly paralysed with terror, while vast masses of their subjects were seized with the fierce instincts of the tiger or the lion ; and this fiery tempest has not yet spent its fury. We can only estimate its havoc by what it has left behind it, and learn how feeble is man when God rises to punish the inhabitants of the earth ; and how loose is that crown, and tottering that throne, which righteousness neither adorns nor supports.

Paris is on the brink of starvation, and France of national bankruptcy ; and its shattered houses and its bereaved families are the terrible proofs of the height of that sea of blood which only now begins to ebb away.

Berlin is at this moment convulsed with revolutionary mobs, and king and people ready to draw the sword on each other, to determine whether law and order, or disorganization and distress, shall be the order for years to come.

Vienna has sunk under a terrible eclipse ; murder perpetrated in cool blood by the insurrectionary mob, and avenged

by speedy and righteous retribution, its walls in ruins, its houses torn by grape-shot, and its once peaceful streets lined with military, are faint paragraphs from its chapter of recent horrors.

Spain, overrun with bandits, is kept from national revolution by the constant counter-irritation which is spread over its surface.

Italy, sick of its long night of incubus, is in arms ; and Pope Pius IX., who first set the revolutionary ball a-going—forgetful he was the head of a system which might be revolutionized, but could not be reformed—a refugee from St. Peter's, and ready to fall in with the dynasty that will preserve his pontificate. These are the waves that rise and lash the shores of all the countries of Europe.

And how stands it with us ? Why, such an audience as this dare not at this moment assemble in any capital of Europe. When a few sprinklings of the dark thunder-cloud fell upon us last spring, and some few thousand of those eccentric phenomena called Chartists—a few specimens of whose crotchets should be embalmed in the British Museum—rose and threatened more than they meant, or could, our most gracious Queen had but to give the sign, and her Prime Minister but to stamp his foot, and every street was lined with loyal citizens ; and while *vive* this and *vive* that was roaring from the volcanic orifice of every capital of Europe, “God save the Queen” rose from Old England's heart like a peal of thunder ; Chartist pikemen and French democrats disappeared in their dens—some preparatory to a move to Botany Bay, and others to Bridewell ; and were we summoned again, I venture to assert there is not a young man in this vast audience who would not rise and rally round the throne, and show that love to God and loyalty to our Queen are inseparable twins.

We ask no reward ; our loyalty has no conditions : but we submit to the Prime Minister of England, whether, if legislation be practicable, it would not be wise and good to enact,

that such loyalty should not be ground down by incessant drudgery, night and day ; that it should have spare minutes every evening for recruiting its energies from living springs ; in short, that the long-hour system should be the monopoly of rebels in Van Diemen's Land, and short hours the privilege, as they are the *right*, of some hundred thousand of the most loyal young men of London, and the most enthusiastic supporters of our Queen.

But why has Old England sat so unmoved upon her throne in the waste of waters ? Why have the waves of revolution crouched and slipped away the moment they approached her ? Why have "kings that saw her marvelled, and been troubled, and hasted away ? Mark ye well her bulwarks." What are they ? Yes, yes, I know and appreciate the wisdom of our constitution, the Saxon energy of our people—mighty in its silence ; and the greatness of our navy, whose shadows ere now swept the seas ; and the heroism of our army, which has never advanced but to victory, and never retreated but to cover the retreat with greater glory than the advance. Why, our Horse Guards, if needed, would ride down invading troops like nine-pins, and our 42d Highlanders, who awed Napoleon's imperial squadrons, would frighten all their successors in similar fields. But these are our *sinews*, not our life ; means of action, not the sources of strength. It is the living Christianity of our people that is the life-blood of our country ; it is the grace of God in Old England's heart that is the secret of the fixity and splendour of the crown on the Queen of England's brow. Christianity is the cement of our social system. Our people are so loyal because they are comparatively so religious. There are, no doubt, secondary causes of our national peace, some of which I may venture to specify ; and I am sure you will not suspect me of expressing party political opinions, if I refer to two or three recent remarkable facts, full of significance to reflecting minds.

Some sixteen years ago was passed a celebrated bill, commonly called the "Reform Bill," by which it was understood the equilibrium of our constitution was restored by extending the basis of our representative system. Whatever were its merits—and Whigs and Tories have each their respective convictions on the subject,—it will be admitted by all that it was a movement in the popular direction, and an extinguisher of many complaints against our political system.

Some two or three years ago what is called "free-trade" was carried amid tremendous excitement and terrible opposition; and protectionism, like the close boroughs, be it for good or evil, is substantially among the things that were, and that for ever. This also was progression in the direction of popular power and preference. Now, whether these measures be regarded as intrinsically good or bad in themselves, what would have been the state of this country last spring, when the sea of revolution that burst out in France sent some of its waves against our shores, if neither of these concessions to popular demand had been made? The disaffected would have found in the absence of reform, and in the existence of the corn-laws, all the fuel they required for kindling a revolution which, humanly speaking, would have blazed far and wide, and probably have left its black footprints from John-o'-Groat's to Land's End. I appeal to both parties—the advocates and the opponents of these measures—and I say, If you suppose and believe they were both radically bad, as pieces of State policy, for in this light alone I regard them, do not your peaceful homes, your standing altars, your rooted throne, your surrounding law, and order, and loyalty, induce you to thank God, that in his providence He *permitted* these sacrifices to popular demand to be made before the stormy tempests of 1848 swept over the surface of the earth?

To you who applaud these acts as alike just and necessary, I need not say, Do you not see God's mercy in the *chronology*,

as well as in the character of the measures? Do you not see they were gained just in time to leave nothing for disaffection to feed on, and very little for discontent to gnaw at? Good or bad, these changes had no little influence in saving our country from a revolution, and in making Trafalgar Square, not as it might have been, the first of London barricades, but the skirmish of pick-pockets, the battle of broken windows and cracked skulls, the finest relief in the world to Paris, Berlin, and Vienna.

It is with kindred feelings that I look on some of those recent visitations which we have felt in rapid succession. We were glorying, in 1845, in our success, our greatness, our brightening prospects of prosperity; the iron rail was regarded as the magician's rod, which had only to be waved over one's pocket to fill it with gold. Whole cities rushed to the lottery wheel; trade, religion, social duties were superseded by a mania almost unparalleled.

God looked down from heaven on our history, and loved us too deeply to leave us alone. He touched the springs of the national phrensy, and he that laid his head upon his pillow at night believing himself rich, awoke in the morning and felt himself bankrupt; and thousands who, in the whirl, were destroying their souls, saw God in their affliction; and tongues silent in prosperity praised him in loss and ruin.

Another year a destroying angel touched one of the meanest roots, and the food of millions turned to corruption in a night. Irish famine only stirred up English generosity, as Irish rebellion has but provoked English forgiveness; and who knows how many Irish hearts refused to be excited, or how many Irish hands refused to lift one pike against the nation that fed them in famine, and clothed them in nakedness? O'Brien's farce might have been the paralysis of the Empire, if our country's liberality had not made many of his sympathizers grateful. Can we fail in all this to see God in history?

May it not be, also, that so severe a judgment falling on this root alone shall prove the means of preventing a whole nation leaning for its sustenance on so precarious a vegetable, as well as the occasion of our statesmen doing something not in the wrong way, as threatened, but in the right direction, to redress that miserable country's wrongs; and thus what we began by supposing the action of a destroying angel, may have been the manifestation of God's great goodness disguised in our great suffering?

If again I refer to the pestilence, which has in mercy so slightly scathed us, and which I trust is commissioned to retire in answer to a nation's fervent prayers, I see in its arrival and in its retreat—in the localities it has swept, and in those it has spared—God in our history.

It has stirred up our statesmen to study and amend the sanitary state of our densely crowded lanes and courts and alleys, and to send currents of pure air and streams of clean water where neither had been known for years. It has aroused those selfish rich men who care nothing for the wants of others, however pressing, and all for their own however few, to open their purses, if their hearts are still hermetically sealed, and for self-preservation, if for no higher reason, to regard the cry, and distribute to the necessities of the poor,—since the improvement of the condition of the destitute is thus the only way to arrest disease; and thus, apart from mere spiritual grounds, the visitation of cholera is proving the occasion of the amelioration and mitigation of the sufferings of the neglected poor, and pestilence is seen to be mercy in judgment, and in its visitation who reads not God in our history?

Is it not a fact, scarcely less interesting, that for upwards of twelve years prior to 1848, the year of surrounding revolution and approaching pestilence, the laborious agents of the City Mission have been pursuing their subterranean visits, in the course of which they have reached and touched, if they have failed in transforming, at least half a million of that class of

our population, which the policemen alone had visited before, making known their sufferings, and yet leaving the sufferer hope ? The judgment-day alone will show how deeply our country is indebted for its quiet, and the poor for their elevation, to these unostentatious but ceaseless agencies which the world cannot appreciate and will not support.

I said that God is in history, not only of great but little things. It is in full conviction of this that I bid you trace the rise and read the history of the Young Men's Christian Association. I remember how, a few years ago, a handful of young men—who rose above their brethren, and thus caught the first beams of the approaching sun—began to express their sense of shop-slavery in tears and ineffectual sighs. Others soon awoke to a sense of their lost prerogatives, their departed freedom, and their increasing bondage under the modern Pharaoh, called the Money Power : they met and talked, but the gigantic weight and size of the Colossus made them almost shrink back into their slavery again. They felt nevertheless that *right* is *might*, and however slow the process, they had faith in this—that what *ought* to be *shall* be. They were prepared, not for themselves only, but for you, to toil in faith, and if needs be, die in tears, and still protest against the oppression, which only tightened the more its grip of its victims. So do still. Go forward with resistance in your heart and protest on your lips. Hand and heart must be in your mission still. I watched the cradle, and witnessed the growth of the Early Closing Association, till I saw marquises, and earls, and lords plead for it on this platform ; and lord-mayors and aldermen bring the weight of civic dignity to advance it ; and bishops come down from the bench, and priests from their pulpits to bless it ; and heads of large houses—who laughed at first at the experiment—at last capitulate, and join the ranks of the Hitchcocks and Owens, and others.

I see in its success the Marquis of Westminster, Lord John Russell, the Bishop of Oxford, Baptist Noel, and others ; but

do you not see the presence of One infinitely higher—God in its history ? I say so, not because of its growing success, but because of the prudence, and moderation, and sound action, which have heretofore characterized your proceedings ; and your sense of the presence of God will not retard, but add fresh impetus to a claim which it is right on your part to demand, and policy as well as duty on that of your employers to concede.

If I may refer next to this Christian Association, on whose platform I stand, what proofs have you of God in your history ? A little band met first in a parlour ; it next ventured to show itself in a room in Radley's Hotel ; it rose a step higher with fear and trembling, into a literary institution at Leicester Square ; it reached Freemason's Hall—filled the Centenary Hall—and now Exeter Hall is too small to hold, *not* its members, but those who, arrested by its progress, come to listen and cast in their lot with us. In those evidences of the power of God, which were detailed at the anniversary meeting, and in many another Ebenezer visible in its career, you witness God in the history.

Recollect you are dependent for accessions to your numbers very much on the Early Closing Association. Reflect on it, some of the blessings you enjoy, and look upon your own society as one only of many children that will spring from the universal adoption of short hours, whom God himself will bow the heavens to baptize and bless.

We have thus traced, as time would allow, God in history. We see him imperfectly at best. The day comes when we shall see him no more “through a glass, darkly, but face to face.” When we gaze at the rainbow, after the shower, we see but a semicircle ; if we ascend a loftier height, the semicircle approaches nearer a perfect circle. But when we shall stand on the mount of glory, and look down on things below, we shall behold the glorious circle complete. Things now seen in fragments shall be seen whole. The dim lights of time shall be changed for the living glory that has no need of “the sun or

the moon ;" what we know not now we shall know hereafter. We shall then stand with Christ in the zenith of creation, and all suns and systems shall culminate over our heads, and we ourselves, like persons under the equator, cast no shadow. Now we see *God in History*, then we shall read HISTORY IN GOD.

God is in your biography. Is your present place what you expected ten years ago ? Have you not often set out to a predetermined point, and arrived at the very opposite ? You have toiled and prayed for some object on which you had fixed your heart, and afterwards learned that your success would have been your ruin, and that disappointment was your greatest mercy. Have you not gone to laugh, and remained to weep ? Has not the turning of a corner determined the complexion of your future life ? Let any one remember all the way he has been led in the wilderness, and see if it be not so. "Who knoweth what is good for man in this life, . . . which he spendeth as a shadow ?" "A man's heart deviseth his ways ; but the Lord directeth his steps." "Man's goings are of the Lord." "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and He will direct thy paths."

There are *no trifles* in the biography of man. It is *drops* that make up the sea : it is *acorns* that cover the earth with oaks, and the ocean with glorious navies. *Sands* make up the bar in the harbour's mouth, on which rich argosies are wrecked ; and little things in youth accumulate into character in age, and destiny in eternity. All the links in that glorious chain, which is in all and around all, we can see and admire, or at least admit ; but the staple to which all is fastened, and to which it is the conductor of all, is the throne of Deity.

Carry with you into the warehouse, the shop, the counting-house, the market-place, this living and plastic conviction, "Thou God seest me." It will sweeten, not sadden life. Seek him, and find him now in Christ your Father, and walk with him always, not as a maniac with his keeper, or a slave with his master, but as a son with his father.

Be Christians first, and then you will know what it is to be happy. Christianity is God in the sunshine of mercy. Behold, believe ; look to God in the central page of history, the epochal hour of eternity, God manifest in the flesh. In Him I hear not the curses of Ebal, or the thunder of Sinai, but the throbbings of the heart of God.

Read on that manger, "Though He was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." Read on Gethsemane, "On Him were laid the iniquities of us all." Read on that cross, "He bare our sins in his own body on the tree ;" and on that grave, "O death, where is thy victory ?"

The weakest, poorest, meanest hearer in this auditory has a soul as precious as the Queen's—more glorious than a thousand worlds—immensity its element—eternity its end ; so fallen that it tries to satisfy its want from earthly things ; so great that it never succeeds in doing so.

That soul of yours, if an unregenerate young man, is sinking day by day into depths of ruin. God's great bright eye is riveted on it in pity, as truly as if Deity and you were the only twain in creation. And a Father's piercing remonstrance breaks from the sky, "Why will ye die ?" And a mother's tender and holy entreaty from a distant fireside sounds after it, "My son, Absalom, my son ; my son, Absalom ! What shall it profit thee, if thou gainest the whole world, and lovest thine own soul !" The last shock comes on ; the last trump is in the archangel's hand. The pause realized in this land, like that given to Jerusalem to allow the Christians to flee to Pella, is now vouchsafed to us. Seize the moments as they rush past. The avenger is at your heels : flee to the city of refuge. The destroying angel has spread his wing upon the blast, and, standing between the living and the dead, I invite you to that blood of sprinkling which alone cleanseth from sin and covers from judgment.

THE BEARING OF COMMERCE UPON THE
SPREAD OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY

THE REV. ROBERT BICKERSTETH, M.A.

THE BEARING OF COMMERCE UPON THE SPREAD OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE subject of the following Lecture is, "The Bearing of Commerce upon the Spread of Christianity ;" or, in other words, Commerce considered in its subserviency to the diffusion of the Christian religion.

Two important topics evidently meet one at the outset, in the investigation of such a subject : on the one hand, it is presumed that Christianity is to be propagated ; it is taken for granted that Christianity is the religion which in the purpose of God is both adapted and intended for unlimited, universal adoption. On the other hand, we are met by this inquiry, May not commerce, may not mercantile intercourse be a medium through which, in the providence of God, the onward march of Christianity can be rapidly promoted ? This latter inquiry will admit of very wide expansion. There are several important and distinct aspects under which it may be surveyed. It will lead us to investigate how far it harmonizes with the actings of God, so far as those actings come within the range of our observation, to suppose that subordinate instrumentalities should be employed for the furtherance of such an end as the one here alluded to, namely, the subjugation of the world to the religion of Christ.

Is there not, we may ask, sufficient ground to believe that through the agency of commercial intercourse, commercial power, commercial wealth, the interests of Christianity may be ad-

vanced, the way of the heralds of the Gospel be prepared, and the limits of the Redeemer's kingdom be extended far and wide.

If we can maintain such a proposition as this, whether by induction from known principles of God's providential dispensations, or if we can found it in any measure upon the result of experiment, there will then arise many important considerations relating to the responsibilities devolving upon a community such as ours ; so highly exalted in the scale of commercial greatness, and so transcendently blest at the same time in the possession of a pure Christianity.

The design of the following Lecture is to direct your thoughts in pursuit of the topics to which I have thus rapidly adverted. For my own part, I cannot forget that I stand here as a minister of Christianity ; the character of the minister must not be merged in that of the lecturer. It is, therefore, the cause of Christianity which it must be my aim to promote. Upon the other hand, the Society, at the request of whose Committee I have undertaken the office of lecturer upon the present occasion, is designated "The Young Men's Christian Association : " on every account, therefore, I could not be justified in making the address otherwise than of a religious complexion ; and when it is further taken into consideration, that we now assemble together in the heart of a metropolis which is the centre of the world's civilisation ; the brightest spot on the world's surface for the light of Christianity which it reflects, and at the same time the very home of commercial splendour and power ; it does appear to me that the theme is neither an inappropriate nor an uninviting one to which our attention is called—"The Relation of Commerce to the Spread of Christianity."

Now it is well that, in the introduction to a subject like the present, we should devote some attention to the evidences in support of the conclusion that Christianity is a religion both fitted and designed for universal promulgation. The proofs of

this proposition are, indeed, of an extensive and varied nature. They are reducible, however, under one or more of the following heads ; and for the sake of perspicuity let us arrange them thus :—There is, to begin with, The insufficiency of any form of religion beside ; there is, secondly, The manifest adaptation of Christianity to all the moral wants of mankind ; and there is, thirdly, The direct purpose of the Almighty, as it is openly declared in the volume of Revelation.

For a few moments, I would ask you to go along with me in a patient consideration of these several points.

We remark then, in the first instance, that there is a palpable insufficiency about every form of religion, except Christianity, to meet the moral necessities of mankind. No other system of religion can furnish either a supply for the moral wants, or a corrective for the moral disorders of our race. Now suppose, for example, that Christianity were to be put out of the account, and that upon such a hypothesis you were to be left to seek a religion, suitable in character, and sufficient in its provisions for the moral wants of a being such as man. Where would you discover the religion you wanted ? Where, except in Christianity, would you find a religious system, in which, as a moral, intelligent being, you could satisfactorily repose ?

You would not find it in *Paganism* ; reason herself revolts at the idea of bowing down to worship a senseless idol ; reason herself, where not miserably debased and emasculated, spurns the thought of rendering to the workmanship of one's own hands—to that which one's own fingers have made—the adoration which is due to the self-existent Creator.

Idolatry—such idolatry as for centuries held captive the vast majority, and still entrammels the vast majority of our race—has nothing to offer for the supply of the moral wants of an intelligent being. If man is to have any religion at all, any system of religious belief or practice (and a religion of some kind is what every reflective, rational creature, to whom God

hath given mind and a conscience, must have), idolatry cannot be that religion. The voice of reason alone, unless stifled in its very birth by the noxious atmosphere of deadly superstition, asserts that the worship of idols can never be the religion suitable or sufficient for a creature to whom there is given the endowment of mind, or to whom there is confided the talent of moral responsibility.

Moreover, it matters not whether you look at idolatrous systems of religious worship in their naked and most hideous aspect ; I mean where idol-worship seems to have degraded its votaries to a level with the brute ; to have shorn man of every distinctive mark, whether of a loftier origin or a nobler destiny than the lower tribes of creation ;—or if you look at Paganism when decked out with all the ornamental drapery in which philosophy once strove to disguise its debasing character, when it was shrined in the schools of philosophers, and sanctioned by the genius of men who were reputed to have monopolized the wisdom of the age in which they lived. We know there was a period when philosophy, so called, proudly reared her head, as though to her had been delegated the lofty task to enlighten the world by the discovery of some system of religious belief worthy of a rational being, and commensurate with his felt moral necessities. It seemed as though reason would make a bold and gigantic effort to discover from whence man sprung, and to what point he was hastening ; to determine, moreover, in what his prime happiness consisted, and what was his chief good after which it became him to aspire.

For centuries, whilst the empires of Greece and of Rome flourished in the plenitude of their pride and their power, did philosophy strive to invent a religion which might serve to satisfy the wants of man's moral nature ; whereas, with all her elaborate researches and all her deep strivings, never could philosophy find out a religion adapted to regenerate humanity, satisfy its wants, or heal its disorders. With what complete

failure the effort was made is well known to all who are acquainted with the several systems of religious belief as proposed by the wisest of ancient philosophers. All their foundations of religious belief were false and unstable ; and the superstructure of religious practice which they raised was worthy of the foundation on which it was made to depend.

With respect, for example, to the being of God, the views entertained were multifarious and contradictory to each other. There were some, indeed, who contended for the existence of one supreme deity, whilst the majority believed in " gods many and lords many." Some went so far as to believe in the spirituality of the Divine Being, but the greater number clothed him in the garb of materialism. Thus philosophy never could detect the proper foundation of all religious worship,—the belief in one supreme and self-existent Jehovah ; and, never being clear upon this point, she sanctioned the grossest polytheism and idolatry. Imperial Rome enshrined in her temples all the false deities of the nations she conquered ; fanes were erected to every passion of her fallen nature ; and the rites of worship corresponded with the character of the passion supposed to be personified in each particular deity. This was the religion which philosophy offered to the world. Her disciples never reached any accurate knowledge respecting the creation of the world. The first and only legitimate idea of creation, namely, a literal production out of nothing, never lay within the compass of their explorings. One sect of philosophers held the world to be eternal ; another attributed creation to chance ; while a third supposed the earth to have assumed its present shape and appearance by the fortuitous concurrence together of myriads of atoms. They could not explain the origin of evil amongst men ; they found, indeed, a multiplicity of proofs that, from some cause or other, creation was groaning beneath some terrific malediction ; but whence, or from what cause this malediction came, was a discovery

which lay beyond the reach of philosophy, with all her vaunted pride of intellect.

In other still more important points, the religion of Pagan philosophy was deplorably defective. It revealed nothing clearly with respect to the soul's immortality. Hear one of the wisest of their number, speaking in the immediate prospect of dissolution :—"I hope," said Socrates, "I am now going to good men, though this I would not take upon me peremptorily to affirm ; but that I shall go to the gods, lords that are absolutely good, this, if I can affirm anything of this kind, I would certainly affirm, and for this reason, I do not take it ill that I am to die, as otherwise I should do ; but I am in good hope that there is something remaining for those that are dead, and that then it will be better for good than for bad men." Cicero, again, one of the most celebrated of the ancient philosophers who surmised the soul's immortality, was evidently undecided on the doctrine. After enumerating a variety of arguments on either side of the question, the conclusion at which he arrived is thus expressed :—"Which of these is true, God alone knows ; and which is most probable, is a very great question." Then, connected with this miserable incertitude regarding the soul's immortality, there was, of course, a corresponding doubtfulness on the subject of rewards and of punishments in the next life. Men whose minds were scarcely made up on the point, whether or not death was the final termination of all conscious existence, could not be materially influenced, whether by the dread of punishment, or by the hope of recompense in an after state of being ; consequently they never discovered what was the true end of man. They drifted to and fro amid a chaos of speculative notions respecting the chief good and the real essence of happiness for a creature ; and the crowning defect in this system, which was the best that philosophy could discover, lay in this, that while her disciples knew not God, neither did they know the way of

approach to Divinity. Conscience, whose echoes still lingered amid the ruins of a wrecked and dismantled humanity, still whispered reproachfully in every man's breast that there was some terrific chasm in his moral being, making it impossible for him to gain access to the true fount of the creature's bliss ; but how to have this chasm filled up, how to have the breach which sin had made effectually healed, this was what philosophy could never discover. Here and there she could indeed school a disciple into the practice of virtue ; but her system of religious belief was never adapted to act upon the masses of mankind, or to reconstruct the moral fabric which guilt had cruelly shattered.

I only add, upon this head, that Paganism is not a whit altered with the lapse of centuries. The same ignorance, the same vices, still hold captive heathen nations ; the same idolatry prevails ; the same polytheism ; the same revolting practices. It has been stated, that amongst the Hindoos—although their religion originally recognised but one supreme God—there are not fewer than thirty millions of deities to whom worship is supposed to be due. At the same time, observances the most abominable, rites the most impure, self-inflicted tortures the most painful, in the shape of propitiation to their offended deities ; these are the fruit and offspring, up to the present day, of the religion of Paganism.

Enough then on the point, that neither will the religion of Paganism nor of Pagan philosophy supply the place of Christianity. You will recollect we have been speaking on the supposition that, Christianity being thrown out of the account, you had to seek amongst existing forms of religion for one form adapted for universal propagation ; and, I think, if you have gone along with me in the statements which have been advanced, you will agree that Paganism offers no substitute for the religion of Christianity.

There yet remain two other forms of religion to which we

must devote some observation, though very briefly will suffice. There is Mohammedanism, the religion of the false prophet Mohammed ; and there is Judaism, a revealed religion which came from God.

In respect of the former, I will only observe : the grand test to which any form of religion whatsoever must be brought, is the effect which it is found to produce on practice. Does it teach man to know God ? Does it inspire the love of the Creator ? Does it teach him to feel the relationship subsisting between himself and the Creator ? Is its tendency to produce in the creature a sense of dependence upon the God who made him ? Does it call forth the filial affections of the creature towards the Creator ? Does it engender the practice of all that is morally excellent ? Does it set free the reason from the bondage of error and superstition ? Does it deliver from the thralldom of evil ? Does it clear up the mystery of death ? Does it afford a counterpoise to every grief ; a source of comfort under every trial ? Does it enable man to look confidently onward to the future, and cause that the hope of things unseen should operate to the present mortification of every lust, and the present culture of every moral excellence ? And I say that if Mohammedanism fails to do all this, if it be a religion of the sword, but not a peace-breathing religion of love ; if it produces no beneficial effect upon the practice of its converts, but leaves them slaves to vice, and addicted to cruelty ; if, while promising them rewards in the next life, those rewards are to be purchased by deeds of blood, and to consist of such enjoyments as only a voluptuary can relish, if all the while it speaks of no atonement for the guilty,—I say that this is not the religion with which a rational being who feels himself morally responsible to a God of holiness and purity, can ever be satisfied.

Nor, let me add, will Judaism serve our purpose ; not indeed that we can place Judaism on a level with such systems

of religion as those of which we have been speaking. Judaism was of God ; it was transcendently superior on that account to any religion which man could have possibly invented for himself. But to begin with, it is palpably evident that Judaism never was intended for universal adoption ; it was essentially an exclusive system ; it had nothing of finality about it ; it was the germ indeed of something nobler and better ; it was a narrow channel which led in its course to the noble ocean of Christianity ; it was prophetic, in all its parts and ceremonies, of a brighter dispensation, to which, in the fulness of time, it was destined to give way. In all of its manifold ceremonies there was so much of the purely figurative, that the inquiry could not but force itself upon one who should ponder its varied institutions, Where is the substance of which this is the shadow ? when shall we see the flower of which this is only the bud ? when shall we get beyond this narrow, circumscribed, and turbid channel, and launch upon that glorious ocean, clear as crystal, to which the channel is only intended to lead ? And now if I find that Judaism is divested, at the present day, of all that once gave to it attractiveness and glory ; if I find that the prophetic impulse no more actuates her sons, nor the mystic Shechinah resides in her midst ; if I find that Judaism is without its temple, without its local habitation, without its sacrifice, without its ephod, and without its teraphim, why, seems it not as though the withering anger of the Almighty had lighted on the adherents of this system ? and how, in the face of beholding Judaism deserted of God, can I look upon this as the religion in which humanity may find rest for the sole of her foot ?

And now, it is in the face of this conclusion as to the insufficiency of every other form of religion for the wants of mankind, we can turn with triumph to the religion of the Gospel as presenting the supply for every moral necessity of our race. There is that in Christianity which bespeaks at once its own

suitableness and sufficiency to the spiritual wants of humanity. This religion, in clear and authoritative accents, gives the revelation of whatever is needful for man to know with respect to God or to himself ; his own origin, his present position, or his ultimate destiny. Here we have full disclosures of the character, the moral attributes and perfections of that Almighty Being towards whom we stand in the relation of creatures, formed by his power and still dependent upon his bounty. Here we are taught the true way of approach to his footstool ; in what method to avoid his displeasure and obtain his approval. The mystery of creation is satisfactorily explained ; we learn that out of nothing did the Almighty form the universe ; that he formed it for a theatre upon which to display his own glorious perfections. Christianity discloses the source of all those disorders which prevail in our world, and of all those varied ills by which our physical and moral being are encompassed. It reveals how it was owing to the apostasy of man from allegiance that "sin and all our woe" gained entrance upon earth. This is the real source of the disorganization which is so apparent in the whole moral and material universe ; here you have the solution of the whole of that sorrow and calamity which more or less pervade all classes, and visit at one time or another each member of our species. And Christianity, while it throws light on the past and opens the discovery whence the evil hath sprung, is the revelation also of a glorious remedy, commensurate with the whole compass of the malady. That remedy consists in the expiation of guilt through the death of One who, in the character of a God-man, stood forth as the substitute for the guilty,—bore their curse, endured their penalty. We learn that for his sake sin may be blotted out, yea, shall be blotted out in behalf of all who believe on his name ; nor only that sin may be cancelled, but also that a moral renovation may be insured through the agency of the Divine Spirit, and that ultimately the redeemed man, who has

been led to appropriate by a personal faith the atonement of Jesus, shall be admitted to the presence of God, to enjoy those pleasures which are at his right hand for ever and ever. This religion teaches us to look up to God in the character of a loving Father, who is eager for the reconciliation of us his wayward children to himself, but who will nevertheless deal with us in the light of morally free and accountable beings. Christianity is adapted to stir into action the most powerful passions of our nature, and to cause that they should impel us onward to what is for our noblest welfare. Hope and fear and love, these are the affections of our moral nature to which it appeals. Hope it will kindle, by telling every man it is at least possible for him to rise from the lowest depths of moral degradation to the dignity and glory of an adopted child in the family of heaven. Fear it will excite, by reminding him that though a redeemed being it does not necessarily follow he will be a saved being, but that, having been redeemed, if not saved, condemnation will be more tremendous. And love—generous, mighty, impulsive, and all-constraining love,—this it will awaken by revealing such a display of love on the part of God towards man as nowhere else can be paralleled in the strongest affections of the creature, or in the noblest gifts beside of God in creation ; and then, when Christianity has made its appeal to such passions as those of our nature, and shown us that while salvation is possible to each, but, though a gift from God, must yet be battled and wrestled for, it leaves her disciples upon a moral arena to combat energetically for a kingdom and inheritance which can never decay.

Christianity is adapted to satiate every want of a moral being. It proposes a suitable object for our choicest affections, an adequate end for our loftiest strivings. It furnishes the avenue to strength for the feeble, joy for the sorrowful, quiet for the anxious and distressed, guidance for the perplexed and bewildered, confidence for the timid and desponding. It can

shed its own bright hues of consolation on every scene and circumstance of mortal grief. It can irradiate the tomb through the mention of Him who hath enlivened the sepulchre by entering it himself, and to whom there belongs the magnificent title of "the Resurrection and the Life."

Christianity is adapted to mankind under whatever circumstances humanity is placed ; it will adorn the palace, and yet be never more at home than when found in the poor man's humble cottage ; it will sharpen the wisdom of the wisest, and yet it is not beyond the simplicity of the poorest peasant to comprehend and embrace. With different forms of government it interferes not, and yet wheresoever it is embraced it will infuse equity into rulers, and a spirit of dutiful subjection into those who are governed. Its overtures are addressed to every child of humanity, in whatever quarter of the globe he is found, from whatsoever tribe he may have sprung, in whatsoever clime he may dwell.

And in speaking thus, let it not be thought we are dealing only in idle declamation, or asserting of Christianity more than she is able to effect. The efficacy of Christianity has been abundantly tried. We can point to results which it hath already produced, as sustaining all that we have affirmed of what it is adapted to effect. We can speak of its well-attested power to civilize the barbarous, to humanize the brutish, to enlighten the ignorant, to disenthral the superstitious, to scatter blessings without number wheresoever she finds a home ; hopes which philosophy could never kindle have been awakened by her voice ; vices which philosophy could never curb have been effectually repressed ; sorrows which philosophy could never soothe have been abated and stanchèd ; science and commerce have never so flourished as when cultured beneath the influence of this religion.

Christianity hath been tried of old in the schools of philosophers, and the lamp of human philosophy flickered and grew

dim before the light which she gave. Idolatry, wheresoever it has been grappled with by the champions of the cross, has proved too weak to withstand the engine of the Gospel. Mohammedanism has furnished its quota of evidence that the subtleties of that false system cannot cope with the wisdom of God as it shines in Christianity. The artful Brahmin and degraded Negro, the fierce New Zealander and licentious Tahitian, the besotted Esquimaux, and even the prejudiced Jew, have severally relinquished their various superstitions as they heard the proclamations of the Gospel. And this is our proof that Christianity is the true salt of the earth, the recipe for converting human nature from all that is vile into all that is morally excellent ; so that once let Christianity pervade the whole earth, and this would be coincident with the moral amelioration of all the disorders and calamities of our world. The globe, in being everywhere Christianized, would be everywhere civilized, and everywhere morally elevated and blest, till it should seem as though mantled once more with the loveliness and the splendour in which it was seen as it originally came forth from the hand of its Maker.

And this is a result which will be brought round. In the purpose of God—so far as his will may be gathered from the tenor of his providential dealings, or from the declarations of his word—Christianity is to pervade and to spread over the whole earth ; be it a near or be it a distant consummation, the nations of the world are to acknowledge the Lord Christ for their King. The anthem hath yet to resound through creation when a thousand times ten thousand voices swell the chorus, “The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ : and he shall reign for ever and ever.” We now stand in the closing dispensation, preparatory to the winding-up of the great drama of redemption. We look for no new revelation, we expect no fresh dispensation, till the Lord Christ shall be revealed from heaven. During prior dispensations, God was

disciplining mankind for Christianity ; Christianity, so far as it relates to man's position in a probationary state, is a terminal dispensation : it will be succeeded by eternity. Moreover, we act upon Divine command in making effort to christianize the world. The command is plain and imperative, which is laid upon the whole Church of Christ,—Go and preach the gospel to every creature. This command is in itself a proof that the gospel is intended for every creature ; that Christianity, in other words, is the religious system which is destined to supplant every other, and prevail far and wide, till the Redeemer's kingdom is from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth.

We have thus completed the first part of our proposed task. I would ask you to recall for a moment the line of our argument ; we stated that the subject-matter to be reviewed involved two considerations : the one, that Christianity was designed for propagation ; the other, that commerce may be employed as instrumental to that result. Hitherto we have dealt with the former of these considerations ; we proposed to investigate the evidences that Christianity really is adapted and designed for universal promulgation. We have searched into those evidences as they are presented by the insufficiency of every other kind and system of religious belief, by the sufficiency of Christianity, and by the declared purpose of the Almighty regarding Christianity. The conclusion at which we have arrived is this : that there is no other religion which can be placed in competition with Christianity for its suitability to the moral exigency of our present state, or its adaptation to the ends of religious belief : not Paganism, not any system of Pagan philosophy ; not Mohammedanism ; not Judaism. Christianity, on the other hand, is all-sufficient. It is a revelation worthy of God, and precisely adapted to human necessity. It provides for the remedy of all evil, and the supply of all want, without any compromise whatsoever of the moral perfections of the Almighty. Its sufficiency and power have been amply

attested. It has effected what no other system or combination of systems ever yet could effect—the overthrow of superstition ; the downfall of idolatry ; the repression of vice ; the culture of holiness. It has communicated happiness such as could have been derived from no other source. It has done more to elevate and to civilize mankind than all the labours of politicians, and all the refinements of philosophy. Its benefits, direct and indirect, to mankind—in a political, social, domestic, and moral point of view—might furnish a theme to exhaust all the powers of rhetoric, and all the numbers of poetry ; and when, in addition to the spectacle of what Christianity hath effected where-soever enshrined, in a nation or a household, we find a positive command of our Maker which bears upon the unconfined spread of the gospel over the whole earth, we seem to have arrived, with somewhat of the clearness of mathematical demonstration, at the point—that Christianity is a religion both adapted and designed for universal promulgation.

And now we are brought to the interesting and practical question, What is the bearing of Commerce upon the spread of Christianity ? How far can it be established that commerce may be rendered ancillary to the accomplishment of so noble an end as the unlimited diffusion of the gospel ? Is it a rational supposition, that God may be pleased to make use of mercantile intercourse between different nations of the earth in the bringing to pass his ordained purpose—that all nations shall ultimately walk in the light of gospel truth ?

I would beg permission at this point unequivocally to disclaim the opinion, that any mere human agency whatsoever can by itself be sufficient to subdue the nations to the faith of Christianity. Christianity must be indebted for its triumphs to better weapons than any which are carnal. Let monarchs of the earth throw over it the shield of their patronage ; let potentates lend it their influence ; let the opulent contribute their abundance ; let missionaries be sent forth, by tens of

thousands, equipped with all the resources which earth can supply. Yet, except all these several instrumentalities were wielded by the omnipotent Spirit of God, the whole enterprise would be abortive ; the cause of Christianity would not make one step in advance. We attribute all the conquests of Christianity to a mightier power than human. It is a system divinely constructed, and nothing save the might of Divinity can put it in motion. When, however, thus much has been said, we have yet to urge that God works by means. His noblest works in nature and in providence are not unfrequently produced by very subordinate agencies—the means often appearing strangely inadequate to the results they are employed to effect. Consequently, when we speak of commerce as instrumental to accelerate the march of Christianity, it is not that we suppose that by means of commercial intercourse, regarded in the abstract, Christianity can be spread ; but we do mean that commerce, in the hand of God's overruling providence, may become the handmaid of the gospel. He who made the conversion of Constantine the means of the establishment of Christianity in the Roman empire, can sanctify the pursuits and triumphs of commerce to the hastening onwards the establishment of Christianity in the whole earth.

With this preliminary caution, I would go on to ask, Can there be a more interesting view to take of commerce than to suppose that this, like other instrumentalities, hath been designed in the hand of God's providence for the dissemination of Christian truth ? I for one feel compelled to trace up the institution of commerce to Divine appointment. The necessity for mercantile intercourse arises out of those providential arrangements which are observable in the constitution and furniture of our globe. We find that neither hath God given the same climate nor the same productions to every nation ; but, on the contrary, different countries, and not unfrequently different provinces of the same country, differ as to climate,

soil, and productions. Each country, almost like each individual mind, has its own peculiar endowment. One province is rich in variegated landscape, attracting by its majesty and loveliness the effort of the painter, or kindling the impulses of poetry; another abounds with forests and rivers; another with mines; another with pastures: to each country there is its own peculiar gift. Nor, in fact, is there a single nation, however rich in natural products, which would not, if confined to its own resources, be destitute of many of the comforts, if not the reputed necessities of life. Now, can we suppose this arrangement is of chance? Or shall we not rather conclude that God hath wisely bestowed upon each country its own peculiar climate, soil, and productions, in order that men might learn their mutual dependence upon each other; and that, being brought into contact by their common wants, they might learn to recognise one common brotherhood subsisting between them. The Almighty, in bestowing upon one nation what He hath denied to another, and in thus compelling the dwellers in one province to seek from the occupants of another an interchange which may be for their mutual advantage, may be said to have taught men a lesson of mutual dependence; and therefore to have inscribed on the very face of the earth the importance of harmony and good-will between its many inhabitants.

There are a thousand good effects of a temporal kind to which commerce is conducive. It has a natural tendency to civilize; to act as the guardian of peace, by promoting friendly intercourse amongst our fellow-men; to sharpen men's understandings; to encourage industry, one of the great barriers against vice; to multiply temporal comforts and enjoyments. In an uncommercial community you invariably find a spirit of apathy and languor to be prevalent. This will almost necessarily give place to activity and enterprise, according as man is rendered familiar with new objects and is inspired with the

desire to possess them. "Commerce," it has been well observed, "has caused the blessings of civilisation to be universally diffused, and the treasures of wisdom and knowledge to be conveyed to the remotest corners. Its humanizing influence in this respect is most important, while, by making each country depend for the means of supplying a considerable portion of its wants on the assistance of others, it has done more than anything else to remove a host of the most baneful prejudices, and to make mankind regard each other as friends and brothers, and not as enemies."¹ These are temporal benefits to which commerce is beyond question conducive. And is it not possible that commerce may be redeemed to a yet nobler and more illustrious purpose over and above what relates to the interchange of merely present advantages? Can it be that God has imposed upon the families of the earth the necessity for seeking out each other in the barter of the perishable commodities of this world, without designing that this necessary intercourse should be made helpful to those better and more enduring results which pertain to man's immortal destiny? There is no providential arrangement which is not for the furtherance of man's highest interests. All things serve God. He can work in every province of nature, and in every field of creation. He can operate by means of every appointment to effect the counsel of his own will; and if commerce be, as we have assumed it to be, a thing which arises out of Divine appointment, we may confidently look to find it employed for the advancement of the noblest ends concerning our race.

It was indirectly, be it remembered, through means of commerce that England was once Christianized. What is the history of the introduction of Christianity into these realms by Augustine? Why, that his compassion was excited by the spectacle of British youths exposed as merchandise for sale at Rome; that he asked the question, from what quarter of the world they came? and on being told, from England, he further

¹ Mr. M'Culloch.

asked whether these Angles were worshippers of the true God ? then, hearing that they were idolaters, for the sake of converting them to Christianity he undertook the perilous enterprise of a mission to these shores.

If you would see, on the other hand, how Christianity and commerce are often found in relation to each other, look at the history of New Zealand. All who are acquainted with the history of that colony know that it is to the establishment of Christianity in that island we are indebted for its being at the present moment a point of commerce for England.

To the missionary enterprise of Mr. Marsden, a missionary of New Holland, it is entirely owing that the blessings of civilisation were introduced into that distant colony. Through his efforts the native ferocity of the New Zealander was tamed. The inhabitants, beholding in a missionary settlement the good effect of peaceful industry, became, at least to some extent, enamoured of English civilisation, and having appealed for British protection, thenceforward was New Zealand laid open to the enterprise of English colonists and English merchants.

Take another still more recent case : I allude to the island of Borneo. It is well known that for the acquisition of that important territory, and for its annexation to the dependencies of this empire, we are indebted to the enterprise of that illustrious traveller, Sir James Brooke. Influenced by no sordid motive, and by no selfish feeling, but simply by the noble ambition of doing good ; unbacked by any force to compel acquiescence in his plans, Sir James Brooke landed almost a stranger upon the coast of Borneo, sent forth by no court or government, the ambassador of no prince, church, or embassy ; equipped at his own expense and dependent on his own resources, he had deliberately abandoned the comforts of his English home with the intention of casting his lot among those distant islanders, and of doing what in him lay for their benefit. Signal and unparalleled success crowned his effort. His influence rose and increased till the native rulers besought him to assume the

government of their province. Under his mild and equitable sway the rights of property are now respected, personal violence has abated, piracy has been attacked in its strongholds and defeated. His subjects have begun to appreciate his lessons, and to discern how much to be preferred are the peaceful pursuits of industry and commerce to the roving warfare in which they hitherto placed their pride and found their sole profit. But what has been the direct result of the opening of this new field of commerce? why, you know that Sir James Brooke returned to this country only last year, to solicit, amongst other things, a band of missionaries to go forth and preach Christianity to the heathen population of Borneo; so that commerce in that case, as it ought to do in every other, has directly led to the propagation of Christianity in a country which hitherto has been inaccessible to the feet of the missionary.

These are illustrations of the mode in which commerce may indirectly become subservient to the march of Christianity; and here, let me observe, there are some points of view under which commerce has plainly the tendency to advance the interests of Christianity; so that supposing a nation to be at once great in her possession of the Gospel, and great as to her commerce, she must have vast capabilities for the dissemination of Christianity. Thus in proportion to her commercial power, must be the extent of her intercourse with all nations of the globe. You see this exemplified clearly in the case of Great Britain. What country is there on the face of the earth with which, through means of our commerce, we do not hold intercourse? What coast is there which our commercial navies have not skirted? Everywhere is the British flag known. Our wharfs and warehouses are laden with the produce of every clime. Our foreign possessions are spread through the earth: they skirt Africa; they predominate in South Asia and Australasia; they head North America; and by the West Indies, South America also; and we have a central point in the Mediterranean for three continents. Who shall say that the circumstance of being thus

brought into contact with all nations does not confer upon England a vast and splendid opportunity for disseminating the knowledge of Christianity ?

Again, another obvious facility for spreading the Gospel, which pre-eminently belongs to a great commercial country, lies in the vast influence which extensive commerce confers. The influence which a nation possesses amongst other nations will always bear ratio to the extent of her commerce. Multiply your commercial relations, and you multiply your national power and influence. If a nation be known to trade with every port, and to navigate by her merchant seamen every ocean, there needs no other proof that she must have a correspondent influence, whether for evil or for good.

And once again let me add, that the commerce of a country is indirectly a cause of its wealth ; as commerce thrives wealth increases : on the contrary, as the one declines so does the other. These, then, are what we take to be the general bearings of commerce upon the spread of Christianity. It opens intercourse between the several nations of the earth ; it confers power ; it multiplies wealth ; and where commerce is carried forward between nations unblest with Christianity, I do not wonder that it should lead to no better result than temporal civilisation ; but it were a scandal for a Christian nation to be great in commerce, and not also great in her efforts to disseminate the knowledge of the Gospel.

Here it is that one's thoughts instinctively turn to England, and to the extraordinary position which God's providence hath assigned her to fill. Great beyond all other nations in the heritage of a pure Christianity, and pre-eminently exalted also in the scale of commercial power, for what end hath she received the twofold talent, and how hath she improved it ? Hers is the pure Protestant faith ; hers, the unrestricted liberty of access to the Bible ; hers the light of the Gospel in all its effulgence ; hers again is a matchless extent of commerce. Her merchant fleet numbers between 24,000 and 25,000 vessels, with a tonnage

of upwards of 3,000,000. The port of London alone, in the year 1842, had belonging to it upwards of 3000 merchant vessels ; the aggregate number of the crews of those vessels amounting to above 35,000 men and boys. The customs' duty in the port of London alone, in 1844, was above £11,000,000. So great an amount of shipping and commerce was probably never before concentrated in any single port in the world. Then look, further, at the colonies of the British Empire. The aggregate population of our colonies is estimated at above 4,000,000. The official value of the imports from the colonies into the United Kingdom, in 1842, was between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000. One-sixth part of the inhabitants of the whole world are beneath the British sceptre and bow to British dominion. Surely never was there a nation so favourably placed for evangelizing the world. For what end can there have been bestowed upon England so vast an extent of commercial influence and power ? For what purpose can it have been ordained that so insignificant an island in point of geographical limit, should have been intrusted with an empire of such unparalleled extent, and this too contemporaneously with her inheritance of a pure religious faith ? Was it merely that she might enrich and aggrandize herself, attract to herself all the luxuries and productions of other climes ? Or rather, was it not that, like a moral beacon in the midst of the nations she might shine for the light of the world, and, exhibiting in her own aspect the power of Christianity to make a nation great, win the other nations of the world to the faith of the crucified Immanuel ? And oh, if England as a nation were to act up to this her illustrious vocation ; if she were but to determine to weave her Christianity into the staple of all her commerce ; if when freight-ing her noble vessels with stores of merchandise, she were not to forget to freight them with the Bible and the missionary ; if she were to seek that wheresoever her navies spread their canvas or plough the ocean they might carry along with them the preachers of Christianity, and thus seek to evangelize the

whole earth ; then would her moral lustre outshine her commercial splendour, her moral greatness would surpass her political pre-eminence ; and in making her commerce subservient to Christianity she would be realizing the truth of that noblest of inspired predictions—"I will consecrate their gain unto the Lord, and their substance unto the Lord of the whole earth."

And what I would endeavour to impress upon you in my concluding sentences is just this ; that, in the matter of which we have been speaking, there rests upon each a personal, individual responsibility. England hath never yet risen as a nation to the task of evangelizing the nations of the earth. It were idle waste of time, however, to declaim on England's responsibilities without insisting upon the necessity that each should recognise his own share of them. I am probably addressing many who are embarked upon the honourable pursuit of commerce. It is a noble calling, but never so noble as when consecrated to the service of Christianity ; we would not have you abate one jot of enterprise or forego one impulse of honourable speculation.

"Heaven speed the canvas, gallantly unfurl'd
To furnish and accommodate a world ;
To give the pole the produce of the sun,
And knit the unsocial climates into one.

Yours is a patriotic vocation. It is identified with the welfare of every class ; the happiness of each member in the community. To the merchant stand indebted alike the occupant of the throne and the inhabitant of the cottage. The merchants of England are England's pride, the pillars of her prosperity, the upholders of her fame. Theirs is the bold spirit of daring enterprise ; theirs the patient labour ; theirs the provident forethought by which our wants are supplied, our comforts and luxuries provided ; but the character of the merchant wants its true dignity if not found in union with Christianity.

The founders of those great companies for which this metropolis is so distinguished seem to have understood this principle.

You will find upon the banners of most of those companies a religious motto inscribed. The motto of this, the greatest commercial city in the world, is "*Domine dirige nos*," and as though to serve like a perpetual memento to all who have dealings in commerce, of the responsibility under which they lie to the Almighty, you cannot look on the front of the Royal Exchange without observing the inspired declaration, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof."

Commerce has its snares and its hindrances to personal piety. It is an absorbing pursuit, and yet by no means necessarily inimical to godliness. You may make commerce subservient to your own growth in Christianity. As ye risk your property in long voyages over a treacherous sea, ye may learn lessons of faith and dependence upon God ; as ye feel day by day the paramount importance of an unbending integrity, ye may learn that God requires truth in the heart. Ye may be reminded by your very losses how needful it is to lay up treasure in heaven, which neither can thief purloin nor rust impair. As ye cast up the ledger, ye may be reminded of that solemn reckoning to which God will hereafter summon you ; as ye count up your profits and losses, ye may be led to ask, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It is in this method that all the processes of commerce may be hallowed to a holy purpose ; and while ye thus seek to sanctify commerce to your personal piety, forget not the responsibilities which devolve upon you with respect to nations yet unblest with the light of the Gospel. If ye have the light, it is in order that ye may shine. If ye have wealth, it is in order that ye may spend it for God. If ye have influence, it is that ye may use it for his glory ; and if ye have intercourse with heathen nations, it is that ye may tell them, "The gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, even they shall perish from the earth, and from under these heavens." "Come ye, and walk in the light of the Lord our God."

THE COMMON ORIGIN OF THE HUMAN RACE.

BY

THE REV. WILLIAM BROCK.

THE COMMON ORIGIN OF THE HUMAN RACE.

I THINK myself happy in the position which I occupy to-night as one of the lecturers on behalf of our Young Men's Christian Association.

Having regarded it with friendly solicitude from the first, and having had the opportunity of ascertaining its great usefulness, I rejoice in being found thus publicly ranked among its advocates, especially as it is the first general engagement I have undertaken since my settlement in this vast metropolis.

Any other general engagement, I believe, I should have most resolutely declined just now. But a desire to identify myself, as soon as possible, with the evangelical efforts of this Association, and to declare myself, in alliance with honoured brethren of every name, the young man's friend, left me no possibility of declining this engagement. Necessity was laid upon me to come here, at any inconvenience, not only to render my modicum of help in the communication of important truth, but to give assurance to the young men of London of my perfect readiness to do anything and everything in my power, both publicly and privately, on their behalf. Be it known to you, gentlemen, that in myself you have an addition to the number of your faithful and loving friends. Fresh enough in my recollection is the strangeness and desolation of feeling with which I first trod the streets of London, on leaving the scenes of my boyhood and youth ; fresh enough is this recollection to enlist all my

sympathies for yourselves. As fresh, at least, is my recollection of the desperate temptations which instantly beset me. I think of them, and then I think of a passage of Holy Writ as I address you, "Ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."

Since my time, however, things have greatly improved. In vain should I have looked out for a course of lectures at Exeter Hall—a course of lectures designed especially for such ones as myself. Nay, I should have looked in vain for the Hall itself. There was no such place in London. I believe, indeed, that the very site on which we are met was devoted to a menagerie of wild beasts. But you, my friends, have your hall, and your lectures, and your audiences too ; you have advantages of which I pray that you may be enabled to make good use, in order to your becoming men in the best sense—men of God, thoroughly furnished unto every good work.

With the title of the lecture for this evening you are already familiar, "The Common Origin of the Human Race." To every one present this title has conveyed the idea that all men have descended from the same first parents ; that of the millions who now exist, and of the manifold millions more who have existed, the same father and the same mother were the common source. This is just my idea of our subject ; an idea that, like all others which are good for much, may be expressed in the words of Scripture, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth."

That he has done this we reverently believe, though by many men it has been gravely and resolutely denied. It was said by Voltaire, and it has been said again and again since, that "none but blind men can doubt that the Whites, Negroes, Albinos, Hottentots, Laplanders, Chinese, and Americans are entirely distinct races."

Foolish, indeed, would it be to deny the plausibility of the philosopher's objections ; yet more foolish, amidst oracular and

sentimental protestations about the truth, to treat it with contempt. I, for one, desire to treat it with respect, and to examine it with care. At first sight, the case would seem to be rather against us than in our favour. It is really a thing that may be doubted, without impropriety or offence, whether individuals, who differ so much in their stature, their colour, their physiognomy, and the conformation of their heads, did descend from the same stock.

I hold that the question would be a fair question—"Did not the dwarfish Esquimaux descend from one stock, and the gigantic Patagonian from another? Can it indeed be proved that the effeminate Asiatic and the stalwart Scandinavian were, in their origin, the same?"

To such questions, whether honestly or scornfully put, I venture to give an affirmative reply; addressing myself now to the proof of this position, that, could all the varieties of mankind be traced up to their first parentage, you would find ultimately that Adam was the first father, and Eve the first mother of them all. Amply sufficient to account for the many millions of our race is the doctrine of but one original pair. I say this with the more confidence, having had occasion to go into the calculation in order the more readily to refute one of the most outrageous assertions of one of the most outrageous books I have ever read. I refer to Miss Martineau's last work, entitled *Eastern Life*, a more befitting title for which would have been "A Traveller's Apology for Pantheism." The calculations which I refer to place it beyond doubt that the numbers of the human family constitute no difficulty to the exclusive parentage of Adam and Eve.

Assuming this now, I remark, first, THAT THE COMMON ORIGIN OF MANKIND MAY BE ARGUED FROM THE LANGUAGES OF MANKIND. These are frequently spoken of as numerous and diverse. We read of people of a strange language. We speak of learning another language. We are sometimes fellow-

workers in translating our Holy Scriptures into foreign languages. The Hottentot does not understand the European. The Caledonian would be unable to converse with the islander of the southern seas. They may think the same sort of things ; they may realize the same sort of emotions ; but they cannot give utterance to their emotions, neither can they communicate their thoughts, for their languages are not the same.

So far, indeed, are they from being the same, that in nothing have the opponents of our doctrine fancied themselves more secure, or more triumphant, than in the diversity of human language. “ Surely,” they have argued, “ surely the tribes which give expression to their thoughts and their emotions in elaborate forms and mellifluous sounds, are not the kindred of those whose forms are hardly to be designated forms at all, and whose sounds are dissonant and harsh ? It cannot be that men, whose language is so diversified, were in their origin the same ?” All this is plausible, if not conclusive ; specious, if not sound. It is however to be borne in mind that there is an affinity pervading all languages, an affinity too so intricate and comprehensive as to justify our attribution of them ultimately to one and the same source. Of this, by men of the profoundest scholarship, we are constantly assured. Their testimony may be found elaborately adduced in Dr. Wiseman’s Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion.

The affinity in question may be distinctly traced in the words of many of the languages of mankind. Words, which express our primary ideas, are found everywhere as common words, varying indeed in some respects, but with such slight and uniform and systematic modifications that they can easily be discovered by the stranger, and, when discovered, can easily and intelligibly be employed. It is, indeed, a highly interesting exercise to trace out these verbal resemblances, and to see how, by nations far remote from one another, words of the same sound, and of the same meaning, are in daily and familiar use.

So striking are the resemblances in question, that some eminent men insist strenuously on the similarity between the vocabularies of mankind, as presumptive evidence that, originally, there was but one tongue. Without, however, insisting too strenuously on this similarity, we hold that it is remarkable enough to put an opponent in serious difficulty ; for how has it come to pass that men, living in different latitudes, holding no friendly intercourse, varying exceedingly in their physical conformation and domestic tastes, do nevertheless use extensively the same words—words, be it remembered, which describe the simplest relations of humanity, and express the aboriginal emotions of the heart ? The presumption, without controversy, is, that these words were derived from the same source.

But affinity in words is not all. It extends to grammar, to the grammar of the several languages. “ This verbal coincidence,” says Dr. Wiseman, “ would have proved by no means satisfactory to a large body of philologists, had it not been followed in due course by a still more important conformity in the grammatical structure of the languages.” Such conformity has, by a minute and sagacious analysis, been ascertained to a very considerable extent, and discoveries are being continually made which induce the expectation that ere long not one language will remain isolated and unaffiliated ; but that all will be seen to be, what all are believed to be, in their essence and in their origin the same.

Whatever, indeed, may be our view of the grammar of a language, whether we regard it as the external form or the essential element, we must admit the value of grammatical resemblances to our present argument. They can scarcely be accidental. With no plausibility can they be attributed to chance. Agreement, in points of such nicety and complexity, plainly intimates that, although through the influence of diverse circumstances varieties exist, yet at first there was one tongue and one speech.

To men of the highest intellectual power and attainments, this agreement has been so convincing that they have given their most hearty assent to the position we maintain. Thus we are assured that, "After deliberate and long research, the French Academy have given their decided opinion that all the languages of the world are but dialects of one, now most probably lost ; and that they are reducible, first to clusters and families, and then again to one common origin, whence all have evidently flowed." In addition to the judgment of the Academy, we have that of Humboldt, who says, "However insulated certain languages may at first appear, however singular their caprices and their idioms, all have an analogy among them ; and their numerous relations will be more perceived as the philosophic history of nations and the study of languages shall be brought to perfection."

Exactly accordant with that of Humboldt is the judgment of Klaproth, who thus writes : "The universal affinity of language is now placed in so strong a light, that it must be considered by all as completely demonstrated."

Similar testimony is borne by philologists, who are pursuing the investigation still. The last number of the *Edinburgh Review* will supply you with facts and reasonings confirmatory of all I have advanced. You will learn there and elsewhere that, instead of a large number of unconnected languages, there is but a small number—a few families, as they are called ; and that those few are gradually, certainly, and systematically developing resemblances, which will yet go on to be developed, until, by fully carrying out principles which are in vigorous operation already, our scholars will demonstrate the original unity of the languages of the human race.

The illustrious men, whose authority I have adduced, avow moreover their full conviction that the differences now existing between the several languages are traceable to some violent and sudden separation of the human race ; and although many of

them deny the authenticity of the Pentateuch, they candidly acquiesce in the belief of some such event as the confusion of tongues at Babel.

Seeing then that, amidst the confirmed diversity prevalent in all directions, there are nevertheless verbal agreements and grammatical analogies sufficiently conclusive to command the judgments of such authorities as I have referred to, what remains to us, but to receive their judgment by believing that, whilst the languages of mankind differ, just as they might have been expected to differ by the confusion that occurred at Babel, they are still traceable at length to the same origin—attributable finally to the same source? And if this be believed, then we are possessed of one argument to prove that “God hath made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth;” for *however unaccountable the diversity of mankind* in colour and in size, supposing that their origin was the same, *far more unaccountable is the similarity of mankind* in language, supposing that their origin was not the same. To climate and food, and social and domestic habits, may the former be ascribed. To what, with half as much propriety, may the latter be ascribed? Granting that it is a choice of difficulties, the one which we choose is, beyond question, by far the least. We believe in the unity of language, and therefore, so far we believe in the unity of our race.

Then it may be remarked again, THAT THE COMMON ORIGIN OF MANKIND IS CONFIRMED BY THE PHYSICAL ORGANIZATION OF MANKIND. It is the organization of one species.

It may be important to remind you of the meaning of the word *species* as now employed. In the language of a recent authority on this subject, we are told that “the naturalist regards as a distinct species those races of plants, the differences between which are evident, and are such as are not likely to have resulted from cultivation, or any other external cause, and as do not exhibit any tendency to alteration in the course of

years ; such, for example, as the difference between the apple and the pear. Among all the varieties of the apple, different as they are from one another, there is none which exhibit any close resemblance to the pear ; and of all the kinds of pear, there is none which so far loses its distinguishing characteristics as to show any great similarity to the apple. And yet, among the varieties of the apple there are several which differ more from one another in size, shape, colour, and flavour than some of themselves differ from the pear. But while all these show a marked tendency to change, under different circumstances of growth, the internal differences between the apple and the pear never exhibit such tendency at all, but remain consistent through all the varieties of each. And as with plants so with animals. The naturalist regards those races of animals as distinct species, whose differences—in the ordinary duration of life, in the circumstances of generation, in the average number of progeny, in the susceptibility of infection or contagion, and in the liability to diseases—are remarkable and plain. But where the ordinary duration of life, the average number of progeny, the susceptibility of contagion, and the liability to diseases, are the same, in those cases the species is the same, and therefore their origin was the same.”

So much for authority touching the meaning of the term *species*. Now it is asserted—with your permission I will assert—that whatever the varieties among mankind, mankind constitutes but one species. It is quite true that you have *varieties* to a most remarkable extent ; but it is quite as true, that you have *similarity* to a remarkable extent, and just that kind of similarity which is essential to my argument.

You may take any one of the particulars I have enumerated, and go where you will, in northern or southern latitudes, the application of the criterion will not fail.

Ask the wild Huron, by the banks of his frozen lakes, the number of his years, and his answer will agree exactly with

that which you would receive from the islanders of the Pacific. Learn, from the worshipper of the sun in one hemisphere, the circumstances of his birth, and you shall find them to accord with those of the worshipper of the Great Spirit in the other hemisphere. Inquire of the fair Circassian to-day, and of the unsightly Japanese to-morrow, how they are affected by "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," and by "the destruction that wasteth at noon-day," and in substance their replies will just agree. And in like manner will their replies agree to any question which you may propose, concerning any one of the specific differences characterizing yourselves.

As one apple differs from another apple in its size and flavour, and yet remains an apple ; as one horse differs from another horse in height, and fleetness, and general habit, and yet remains a horse ; so one man differs from another man, in physical appearance and capacity, and yet he is a man withal. There are no essential diversities in those things which constitute humanity. Whatever your criteria of species, presuming they are philosophical, they shall comprehend the Negro as well as the European, they shall include the New Hollander equally with the Esquimaux.

I have admitted that the physical diversities among mankind are numerous. I admit it again ; but it should be known to you all, that not a single ascertained diversity is confined to any one single tribe. On this point our authorities are very clear. For instance, Dr. Forster describes two of the tribes of the South Sea Islands who differ generally much from one another ; and having done so, he says, "We find, nevertheless, on the one hand, some of the tribe almost as black and slender, and on the other hand, some almost as light and athletic as some of the other tribe. Some are hardly distinguishable from a negro tribe ; others depart from it so far as to approximate in symmetry of form, in conformation of head, and in colour of skin, to the natives of Europe." Moreover, Dr. Prichard says,

at the conclusion of an examination into the peculiarities of several tribes, "So then the peculiar construction of head, on the faith of which some would class these people as a distinct species, is by no means a constant character."

Let this suffice to show, that after all that has been said of the absolute certainty of a separate origin for the several tribes of mankind, because they differ in some given peculiarity—that, after all, such peculiarity is not, in any one ascertained case, sufficiently exclusive or essential to sustain the argument that has been drawn. If indeed the tribe which inhabited one latitude never, in any one of its individuals, partook of the characteristics of a tribe which inhabits another latitude, then we might be pressed to grant a distinct original to each ; but it is not so. What is common in one case may be uncommon in another. What the generality of white men may present, but a few among the coloured races may present. But inasmuch as the few do present it, it cannot be so specifically characteristic of the many as to constitute them a distinct race.

The varieties among men, however, are not so numerous, and certainly not more remarkable than those which exist among the lower animals. We see those differences in great abundance. We see them perpetuated and even extended, and yet we know that the individuals thus differing are of the same descent. "All the fowls in Guinea, and the dogs also, are as black as the inhabitants. The ox of the Roman campagna is invariably grey. In Corsica, horses, dogs, and other animals become beautifully spotted." If sheep are transported to the West Indies they lose their wool, and become covered with hair. Removed to some parts of the African coast, sheep undergo such a change that a stranger is unable, unless they bleat, to recognise them as sheep. In short, almost all animals which have been removed from one place to another, and have become subjected to the influence of other climates and other food, have undergone the most extraordinary changes ;

and yet they are well known as having sprung from a stock which has not changed at all. Dr. Wiseman's work has supplied me with these facts.

Another work fraught with general information on such matters is a book by Lieut.-Colonel Smith, on dogs; and what do we learn there? Why, that the hoarse wolf-dog, prowling along the prairie, boldly claims pedigree with the Ducal spaniel—the real dog aristocratic, dozing, with becoming dignity, on his lady's knee; and that the ferocious bloodhound in Florida, employed by recreant Americans to hunt down the Aborigines to their destruction, boasts precisely the same original as the canine philanthropist of Mont St. Bernard, employed in right laudable benevolence to rescue travellers from untimely death. However differing—in their size, their conformation, and their dispositions—they are demonstrably but one race.

Why then, because men differ in some respects,—why pronounce them to be of different race? The analogy is clearly against such a judgment. The antecedent probability is that, though made of one blood at first, mankind would not remain, under all circumstances of climate and domestic economy, apparently and invariably the same.

It is a matter of unquestionable fact, that there has actually arisen, in our own country, one of the most singular varieties with which history is familiar. I do not now refer to the Albino peculiarity, distinguished so obviously for skins of dazzling whiteness, and for hair which is nearly colourless, as well as for eyes which are quite red—all which phenomena, by the bye, are found in individuals of perhaps every tribe under heaven: I do not refer, except thus casually, to this peculiarity; but rather to one which arose in the county of Suffolk rather more than a century ago. I copy the account of it from the *Philosophical Transactions* for the year 1731:—
“A boy was brought from the neighbourhood of Euston Hall,

in Suffolk, whose skin seemed like a dusky-coloured thick case, made of bark or hide, with bristles in some places; which case covered all his body, except his face, the palms of his hands, and the soles of his feet. It did not bleed when cut or scarified, being callous and insensible. It was said that he shed it once every year, about Autumn, at which time it usually grows to the thickness of three-quarters of an inch, and then is thrust off by a new skin, which is coming up underneath." In a subsequent paper of the same Transactions there is a communication concerning the same person, whose name was Lambert, from Mr. Baker, who says:—"When I saw the man, last September, the covering, which seemed to me most nearly to resemble an innumerable company of warts, of a dark brown colour, and growing as nearly as possible to one another—this covering was shedding off in several places, which he told me happened annually, in the Autumn or in the Winter. He has had the small-pox, and has twice been salivated to get rid of this disagreeable covering. During these disorders the covering came off, and his skin appeared white and smooth, but, on his recovery, became as it was before. But," continues Mr. Baker, "the most extraordinary circumstance is, that this man has had six children, all with the same rugged covering as himself. Only one of them is living, whom I saw with the father. It appears, therefore, past all doubt, that a race of people may be propagated by this man, having coverings of skins like himself; and if so, and the accidental origin be forgotten, it is not improbable that they would be represented as a different species of mankind." From a statement published by Blumenbach, it seems that a third generation of this porcupine family, as they were announced to the public in an exhibition, are in existence. Two grandsons of the original porcupine man were exhibited for filthy lucre some years ago in Germany, having the cutaneous incrustation already described.

Without adducing at length instances in confirmation—such, for example, as will be found alluded to in the last *Edinburgh Review*, where the Arab in a generation or two has approached nearly to the Negro, and the Negro to the Egyptian, and the Egyptian to the Circassian, and the Hindoo to the European, and the mild shepherd to the wildest savage—let these suffice to show you how, even among our own countrymen, varieties may be originated and perpetuated, when *we know* that the parentage, *at a remove or two at the furthest*, is one and the self-same.

The reviewer already quoted makes some startling disclosures about Ireland. Alas, for Ireland! No matter who makes disclosures about Ireland, they are all startling. Would to God they once startled Christian men to the occupation of the right position, even the footstool of Eternal Mercy, for wisdom to direct, and then to the discharge, at all hazards, for Ireland's welfare, of "whatsoever things are just." What should be done for Ireland it is not my province even to intimate; but one thing which should certainly not be done, I may intimate without apology or reserve,—there should be no endowment of the Roman Catholic priesthood. That let no man dare to reckon either among the "whatsoever things are just" or the "whatsoever things are true."

Now hear what is told us about Ireland. In Leitrim, and Sligo, and Mayo, there are found descendants of native Irish who settled there about two centuries ago. The settlers were well-grown, comely, and able-bodied; but their descendants are now reduced to an average stature of five feet with open projecting mouths, prominent teeth, and exposed gums,—their advancing cheek-bones and depressed noses bearing barbarism on their very front. It is marvellous indeed how close is the physical resemblance between the lowest classes of our Irish brethren and the natives of Australia. And all this approximation, observe—of the comely towards the barbarous, and of

the masculine towards the dwarfish—is perfectly explainable ; scanty food, wretched dwelling-places, neglected health, abject servility, and ignoble superstitiousness, enter largely into the causes of which their deplorable deterioration is the melancholy effect.

Now why have I made this reference ? On purpose to corroborate the opinion of Dr. Prichard, the very highest English authority at least, by common consent, who says : “ It will be allowed, I apprehend, by those who have attentively followed this investigation of particulars, that the diversities in physical character present no material obstacles to the opinion that all nations sprang from one original ; a result which plainly follows from the foregoing considerations.”

You will then acquiesce in the result which so plainly follows. May I not expect that you will admire as well as acquiesce ; for truly it is an admirable thing to know that, after plodding his patient way through a vast induction of minute and specific facts, the man of science comes to the discovery of a truth which revelation had before assumed, and proclaimed too. At first sight the diversities we have been considering seemed to be at variance with revelation. To the man of little faith it looked as if Voltaire’s vaunted impossibility would prove true. At the science of physiology he trembled, and of its discoveries he was evidently afraid. But his fears were all unnecessary, his apprehension altogether premature. The science pursued its investigations, gathered up and classified and displayed its facts. The Bible was not consulted ; the Scriptures, for the time being, were laid aside ; scepticism had all its own way, and began to boast that its triumph would presently be complete ; when, lo ! it was announced that the assumptions and declarations of the Bible were not exploded, but distinctly authenticated ; and that the very science which was to disprove this one express testimony of revelation, did itself demonstrate the testimony, even that

“God hath made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth.”

I remark, in the next place, THAT THE COMMON ORIGIN OF MANKIND IS CORROBORATED BY THE MENTAL OR INTELLECTUAL CAPACITIES OF MANKIND. I know no assertions which have ever been more positive than those which have been made respecting the intellectual inferiority of some portion of our fellow-men. The Negro tribes have been pronounced, without any ceremony or hesitation, decidedly inferior to ourselves. Now, when we remember not only the oppression to which those tribes have long been subjected, but the various forms of evil invariably arising out of such oppression, we are in nowise surprised at their apparent inferiority, which we at once admit.

Let the proudest amongst ourselves be subjected to the influence of like oppression, and then let our children after us be subjected to it too, and an equal amount of apparent mental inferiority would certainly distinguish us. Let the elevating and ennobling educational appliances, which have surrounded us from our childhood, be withdrawn, and we should presently be as apathetic as the generality of Negroes, and our boasted superiority would undeniably disappear.

Is this doubted? Then look to those districts, even of our own country, where those benign appliances are comparatively unknown; and what do you behold there? Why, there are districts, if not within a stone's-cast of this Hall, at most within an hour's journey of it, where there is as much seeming incapability for any intellectual exercise, and as much seeming insensibility to any profound emotion, as amongst the most degraded of the Negro tribes. And yet the inhabitants of those districts are confessedly our fellow-men. We trace their descent up to no distinct original. We regard them not as an independent race. The man who divines nativities from the accident of a tea-cup may be father to the man who takes the highest place at the English bar. The man, who supersti-

tiously, and with the utmost scrupulosity nails up the old horse-shoe above his door, may be first-cousin to the man who most implicitly believes in the particular providence of God. The boy, whose parents are now herding amidst the squalor and inhumanities of our own St. Giles', may, by the discipline which our ragged schools will supply, become a colleague of my Lord Ashley's,—provoking even that disinterested and indomitable philanthropist to love and to good works. Why then should we regard persons of other countries as constituting a distinct race, because, for the time being, and under their circumstances, they are intellectually inferior to ourselves? Deliver them from the tyranny of their oppressors; surround them with the influence of moral and religious truth; place them amidst the light and warmth and blessedness of evangelical Christianity; and they will ere long attain to your own elevation, and develop similar capacities and coincident susceptibilities both for feeling and for thought. In proof of this, I may adduce the testimonies of our several missionaries, who combine to assure us, that in their intercourse with the so-called uncivilized tribes, they have discovered no essential intellectual inferiority to ourselves. On the contrary, they declare that, in certain cases they have found an amount of mental power, and of domestic sensibility, equal to anything of the same kind which exists among their countrymen at home. Of course, in the given cases, they refer to persons on whom have been brought to bear the influences of moral and religious truth. But this is all-sufficient for our argument. The worst degradation can be raised up, for it has been raised up to a level with ourselves; then it can never be held that the present subjects of that same degradation are actually and of necessity inferior to ourselves.

I have spoken of the testimony of our missionaries, and with that we might well be content. For where can a class of men be found whose claim on our respect and confidence

surpasses theirs? Verily do I believe that their claim is altogether unique. All things considered, I question if there are any such men besides in the known world so competent, and so disposed at the same time, to give us accurate and comprehensive testimony on this and kindred subjects. And their testimony is as uniform and unanimous as it is distinct, that if other tribes had the white man's advantages, they would evince the white man's mental power.

If, however, other witnesses be wanting, they are all at hand. Edwards, in his work on Jamaica, declares, that of the several tribes of Africans, whose representatives he has seen there, there are individuals intellectually equal to the Europeans themselves. He entertains no doubt of their natural equality with ourselves. It is said, moreover, that among the slaves in the southern states of America, a most obvious intellectual advancement is observable; in cases withal where there has been no admixture whatever of European blood. Mr. Lyell speaks of this advancement, and the Edinburgh reviewer as well. What opinion then can we form? What, but that we have all one father, that we are all of one stock? If we look at man in his most dissimilar states of social life, however brutalized or however cultivated, we certainly find an approximation of feeling, and a facility for adapting himself to circumstances, which signally accord with the doctrine I defend.

"Even the Mohawks and the Osages, the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands," and others the most barbarous of all barbarians, even they have learned to adapt themselves to all the proprieties of English life, and have formed attachments of the most endearing character with those with whom they have been said invincibly to disagree.

We speak somewhat vain-gloriously, I imagine, of the strength of affection, and of the power of thought, and of the purity of morals distinguishing our neighbours and ourselves. We speak, too, somewhat recklessly of the ferocity

and degradation of tribes which are remote. For, when we call to mind that individual instances of equal ferocity are to be found at our very doors, we may be well induced to hold our peace. And when we again call to mind that those tribes have been for ages uncultivated, if not trampled under foot, whilst our progenitors and ourselves have been *educated*, which is a good thing, and have been *free*, which is a good deal better,—then nothing is left for us but to regard them all as our own kindred, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. “Yes ; but they destroy their children, and they burn their widows,” you doubtingly reply. And so, *mind*, did your own fathers—the very men from whom you yourselves have sprung. But though they destroy their children and burn their widows, yet in this consummating act of unnatural cruelty, they perform themselves, and engage others to perform also, other and accompanying acts, which show that they revolt from the transaction after all, and that, by violence and excitement, their affections must be forcibly controlled.

Why the din, and noise, and uproar of vocal and instrumental discord, which often accompany their deeds of blood ? It is employed to drown the strugglings of humanity ; to check what they are unable to destroy ; to quench, as best they can, the attachments and the sympathies which are common to us all.

The sensibilities of British mothers are all theirs. The loving-kindness of British fathers is all theirs. The generosity of British sons is all theirs. The graceful subordination of British daughters is all theirs. And the charming gentleness and beauty of British sisters, theirs too—theirs, not yet in action—theirs, however, in germ and rudiment ; to be evolved and led up into a rich and progressive maturity, through the evangelical administration, by means of Christian missions, of “ the glorious gospel of the blessed God.”

I remark, further, THAT WE ARE ASSURED OF THE COMMON ORIGIN OF MANKIND FROM THE TRADITIONS OF MANKIND.

If we have all descended from one stock, it may be expected that we all retain some memoirs of our ancient house. However scattered and broken up, if we are one family, there are likely to be family traditions, which, though affected of course by our dispersion, may be recognised as substantially the same. How is it, then? Have the various tribes of men any common accounts of events, which they believe to have happened to their progenitors in remote times? They have, beyond any doubt. We can refer now only to two of those traditions. *There is a tradition universally prevailing concerning a deluge.* You remember well the Mosaic account of that tremendous event. You remember, also, that none but the family of Noah survived to perpetuate the memory of that event; a family which was only the eleventh from Adam, whom we believe to have been the father of us all. Such, at least, is the account given us in the Bible. In striking harmony with that account are the traditions of mankind. The ancient systems of mythology and polytheism are full of commemorations of the deluge. Significant rites, historical fragments, and pictorial representations, make us acquainted with memorials of that catastrophe among the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the Greeks, the Scythians, the Celts, the Mexicans, the Peruvians, the Esquimaux, the South Sea Islanders, and the North American Indians. "To our surprise," says a most patient investigator, "we find the tradition about the deluge everywhere. Nations the most remote from one another, tribes the most diversified, countries which have long been known, and countries which at this day are being discovered,—all bear witness to the fact, that the world has been overflowed with water at a period long anterior to our own." In respect to the circumstances of the fact, there are just the differences of statement which a wide-spreading dispersion might be supposed to produce; but in respect to the fact itself, we are warranted in saying that the tradition concerning it is co-extensive with the human race. "Is it pos-

sible, then," to adopt the language of the illustrious Cuvier ; "is it possible that mere accident should afford so striking a result ? Could the ideas of nations, who possessed scarcely any natural affinities, thus conspire to one point, did not the truth bring them together ?" Assuredly not. If, wherever you find mankind, you find them mindful of the same event ; if they combine to assure you, in substantially the same way, of the causes and consequences of that event ; if they all believe that their own distant progenitor was preserved from the destruction which that event involved ; may we not presume that that progenitor was the same man ? So far as tradition can be complete, this tradition of the deluge is complete ; and as far as tradition can authenticate a common origin, so far it authenticates the common origin of the human race.

Then again, *there is a tradition, most extensively prevalent among mankind, touching the method of conciliating the Divine favour.* However they may differ religiously, it is a memorable fact, that men have everywhere offered up sacrifices to their gods. Sometimes they have offered carefully selected animals ; at other times they have offered human victims in their sacrifices. A competent witness assures us, that "there is not one nation mentioned in history of which this is not true." Magee on the Atonement should be consulted by you on this subject.

For a practice so confessedly remarkable, even so unnatural withal, we find an account which, to the best of our knowledge, cannot be plausibly gainsaid. We learn, from Porphyry, that "it was the general tradition in his time that animal sacrifices were resorted to in order to secure the good pleasure of the gods by those who had committed sin." Abundant and incontrovertible is the evidence that this has been the general tradition in all other times. It has been believed that the Deity was angry with men, and that by sacrifice his anger was to be appeased. Not here and there, but everywhere this notion has obtained. Not dimly and indistinctly, but palpably

and indisputably, this idea has been disclosed. Tell me, then, my friends, how this fact is to be explained, except on the principle I espouse? Say yourselves, now, how otherwise this additional traditionary agreement in the opinions of the various tribes has come to pass? If they are of a different origin, and severally of distinct parentages, whence this unity of opinion, and this coincidence of practice, in a matter so extraordinary as the slaughter of animals in sacrifice for sin, and upon a subject of such paramount importance as acceptance with their gods? It cannot, I submit; it cannot be satisfactorily explained. But, if they are not of different origin, it can be explained at once. Proceeding originally from the family of the patriarch Noah, in which sacrifice was offered up as an expiation for sin at the appointment of Jehovah, they carried with them the habit of sacrificing for sin; a habit which became, through their alienation from the living God, fearfully perverted, and awfully abused; but which, nevertheless, was an abiding and indestructible token that from that one family they had proceeded, and that unto Adam, through Noah, they must ultimately all be traced. Go, my brethren, and examine those traditionary tokens. Go, traverse the eastern and the western hemisphere, from the northern to the southern sea, and spell out with antiquarian curiosity the inscriptions on their medals, their marbles, and their tombs; and as you thus get hold of the universal attribution of anger to the Deity on account of sin, as well as of the universal belief that a deluge did once destroy every living family but one, see another indication that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth."

I remark, lastly, THAT THE COMMON ORIGIN OF MANKIND MAY BE CONCLUDED FROM THE MORAL AND SPIRITUAL CONDITION OF MANKIND. Every student of the Scripture is aware that, according to their account, Adam and Eve fell from an original state of purity and blessedness, into a state of sinfulness and woe. He

is aware, moreover, that their descendants are represented as having become affected by this fall. "Sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men." "In Adam all die." They are "born in sin, and shapen in iniquity." They "go astray from the womb." This is declared to be the case with all whose descent is reckoned from Adam. We may expect, therefore, that if the position of this lecture be a sound one, there will be exhibited everywhere traces of moral depravity—symptoms, more or less conclusive, that man is not what man ought to be, either towards his fellows or towards God. And never was expectation more signally realized. Wherever you find mankind, you see them the victims of their passions, the subjects of the most extraordinary contrarieties, the creatures of alternations with which nothing can be compared. In the language of a thoughtful heathen, they see and approve the excellent ; but they prefer and pursue the base. Illustration and proof of this might be, almost indefinitely, produced. Were the Scriptures totally silent, or were their testimony on this point to be withdrawn, we think we could make it out beyond all dispute, that men are born with tendencies to evil ; that those tendencies do put themselves forth in mighty power ; that, in consequence of their action, men are more or less unhappy ; and that to pacify their unhappiness, they offer up, as we have seen, propitiatory sacrifices to their gods. Why indeed do they slay innocent animals in sacrifice ? Why do they exercise, at various times, self-denial of the severest kind ? Why do they fast and pray, and go on pilgrimage ? Why, on emergencies, will they give of the fruit of their bodies, the children of their choicest love ? It is all for the sin of their souls. They feel their need of something which they do not possess ; and by all these acts they are labouring to secure it. They want strength for their weakness, peace for their uneasiness, instruction for their ignorance. They want to be assured, in

some of their thoughtful moods at least, that death is not annihilation ; and that the sepulchre is not their home. They are fitted for immortality, and they are destined for immortality ; but of immortality they know nothing whereupon calmly to repose. Their condition baffles all human effort to correct its anomalies, or to supply its defects. They are lofty and yet grovelling, mighty and yet mean, presumptuous and yet cowardly, partaking largely of the earthly and the base—most largely, though not exclusively—because every now and then they undeniably indicate their aspirations towards the Spiritual and the Divine. The tribe has not been found of which, concerning individuals, this is not true. No matter how wide the range of your observations ; no matter how rigid the processes of your investigation ; no matter to what period of the world your inquiries may be directed ; it will turn out that man ever has been, and that man universally is in a condition of moral degradation, betokening alienation from God. You may not choose to adopt scriptural phraseology in designating man's condition. You may, rightly enough, declare your disapproval of much of the phraseology of our theologic schools. Be it so. But your phraseology, to accord with fact, must designate bondage, darkness, selfishness, revengefulness, dishonour, intemperance, and many such-like things, and ungodliness at the head of all. You could not describe mankind without representing what the Scriptures mean when they speak of deadness in trespasses and sins. Well, this being the actual condition of all men living, we judge that all men living have descended from that one man by whose disobedience the many were made sinners ; we believe that Adam, the transgressor, was the father of us all.

Thus then we argue in proof of the common origin of the human race. And now the argument must be left in your hands, with the request that you will look at it in its several parts ; because it is by the consistency and harmony of the

whole, rather than by the supposed conclusiveness of any one part that conviction will be produced.

Remember, then, the affinity between the languages of mankind, the resemblances in the physical organization of mankind, the equality of the intellectual capacities of mankind, the identity between the great traditions of mankind, and the sameness in the spiritual condition of mankind. And as you remember and compare and reflect, then pass reverently, in imagination, back to the garden of Eden, there to worship and bow down as you witness the creation of the one father of the human race ; for there and there only, then and then only, " God created man in his own image ; in the image of God created he him ; male and female created he them."

In conclusion, let me remind you that it is no barren, unprofitable speculation on which we have been engaged to-night. Inferences the most practically and permanently valuable may be, and I doubt not will be most promptly drawn.

Are men of every peculiarity one race ? Then every man living is your brother ; the realization of which truth would go far to humanize, and civilize, and elevate us all. How effectually it would destroy all notions of natural enmity between the nations of the earth ! How completely it would abolish hereditary feuds between individuals as well as clans ! How certainly it would tend to diminish the spirit, and do away with the atrocities of war, until we should happily be strangers even to rumours of war ! How generously it would keep those who live in luxury mindful of surrounding poverty, and how intelligently it would prevent the poor from criminalizing and condemning those who happen to be rich ! The recollection of our brotherhood would lead us all to do unto others as we would have them do unto ourselves—consummation devoutly to be desired.

Are men of every peculiarity one race ? Then, in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, we have a provision adapted to them all.

Go and tell them that "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Go and testify to them that "as one whom his mother comforteth," so God comforts his believing ones. Go and assure them that whosoever doeth the will of God, the same is Christ's brother and sister and mother. Go and proclaim the one great sacrifice for sins, and their sensibilities and sympathies will respond to it as your own respond to it. Were they a different race, we should want a different Gospel. They are the same race ; therefore our own Gospel will do, will do for them ; designed as much for them as for ourselves, to bring them from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

Are men of every peculiarity one race ? Then it is thus far certain that the Scriptures are neither a fiction nor a fraud. Could an original diversity of mankind be made out, something would be done towards the subversion of the Scriptures, and that in more respects than one. But if such diversity cannot be made out, nay, if it can be satisfactorily disproved, then the Scriptures, both in the things which they state and the things which they assume, are the more confirmed. I trust, as the result of our interview here to-night, the Scriptures will be in your own esteem yet more profoundly than ever venerated, yet more richly than ever prized. This was the practical object I had principally in view ; to make you feel that the holy books on which we rely for our salvation are authentic and truthful throughout, not cunningly devised fables, but documents which will bear the severest tests by which they can legitimately be tried. For, as with the course we have pursued to-night, so with every other, either of a literary or scientific investigation, which it may please you to pursue, you shall find that revelation has been well represented as the great fixed point around which all truth does reverently revolve. It is so in respect to geology, in respect to astronomy, in respect

also to archæology, and it will be the same in respect to any other science attainable by man. With every advancement of knowledge, with every deduction of philosophy, with every result of observation, the Scriptures will be found, in the end, exactly to agree.

Signally, triumphantly, right illustriously has this been the case with all discoveries in the past. Yet more illustriously will it be the case with all the discoveries which are to come. As the master-spirits of the age are carrying on their investigations, —at one time up amidst the milky way, and at another within the bowels of the earth, and at another among the hieroglyphics of old Egypt and its older schools, sparing no labour, reverencing no opinions, caring for no consequences which may be entailed upon any theory of morals or upon the most ancient of our theological creeds,—as they are doing and daring all this, you, the believers in revelation, may remain perfectly undisturbed. In dignified composure and lofty anticipation you may possess your souls, assured that ultimately, by what it proves and by what it leaves unproved, every science will do its homage to Revelation, as to the great harbinger of its sublimest discoveries, the venerable, everlasting oracle of universal truth.

MODERN INFIDEL PHILOSOPHY.

BY

THE REV. HUGH STOWELL, A.M.



MODERN INFIDEL PHILOSOPHY.

YOU will not marvel, my Christian friends, that I address you under an impression of a very overwhelming kind. There are scenes in nature that fill the soul with solemnity and awe. The majesty of the ocean ; the sublimity of the midnight sky, studded with its countless stars ; the everlasting mountains, hiding their crests amid the clouds of heaven ;—these overpower the mind with a sense of grandeur ; but the scene on which it is my solemn privilege to look abroad at the present moment is immeasurably grander than all of them. For I gaze on a mighty mass of immortality, a multitudinous gathering of mortal immortals, finite infinities. There is not an individual before me but enshrines a soul, weighed against which all “the dread magnificence of unintelligent creation” is poor. When every star shall have been swept from the firmament,—when the sun shall have set to rise no more,—when the elements of the visible creation shall have melted with fervent heat,—then each soul now thrilling with attention will be existing in full consciousness and imperishable being, in depth of torment, or in height of bliss.

If there be a feature that can enhance the awful interest of such a scene, it is the circumstance that this is a gathering of *young* immortals ; and these young immortals the citizens of the mightiest metropolis on the face of the earth.

Who that has gazed, in one of our seaports, on a fleet of vessels, with a favouring gale, gliding forth on the mighty

ocean, each one bound on its own voyage, but has felt his heart throb within him as the reflection crossed his mind, What unforeseen perils await them ! what fearful catastrophes may befall them ! how many will be wrecked ! how many will spring the hidden leak ! how many may be dashed on the rocks or swallowed up in the whirlpool ! Much more, then, when we contemplate so many heirs of immortality launching out in their frail barks on “ the waves of this troublesome world,” and recollect that, on the issue of the short passage through that world, it depends whether they make shipwreck for eternity, or whether they land safely on the shore where peril is unknown ;—when we realize at the same time what a variety of dangers beset their voyage,—the sunken rock, the quicksand, the shoal, the storm, the vortex ;—when we remember that there are false lights hung out to mislead them, and that there are pilots who offer to take the helm, and guide the vessel to a haven of peace, whilst they design to betray it into the bottomless abyss ;—when we call to mind, that besides all, and worse than all, these imperilled voyagers have inclinations and passions bent upon misguiding them, struggling to plunge them into ruin ;—much more must we feel overwhelmed with sympathy, solicitude and dread.

What a consolation, under such feelings, to know that there is an infallible chart in the hand of each youthful mariner ; a heaven-drawn chart, a divinely-authenticated chart, a chart so plain that he who runs may read it, a chart tested by uncounted millions, who have steered by it, left their testimony as they entered the heavenly haven, that, as it had never betrayed their trust, so it had not left them to bemoan their latter end.

But this chart Satan knows full well to be the grand security of the voyager, and therefore the grand instrument of his own disappointment and defeat. No marvel, then, that he has ever striven above all things to alienate attention from it, to shake faith in it, and to mystify and confound its simplicity.

Unbelief was Satan's great means of ruining man, and it is no less his chief means of keeping man in ruin. Infidelity led our first parents to fall ; infidelity keeps the mass of their fallen offspring from rising, through redemption, to a height immeasurably greater than that from which mankind were cast down.

Infidelity is a very subtle though a very shallow thing. It varies its modes of attack according to occasion ; suiting itself to "the spirit of the age," and always affecting to be very new and grand. It may be compared to the kaleidoscope, which, furnished with but a few worthless showy tinsel materials, manages so to shift and vary their combinations, that they present an almost endless diversity and novelty of aspect ; whilst, after all, they have been and continue to be nothing more nor better than the same stale, valueless, stained pieces of glass. Satan is bankrupt in originality ; he changes his masks, but the visage is the same.

It is most important, however, that our younger brethren should not be ignorant of his devices ; it is most important that they should be fore-warned, in order that they may be fore-armed. It is not a question, whether we shall hide from the knowledge of our young men, especially in our large cities, all notion of the traps and snares which infidelity will lay in their path. We might pursue such a course if our shrinking from premonishing them would secure that they should be kept in innocent ignorance ; ay, and there is no such thing as innocent ignorance where there is the heart "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." It was powerfully said, by the great and good Richard Cecil, "I never yet met with an infidel argument, however subtle and profound, that my own deceitful heart did not suggest something stronger and more deceitful still." It is vain, therefore, to talk of keeping our young men ignorant of the sophistries and manœuvres of infidelity. We must teach them the tactics of the enemy, that

they may be on their guard, and that they may have no pretext or temptation to go and examine for themselves, as some would have them do, but be satisfied to have shown to them in the distance the hideous features of the fiend, that so they may recoil from every approximation to his haunts.

My subject, therefore, has been selected by me with this view. My object is (and may God give his blessing) to warn and shield you against the stratagems and seductions of "Modern Infidel Philosophy."

But here, in the outset, allow me to make myself distinctly understood on one point. Our controversy is not with philosophy truly so called ; we wage no war with sound philosophy ; we hail her as a fellow-worker in the cause of truth. We hold that the science which does not content itself with looking on the surface of natural things, but desires to penetrate into their substance or their essence, and to explore the secret causes of visible effects, is a noble science ; a science fitted to bring glory to God by discovering more of the glory of his works, more of the exquisite secrets of the mechanism of infinite wisdom and skill which abounds all above, and beneath, and around, and within us.

Far from us, therefore, be a crusade against true philosophy ; we have no fear of her ; we believe that the more she follows out her researches in an humble spirit, the more she will be led to do homage to the revelation of God. We know that the book of nature and the book of grace own the same authorship and manifest the same autograph ; and it only needs that the characters in both be made clearly out in order to demonstrate how perfect the harmony between them. They are never out of unison with each other : superficial men create a seeming discord, and then find fault with God's work instead of their own.

Nor ought it to be forgotten that the princes of philosophy have accounted it the perfection of wisdom to bow with deep-

est veneration at the footstool of Revelation ; that a Bacon, a Newton, and a Locke looked upon faith as at once the perfection of reason and the crown of science.

It is with what St. Paul styles "science falsely so called," it is with philosophy "falsely so called," that our controversy lies ; and consequently we have announced Modern *Infidel* Philosophy, not Modern Philosophy itself, as the subject of our strictures. And should there be any sound scientific men in this assembly, we can assure them that we hail their investigations, and rejoice in their discoveries, convinced that Christianity is too clearly demonstrated to be the workmanship of God that it should have anything to fear from the progress of science, or that true science should have any other effect on a devout student than to lead him more humbly and reverentially than ever to bow down at the feet of our Lord Jesus Christ as teaching what nature cannot teach, and without which nature's teaching would only leave us in deeper disquietude—more wretched, because more intelligent.

Infidel Philosophy has shown itself latterly in a more disguised and subtilized form than that which it assumed a few years ago. It then appeared in our country in a gross sensual shape, under the coarse aspect of self-styled Socialism ; nothing else, when stripped of the scanty coating of varnish with which its hideous features were concealed, than downright brutalism. So we deliberately designate it ; for it would have rent asunder all social ties, it would have crushed all moral feelings, it would have denuded man of everything human in his life, his heart, and his head, and have sunk him lower than the brute that perishes, wallowing in the mire of sensuality and glorying in his shame.

But, thank God ! however this foul spirit may, under the name of Communism or St. Simonianism, have defied public opinion in France, and be still developing there its legitimate results in transmuting so many of our Gallic neighbours into

a monstrous compound of the monkey and the tiger, leaving us sometimes at a loss whether to laugh at their strange freaks, or to weep bitterly over their dark and sanguinary deeds : yet let us not glory over them, but pity them and pray for them ; remembering, that had Socialism prevailed here as Communism has there, we should have been haunted with Red Republicanism even as they : but, thank God, Socialism was too hideous a personification of infidelity, too revolting and disgusting, to be tolerated long in Protestant England. Our honest working men, deluded to some extent for a time, soon found out the fraud that was practised upon them, tore the mask from the monster, and hunted him out of his dens ; so that at this moment there is not, so far as my knowledge reaches, one Socialist Hall, or “Hall of Science,” as they were artfully called, in the whole of Great Britain which is not now converted to some wholesome legitimate purpose.

It was my privilege not two months ago to preach to a goodly congregation of artisans and factory hands, on a Thursday evening, in a large Socialist Hall containing about 700 worshippers, amongst whom some of the very men who had helped to build that hall for Satan, stood up with the multitude to sing to the praise and glory of God—

“ All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.”

And never, Christian friends, fell it to my lot to hear that noble Psalm of praise sung on any other occasion when it so made to vibrate every chord of my heart. But though Socialism has been scotched, Infidelity, you may be certain, has not been expelled from amongst us. Far from it. We dread it more when it works beneath a plausible guise than when it appears in its naked deformity.

To begin with what may be called the outskirts of our subject. There is an enormous amount of indefinite sceptical

sentiment floating up and down through the channels of sundry Clubs, Debating Societies, and Scientific Institutes, together with a large proportion of the periodical press, and a no less extensive proportion of the light and transient literature of the day. Infidelity is no longer administered in the suffocating doses of Socialism, but in homœopathic globules, which poison, but do not alarm.

Allow me briefly to illustrate this point. What more common than to hear opinions broached under the name of liberality, or charity, or freedom of thought, or independence of intellect, which are wholly irreconcilable with simple loyalty to God's word? What more common—to single out one class of sentiment, the most prominent, if not the most pernicious in vogue—than to hear it said: "You have no right to pronounce other men in error; hold your own opinions to yourself, but do not presume to judge others. A man is not responsible for his opinions; he cannot help his belief. The evidence which convinces you does not convince him; and who has a right to arraign him, if, after honestly investigating that evidence, he has found it to be insufficient?" Such notions—stealthily oftentimes as the pestilence that walketh in darkness, or the miasma floating in the air—are diffused on every side. We had a new edition of them broadly developed a few years ago by a noble lord, at that time a commoner, who deliberately enunciated the dogma that a man can no more change his belief, over which he has no control, "than he can the hue of his skin, or the height of his stature."

We must say, with all deference to that philosophical lord, that a more unphilosophical sentiment never fell from the lips of a philosopher. For, in the first place, if truth be one, then truth, viewed with the same disposition and condition of mind by ever such a multitude of observers, must appear one: consequently, if there be diversity, and still more if discordance, in the views of truth, this must arise from something in the

state of the minds of the students, since it cannot originate in the object itself.

But if so, then how can it be said that a man is not responsible for his belief, when it cannot be denied that he is largely responsible alike for the moral condition and for the exercise of his mind ; accountable for examining a subject, and for how he examines it. For instance, has not a man, to whom the opportunity is afforded, the power of attending or not attending to the evidences of the Bible, and of examining or not examining the book itself ? Is it not further in his power to search the Bible as it demands to be searched, or to scrutinize it with a hostile eye ; determined, or at least disposed, to disbelieve it, because he has made it his interest to deny its truth ? The power which the moral disposition exerts over our perceptions and convictions of truth is so obvious to the common sense of mankind, that they have embodied the principle in such every-day proverbs as—"A man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still ;" and, "What a man wishes he easily believes ;" and, "None so blind as those who will not see." Do not a man's prejudices, passions, and interests continually warp his judgment in temporal matters ; and are not the consequences of erroneous judgments, so formed, frequently disastrous ? Surely it follows that much more is he liable to be biassed in things spiritual and eternal ; and that if in the former case he suffers for his errors, it is not to be supposed that he can escape in the latter.

But, more than this, it is not denied that man is responsible for his actions. The noble lord, whose notion we are exposing, has, since he uttered it, often pronounced judgment from the bench of justice, and never for a moment thought of saying to the prisoner at the bar : "I have no right to judge or condemn you. You have, indeed, thought it right to steal, whilst I and the law of the land pronounced it wrong ; but it would be very uncharitable and unreasonable to hang or transport you

for having acted upon an erroneous belief, over which you had no control." The noble lord has never been guilty of such folly. But where was the acuteness of his philosophy when he failed to see that our actions are but the types and embodiments of our opinions and judgments, or, in other words, of our belief? Yet the sincerity and earnestness of a criminal in the persuasions which prompted his crime are never accepted, even in mitigation of his guilt. Conceive how the noble lord would have frowned, had any prisoner at the bar thus addressed him: "My lord, I candidly concur in your enlightened sentiment, that a man cannot control his belief; now I believed it was perfectly fair to share my neighbour's property when I had too little, and he too much;" or, "I thought it perfectly equitable to shed what I considered to be a little coloured fluid, when I owed my neighbour a grudge, and wished to take revenge."

If then perverted belief does not shield a man from the consequences of his misconduct on earth, will it shield him at the tribunal of heaven? Shall God be less just than man, or his laws more mutable than the laws of his creatures? God forbid! But perhaps the noble lord would rebut this reasoning by replying: "You are arguing about opinions carried out into practice, these we can justly condemn and punish; but the faith lodged in a man's breast, with this you have no right to find fault." We answer, That moral judgments, or (to retain the same form of expression) moral belief cannot lie dormant and inoperative; in the nature of things they must influence the man's conduct and become the subjects of blame or of praise.

Not only so; the noble lord acknowledges the omniscience of the Great Judge of all. But what actions are to man, opinions and judgments are to God; we judge by the outward deed, he judges by the internal motives and decisions of the heart; and sins of the heart will as surely be visited by God

as sins of the life. He does not require a palpable exponent to discover the secret to him. "He searcheth the heart and trieth the reins," and "requireth truth in the inward parts." "He will bring every thought into judgment." Man must, therefore, be responsible for his belief to God ; and he who vainly thinks that he will be excused in the last day, because he chooses to say, "I do not believe the Bible, and I am not responsible for it, because I cannot help my unbelief," will assuredly find that what he counts upon as a plea in justification, will, in reality, enhance his guilt. Nor will he dare to breathe the lie before the face of that Judge who, when on earth, declared, "If any man will do (be willing to do) the will of my Father, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." To that experimental test the sceptic never brought the Word of God. He "loved darkness rather than light, because his deeds were evil." He *could not* believe, because he *would not* believe. Infidelity is the offspring of the heart, not of the head. No man ever became an infidel against his will. Inclination, not evidence, has been deficient. The "evil heart of unbelief" is the root of scepticism. It needs not that a man be profligate to incapacitate him to believe : pride, ambition, sloth, selfishness, self-will, self-righteousness, these and many other secret sins will effectually blind the understanding and pervert the judgment. What then more just than that God should proclaim : "He that believeth not shall be damned." That he should in nowise hold him guiltless, who, in the fearful language of Holy Scripture, "maketh God a liar !"

There is another species of sceptical sentiment exceedingly rife in the present day at which I must glance, though little more than glance. I refer to the godless opinions so largely mingled with a great many of the political theories of the day. I will not touch on debateable ground, but I could not acquit my conscience if I did not testify that all those notions which

go to divorce religion from politics—which is nothing else than to divorce God from nations—have an infidel tendency.

We think and let think in political details, but dare never blink, compromise, or reserve the great, broad principle, that “power belongeth unto God,” that “the powers that be are ordained of God,” and that the immutable basis of all just authority in this realm is God’s ordinance and God’s Word. The maintenance of this truth we conceive to be essential to the maintenance of the full integrity and supremacy of Revelation ; so that the man who directly or indirectly denies, invalidates, or disparages this principle, however unwittingly or however conscientiously he may do it, is helping forward the sceptical tendencies of the age.

Those tendencies have revealed themselves recently in a somewhat new and seemingly modest shape. Consideration is the form they assume, and the disciples of this subtle scepticism take the name of “Considerers.” We have had a philosopher from America giving lectures in various parts of the country, and he has furnished a new definition of *σκεπτικός*, from which comes *sceptic* ; he informs us that it does not signify one who scoffs, but one who considers ; so that, according to this new etymology, a sceptic means a man who considers, who weighs well before he decides.

Another plausible lecturer of the same school, who has visited Manchester more than once, and fascinated many of our young men—and who, I dare say, has been trying to fascinate the young men of your metropolis—delights to gloss over his covert scepticism with equal artfulness. He has a chapel in Birmingham, which is currently known by the name of the “Chapel of the Doubters ;” and he professes to be actuated by a spirit of free and candid inquiry. He repudiates all creeds and denounces all forms ; everything is to be kept in abeyance ; all things to be proved, but nothing to be held fast. Yet all this is simply manly consideration !

There is a show of independence and masculine vigour of mind in such sentiments very apt to dazzle and delude inexperienced understandings. But, in reality, these self-styled "considerers," when stripped of their high-flown pretensions, their etymological disguises, are found to be nothing greater, or better, or newer, than threadbare sceptics; adroit in unsettling, impotent in constructing; always considering, never deciding; "ever learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." A wretched state of mind; unsafe as it is unwise, and unwholesome as it is unsafe. Life is too short, uncertain, and momentous, for man to be considering when he ought to be believing, and to be hesitating when he ought to be acting. Of what avail, too, is all the experience and wisdom of the past, if we are to receive nothing as certain, nothing as sacred; if all principles and opinions are alike to be cast into the crucible of doubt, and generation after generation to spend life upon the alphabet of knowledge?

Believe me, my friends, however imposing it may sound to talk of a mind that will not be shackled with the prejudices of the nursery, that will not float with the general stream; it is a sign of a perverse and pragmatismal, rather than of a free and noble mind, to be questioning what has been and is received as fixed and certain by the best and wisest of men. It requires no strength of intellect to doubt, no originality to suggest difficulties. The shallowest may ask questions which the profoundest cannot solve. Be assured, that the healthy, manly, happy state of the mind is a state of belief. He who cuts the cable of all conviction leaves himself to drift a mere wreck on a shoreless ocean. Be assured, that mere "considerers" will never do anything great or grand; they have no principle, no power, no enthusiasm; they can theorize, but not realize; speculate, but not accomplish. They are cold men, carping at everything, finding fault with everything, pleased with nothing.

It is faith that elevates the soul, it is faith evolves the intellect, it is faith supplies mighty motives to the heart and to the head, it is faith which anchors the soul ; whilst the poor unmoored sceptic floats from wave to wave, the sport of every wind, and the plaything of every billow. What Divine philosophy is contained in the scriptural aphorism : “ Surely, if ye will not believe, ye shall not be established ! ”

Yes, but it is replied, “ This is credulity.” My friends, let me give you the distinction between faith and credulity. Credulity is believing *without* sufficient evidence. Faith is believing *upon* sufficient evidence. But we fling back the charge : we say to the sceptical, You are the credulous, we are the rational. For how credulous must you be that you can bring yourselves to believe all the monstrous contradictions and impossibilities involved in a rejection of the Bible as the Book of God ! We are not guilty of credulity, but are exercising a manly, reasonable faith in reposing on a mass of evidences in support of Holy Scripture, so strong and clear, that we deliberately affirm that, had they been stronger and clearer, man would hardly have been left a moral responsibility for his faith ; they would have *compelled* belief. An inviting field of illustration here opens before us ; but we must pass it by, and keep to our immediate object.

A fresh mode of seeking to invalidate the infallible supremacy of Holy Writ has latterly been attempted, by some of those who compliment the Bible whilst they betray it. This, we grieve to say, was done not long since in Manchester, according to the reports given in our local newspapers, by a popular lecturer, to whom allusion has already been made. The inspiration of the Divine Word is identified or confounded with what is loosely and poetically called the inspiration of the poet, the philosopher, or the enthusiastic artist.

Some time ago it was a favourite doctrine with unbelievers that nothing is inspired ; they laughed at inspiration. Now

they have become more wily, and they would have everything to be inspired ; they try to confound all kinds of inspiration, in order to mystify the question to simple minds. Thus, as reported in our public journals, a certain lecturer declared that "Shakspeare was as truly inspired as St. Paul." The rapt ecstasy of the poet is represented as identical with the direct guidance of the inspired penman by the Spirit of God. But we submit that this is a mere juggle—a play upon words ; for no man can be ignorant that the theological definition of inspiration, as applied to the Word of God, is a supernatural personal operation of God the Holy Ghost on the minds of those who wrote the Bible ; so guiding, governing, and directing their faculties and their fingers, that there is not a word *in* the record which he *would not* have there ; nor a word *left out* of it which he *would* have there. But what is popularly, and in the language of poetry, styled inspiration, is nothing more than the natural personal operation of the individual's own mind, the glow and enthusiasm of his own genius ; derived, indeed, like everything created, ultimately and indirectly from God. The man, then, who cannot or will not perceive a distinction so broad and clear as this, must be either a very obtuse or a very dishonest man ; he is either mystified himself, or wishes to mystify others, avouching the inspiration of the Bible to the ear, but denying it to the understanding.

Hold fast, my young friends, the vital doctrine of the plenary inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. Believe not simply that some parts were inspired, or that the sacred penmen were only so far governed as to prevent their committing gross mistakes. It is written, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." It is not said all *the* Scripture, as predicating this only of what was then existing, but the article is left out, and it stands, *all Scripture*, comprehending what was to come as well as what had been given ; what was then in course of writing, as well

as what had been written aforetime, even till the canon should be fulfilled—"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." Therefore, said Jesus, "the Scripture cannot be broken." Now, Holy Scripture is writing, and writing consists of words; therefore words must have been inspired, or else all Scripture would not have been given by inspiration of God. It follows that the doctrine of verbal inspiration, as it is called, is, after all, the true and sound doctrine. And should any ask, How then do you account for the diversity of style, and the peculiarities of manner so evident in the different writers of the Bible? we reply, this is beautifully in accordance with what might be anticipated from the presiding agency of the free Spirit of God. He did not destroy liberty of intellect in those who wrote; he left them to use their natural faculties, and exercise their natural tastes, but at the same time conveyed infallible truth through all the varied channels; so that whether the style is fraught with the lofty fire of Isaiah, or with the plaintive pathos of Jeremiah; whether it is characterized by the breathing tenderness of St. John, or by the burning eloquence of St. Paul, it is alike the vehicle of "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," communicated and controlled by the same all-pervading Spirit of God.

The next form of infidel philosophy which we would specify as endangering the young and inexperienced in the present day, is that which represents the Bible as true so far as it goes, but as only one link in the chain of truth, or one stage in the onward march of human knowledge, in the glorious developments of philosophy. This is the most insidious and disingenuous guise which infidelity could assume; for it seeks to betray the Bible as its Author was betrayed,—with a kiss of seeming friendship. We are not shocked by the repudiation of Christianity, but only asked to let it retire before a *new religion*; a religion altogether in advance, immeasurably more refined, philosophical, and ethereal. We are told: "Ad-

mitted that the Bible is true, though containing no more than imperfect truth ; admitted that it answered a glorious purpose in its time, as the philosophy of Greece and Rome in theirs did ; admitted that it had its day, and that the world is much indebted to it, as having helped forward the progress of society, as having accelerated the march of intellect ; yet now we have shot far a-head of the Bible, we have left it in the dim distance ; science has now soared so high that we cannot go back to the rudiments of philosophy. We have done with the Bible ; we acknowledge our obligations to it, and leave it to take its place amongst glorious things gone by." Astounding elevation ! Most marvellous discovery ! Most dignified condescension ! Revelation must withdraw ! It shall have a decent burial and an honourable epitaph !

My Christian friends, art and science have progressed wonderfully in your metropolis ; your streets no longer exhibit darkness made visible by oil lamps, but they blaze with refulgent gas, which itself now fades before the magnificence of electric light : what then would you think of the march of intellect in London, if your philosophers and illuminati were to say, " Now we have made such discoveries, and are so far in advance of darker times ; now that, instead of the rude oil lamp, we have gas-light and electric light to irradiate our sky, we can do without the sun ; it has had its day, it has served its purpose ; we have found a substitute for it, and it must retire."

If philosophers were to be guilty of such folly, and their day-dreams were only to be realized for a season, and the sun were to quit his place in the high heavens, and they were left to the wretched resources of modern art and science, however in advance of the past, they would soon find in the icy cold, and the withering atmosphere, and the blight of universal nature, and the darkness which none of their devices could dispel,—they would soon find how fatal their mistake, and how

infatuated their arrogance. Let art and science abate the gloom of night, but let them not affect to supply the place of the glorious sun. And as little, yes, infinitely less, can all the discoveries of modern philosophy supersede the glorious Sun of Revelation. From that fountain, science has derived almost all the light which she now holds up so admiringly, vainly thinking to cast Holy Scripture into the shade by torches which have been lighted at the very altar which she is striving to overthrow. It were a thankless fraud for philosophy to plume herself upon her moral and social discoveries, without owning her debt to Revelation. Could you abstract from the science and information of earth all the amount which has been, directly or indirectly, derived from the Book of God,—whither and on what would you throw the world back? England herself, with all her boasted illumination, would probably be reduced to a state little above the wild Kaffirs of the bush, or the dull Esquimaux, who have hardly an idea beyond the fish on which they feed, and the earth-mounds in which they burrow.

Shall we be told of the unaided science of Rome, of Athens, of Babylon, and of Egypt? But who can tell how large a measure of straggling rays from Revelation mingled in their philosophy? How little could the blinded reason of man have discovered had it been left altogether to its own resources! We repeat it, could we take away from Great Britain all that she owes to the Bible, we should throw her back into the darkness and barbarism of her pagan days, when the naked painted Druids, beneath the oak-tree's umbrage, offered up human sacrifices on reeking and polluted altars.

Talk of the Bible being left behind! Talk of the Creator being outstripped by the creature; the infinite by the finite! For it comes to that. There are discoveries in the Word of God which the mind of an archangel cannot exhaust; and are we, poor, puny, half-blind moles of a day, to pretend that we

have got beyond the Bible ? Bid Christianity retire ! What will sceptics give us in its place ! Will they give us their wretched hero-worship, their pitiful worship of genius, requiring the little minds to adore the great ones ; suffusing them with thin incense of an idolatrous adulation, appropriating to the would-be gods the homage due to Him, and to Him alone, who is as much the Author and Giver of all that is great in intellect, sound in science, and skilful in art, as he is of the air we breathe, or the sun which gives us light ?

But we must not dilate. Another, and a somewhat novel specimen of sceptical speculation, demands at least a passing notice. We refer to certain theories, with regard to nature and the universe, which are utterly irreconcilable with the Bible, and which directly tend, if they are not designed, to aim a back-stroke at all religion, natural as well as revealed. We have lately in our own country had a full-blown specimen of such wild hypothesis, in a work which has excited a popularity, that, so far as we may venture to judge, its shallowness in science, however ingenious it may be, and its bold and unsupported assumptions, little entitled it to receive—a popularity which does not speak much for the penetration any more than for the reverence of our reading generation,—we refer to a book entitled *Vestiges of Creation*. It is not worth your reading ; so to give you a summary of it in one sentence, its purport is this : That there are certain well-known transformations and developments in nature, such, for instance, as the chrysalis unfolding into the butterfly ; and upon a variety of these cases, very cleverly selected, some correct, and others doubtful and conjectural, as more scientific men than myself have assured me—upon these it builds the monstrous theory, that the living system which surrounds us was evolved out of certain primitive “monads,” as he styles them, certain germs of being—such, for example, as the zoophyte—and that, in the revolutions of centuries and the progress of creation, the

monads had, through a variety of changes, matured into monkeys, and these monkeys had at length, by a marvellous process, developed into men ; yea, it is left doubtful whether by and by men may not sublimate into angels ; so we have creation self-created or self-creating. Why, this is development indeed ! Yea, verily, but it is retrogressive development : it is the man deteriorating into the monkey, not the monkey advancing into the man.

Surely the author must have thought he was addressing a dreamy and most credulous generation, to suppose that our common sense would not laugh to scorn so enormous a romance. Let him show us, ere he can expect us to bear with him, some instance of a man who was once a monkey. Let him trace the transmigration ; if he cannot track it in his personal history, where is there a hope of its being discovered ?

But our quarrel with the work is not on account of its absurdity, but on account of its profaneness. The scriptural narrative of creation, no less sublime than simple, is : “ In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth,” and after other things set in order, He “ formed man out of the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life ; and man became a living soul.” Here is simplicity ! Here rationality, majesty, grandeur ! But as for all the pitiful patchwork theories of creation manufactured by ingenious philosophers, they are as puerile and contemptible as they are irreverent and ungodly.

It is not worth troubling you by taking notice of similar day-dreams on the Continent—such as the notions of Humboldt, Comte, and other visionaries—because, happily, you are little acquainted with German literature, and are not likely to be unsettled by it ; but allow me to point to you how this species of scepticism meets us very frequently, in the literature of the day, by implication rather than by positive statement.

So much is said about nature, and the laws of nature, and

the course of nature, that virtually the personification is treated, if not regarded, as a person. As though nature were something apart from, and independent of, the God of nature ; as though the laws which the Almighty Creator has chosen to impose upon his own universe had actually superseded himself ! What is nature but the workmanship of God ? What are the laws of nature but God's ordinary methods of working in creation ? What an outrage then on philosophy, yea, on common sense, to suppose that laws have any force without an administrator, or that machinery can act without a power to keep it in motion ! If, therefore, the Creator were not also the Preserver ; if the arm that built the universe did not ever uphold and govern it ; if the hand that framed the complicated, exquisite, harmonious mechanism of nature were not always invisibly, but omnipotently working and regulating the whole, —creation would fall into chaos again, and death and desolation universally ensue. The universe is no more self-sustained than self-created : it owes its preservation as truly as its origination to the Almighty.

Never, my youthful auditors, let nature become to you a dark lantern, hiding the light within ; but let it rather be a glorious crystal lustre, radiating and reflecting the light of God upon your souls. Turn not that into a thick curtain between you and your Maker which he designed to be a magnificent mirror, in which you might see imaged forth “the invisible things” of Him “whom no man hath seen nor can see.” Then shall you look abroad serenely upon the storm as upon the calm, upon the earthquake as upon the smiling vale ; you shall gaze on the beautiful garden and the rich landscape, the glorious mountain and the sublime ocean ; you shall look with rapture, however poor, on the fair fields and gardens of others, enjoying them heartily, though you have neither the care nor the cost of them ; and you shall exclaim, with peculiar propriety, “My Father made them all !” Nay, more, you shall

say, "My Father vivifies, my Father beautifies, my Father glorifies them all!"

Christian friends, is not this the life of faith, of wisdom, and of peace? How wretched that man's soul who sees in the dread universe nothing but laws without a legislator, action without an agent, a creation which does not shadow forth a glorious Creator, but was most likely the offspring of chance, as it is the sport of casualty. Give me the simple faith that discerns the omnipotent Hand guiding, and the omniscient Eye overlooking all. Give me to walk by faith in an ever-present God; hearing the voice of his power in the thunder, the whisper of his goodness in the breeze, beholding his majesty mirrored on the ocean, his beauty beaming in the moon, his glory effulgent from the sun, who goeth forth "as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race." To my ear may all syllable his name and utter forth his praise, "for ever singing, as they shine, The hand that made us"—*yea, and the hand that sustains us*—"is Divine."

There is yet a further leaven of infidel philosophy, which has been imported from Germany, and infused very largely into our English literature. It is what is styled Rationalism, or more commonly, in this country, Neology. By Rationalism is presumptuously meant making the Scriptures reasonable; not submitting reason to the Bible, but submitting the Bible to reason. This system—if such it can be called—aims at divesting revelation of all mystery, and explaining away, on natural principles, all its miracles; leaving nothing behind save a naked ordinary history of naked ordinary facts. Whilst thus it admits the general historical authenticity of the Bible, it strives to strip it of all that pre-eminently constitutes its revelation. For if the Bible were merely a chronicle of certain natural events cognisable, or even a record of certain doctrines discovered or discoverable by the human mind; if there were nothing in its pages transcending alike the grasp and the researches of reason,

nothing that demanded the direct interposition and manifestation of the Deity, then assuredly the volume would lack all that essentially designates and characterizes it as the Word of the living God. We glory, fellow-Christians, in the mysteries of Revelation. Had it no mysteries, we could hardly receive it as Divine. For can the Infinite reveal himself to the finite so as not to be past finding out? The sounding-line of human reason can never gauge the depths of Deity. Archangels themselves have in some sense to walk by faith, and so shall we even amid the noonday of heaven; for there will still be in Him "that inhabiteth eternity" mysteries unresolved, abysses unfathomed and unfathomable, insomuch that the sublime challenge may be everlastingly renewed, "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? Deeper than hell; what canst thou know?" Could rationalizers denude the Bible of its mysteries, levelling "those everlasting hills," because their brows are shrouded in thick clouds, bent upon bringing them down to the narrow range of mortal men, they would overthrow the very heights from whose Divine darkness come down those streams of waters of life which vivify and fructify the regions beneath. The life, the power, of that Gospel which is "the power of God unto salvation," lies in its mysteries. Take away, for instance, the mystery of the Trinity in Unity; take away the mystery of Immanuel, God manifest in the flesh; and you destroy the foundation of the sinner's hope. "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness." We *glory* in its *greatness*; it is not a little mystery that could involve the reconciliation of the Infinite God to sinners of the human race. It is not a little mystery that could make Him just in justifying; vindicating the majesty of his moral law before the universe, whilst receiving the transgressors of that law into forgiveness and favour; accomplishing this in a way which manifests his justice more terribly than do the fires of hell, and

magnifies his goodness more impressively than do all the glories of heaven. God is revealed in the cross of Christ more awfully, and yet more graciously, than in all things beside.

And no less bold and unreasonable is it to explain away the miracles than the mysteries of Holy Scripture. It almost makes one tremble to repeat the wretched sophistry which has been used to strip miracles of everything miraculous. It has been said, for example, that certain winds prevail at certain seasons on the Red Sea, which might drive asunder its waters, so that people could pass across its channel on dry ground ; and that Moses took advantage of such an opportunity to lead the thousands of Israel through its bed. German writers suggest that Moses kindled fires on Mount Sinai, in order to impress the people with a more awful sense of the majesty of the laws which he gave them. And his face having been heated, and shining from the reflection of the flame, he himself being unconscious of the cause, believed, and led the people to believe, that the brightness of his visage was occasioned by communion with God. What a pitiful paltering with things of such solemnity and truth ! How beneath the dignity of a rational man to repute Moses to have been either such an utter idiot that he did not know how his face shone, or else such an arrant impostor that he dared so to play on the credulity of Israel, and indeed of the whole world, in a case so ineffably tremendous. Away with such horrible parodying of the Word of God ! Would that these scorners would repudiate the Bible altogether, rather than attempt to adulterate it so shamefully ! At least, let them deal with it in a fair and manly manner. Let them scout the miracles as impostures, or acknowledge them as literal facts. There is no alternative. If these miracles were unreal, the persons concerned in them must have been either the most egregious of deceivers or the most credulous of dupes. Whether the Bible be the work of impostors or the work of those who were themselves imposed

upon—one of which positions must be held by those who take such liberties with the blessed volume—it is not a work to command veneration, challenge faith, or enforce obedience, but rather to be denounced by all honest men. Let not infidels take hold of the Bible with the hand of pretended friendship, only the more effectually to try to stab it to the heart. Some have gone so far as to assert that a miracle is impossible ; the laws of nature cannot be interrupted. What ! cannot the Creator alter that which he made ? Cannot God suspend his own laws ? Has he not power over his own works ? It is virtually to deny his being the Creator, to say that he is not able to interpose as he pleases. “ But there must be an occasion worthy of his interposition.” Could there be a grander occasion than to make God known, in all the fulness of his glory, to countless myriads of his creatures through the redemption of mankind ; “ to the intent that now, unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places, might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God.”

Fearful of trenching too long on your attention at this late hour, we shall bring under your notice but one other theory of infidel philosophy—one of the most recent, as well as most daring ; and, having done so, we shall hasten to the more delightful task of an extended practical application to the consciences and hearts of our youthful hearers.

Infidelity has assumed a new guise amongst us, in a translation of the *Life of Jesus*, by Strauss, a German writer, who has outstripped most of his predecessors in the boldness and arrogancy of his notions. To use an expression suggested by his writings, he seeks to *mythologize* the Bible ; in other words, he represents it as a collection of what he styles “ myths,” by which he means allegories, after the fashion of the ancient heathen mythology, conveying moral instruction under the guise of story. In this way he would dissolve all the facts of revelation, or at least reduce them to a few simple points, which

formed the groundwork of the various mythological structures of which it consists. And thus he explains away all the leading facts of the Bible, whilst professing to receive its doctrines ; although the doctrines are so founded on the facts, that they must stand or fall together.

Really, so monstrous is this hypothesis, that to state it is almost enough to refute it. It assumes that all the highest intelligence of the world, since the day that Christianity dawned upon the earth, has been duped to such a degree as to hold most solemnly, for most certain history, that which was in reality little else save extravagant allegory. It assumes that the apostles and other witnesses for Christ, who shed their blood in support of their testimony, actually underwent martyrdom to authenticate fables which they themselves had coined. Did you ever hear of a man who first manufactured a fiction, and then died to make it seem truth ? Besides, look at the living and lasting memorials we have of the literal truth of Scripture story. We appeal to the Christian Sabbath and to the blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, to say nothing of the festivals of the Nativity and the Resurrection. How did these observances spring into existence if founded on empty fable ? Are they not living and lasting monuments, which speak to our senses no less than to our understandings, proclaiming the facts of Scripture authentic as they are vital ? Some time ago, a very ingenious pamphlet was written to prove that there was never such a man as Bonaparte ; and there is more of speciousness and verisimilitude in the reasoning adduced to substantiate the point than in all the arguments brought forward by Strauss to discredit the Scripture narrative. In truth, he who treats as fiction the history of Christ, ought in consistency to discard the histories of Cæsar, Alexander, and Bonaparte, yea, he ought to deny all history, and become a universal doubter, one who believes nothing except the wretched negative that there is nothing to believe.

And now, Christian friends, having glanced at some of the commonest and most insidious phases of modern philosophy, bear with me a little longer whilst I offer you a few plain words of counsel and of caution. This is meet, for it is the practical result of these lectures which we ought to keep in view, rather than the passing excitement of the occasion. In the outset, let me put you in possession, should you not have met with it, of one simple argument, which lies in a nut-shell, and is as powerful as it is condensed : it is the argument brought out most luminously by Leslie in his *Short and Easy Method with the Deists* ; a manual which ought to be in every young man's hand, and which may be obtained at a very trifling cost from the Religious Tract Society. The pith of his reasoning is this : The Bible must have been written either by good or bad men ; but bad men *would not* have written it ; good men *could not* have written it if it were false.

Examine, judge for yourselves ; would bad men have written a book which condemns them utterly, and which the wicked universally hate ? Have you ever known an ungodly man that did, or a godly man that did not, love the Bible ? And could holy men have written it, knowing it to be false ? For how profane and unprincipled, to have palmed the most blasphemous forgeries on mankind in the very name of the God of truth ! Such arguments as these, concentrated into a sentence, are very valuable to the young ; for, being easily retained and obvious, they may fall back upon them when they encounter unexpectedly embarrassing sophistries which they cannot at the instant refute. Under such circumstances let them say, " Well, we cannot answer your objections ; but bad men would not have written the Scriptures, and good men could not have written them were they untrue ; we will therefore cleave to them in the face of every difficulty and of every doubt."

This argument belongs to a class of evidence at once the

most accessible and the most satisfactory—accessible alike to the poor as to the rich, to the unlearned as to the learned—I mean, the internal evidences of the Bible. I love these evidences. I have studied deeply the external evidences ; they are most important, as they are most abundant ; but if there were no such evidences, or if they could be proved abortive, which they never can be, my faith in the Bible would not be shaken ; it speaks itself Divine ; there is a majesty in its voice which reminds me of the voice of Him that created me ; it finds an echo in my heart ; it commends itself to my conscience ; it tells me all that ever I did. Is not this the Word of the omniscient God ? I love to contemplate the Bible thus, self-supported on its own pedestal, independent of buttresses, a self-poised column which stands in virtue of its symmetry.

The Bible is self-evidential. It has carried conviction to myriads of minds which were utter strangers to its outward evidences. It has demonstrated its divinity to multitudes of heathen, who, without any preparatory initiation into its evidences, have found it to be the power of God unto their salvation. It has flashed terror on many a daring scoffer, and made him feel that it is “quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart.” And what shall we more say ? Witness the moral purity and spirituality of revelation. Witness the thousand harmonies that characterize it. Witness the grandeur and dignity of its disclosures of eternity. Behold the inconceivable majesty, consistency, and glory of its discoveries of the great God, in the spirituality of his nature, the perfection of his attributes, and the sublimity of his operations. Above all, contemplate the stupendous scheme and work of redemption,—the redemption of the world by the incarnation and atonement of God’s own Son. Mark how it meets all the requirements of God on

the one hand, and all the exigencies of mankind on the other hand. Mark how it harmonizes all the Divine attributes in the reception of a believer into pardon, holiness, and heaven. Weigh all these intrinsic proofs, and say, can the volume which contains them claim anything less than that we should most entirely hold that it has "God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without mixture of error for its substance?" Redemption alone authenticates the Scripture. It surpasses all possibility that a narrow-minded, short-sighted, carnal creature like man could have conceived and constructed the plan of salvation disclosed in the Gospel. The very conception bespeaks it from God. It required infinitude to plan, no less than infinitude to accomplish the work.

Rest therefore on the grand principle, that the Bible has within itself ample proofs of its divinity. Should infidels tauntingly tell you that you have never had opportunity to master the external evidences, that you have never explored all the complicated documents and manuscripts which bear upon the subject, and that therefore you are not competent to come to a conclusion ; you may answer, "Yes, but we have the Bible itself, and we have searched it, and we have proved it, and we have found it to be divine ; it has written its truth upon our hearts, it has engraven itself upon our inward parts." Do not, we entreat you, fellow-Christians, content yourselves with walking about the fortress of Revelation, telling its towers, marking its bulwarks, and admiring their strength and stability, while you remain outside of its ramparts, exposed to every enemy. It avails not for you how impregnable the citadel, if you are not encompassed within its walls. Enter the door by the new and living way. Then though a host of men, yea of devils, should encamp against you, you need not be afraid. Amid the shock of arms and the shout of battle, you may sing this song : "We have a strong city ; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks."

Rest not in a nominal, notional faith. Beloved, rest not in an unrealizing acquiescence in the truth of the Bible. Such a shadow of faith might perhaps survive in stiller times, as a ship, however badly moored, may ride serene at anchor whilst the waves are gentle and the breezes soft ; but, when clouds are darkening and tempests mantling, it behoves her to see to it that her anchor is not cast in the yielding sand, but firmly riveted in the rock, that she may brave the billow and outride the storm. Fellow-soldiers of the cross ! God has fixed our lot on perilous and sifting times ; neutrality is fast fading away, and positivity taking its place ; and “ Who is on the Lord’s side ? ” will be the battle-cry of the host of God’s elect in the coming conflict. You must choose your side. You must gird yourselves for the struggle. You must know in whom you have believed. You must know what you have believed. You must know why you have believed. You must not be contented with an unauthenticated, untenacious faith ; a faith that lacks the witness in the heart. See that you grasp, manipulate, clinch the things unseen and eternal. See that the truth be wrought into the very texture of your inner man ; that it be the life, the joy, the essence of your souls ; so that you could sooner have your soul torn from its clay tenement than have rent from it that truth which vivifies, sanctifies, sustains your soul.

But will some of you say, “ We would if we could—if we had means and leisure—authenticate the faith ; we would examine into prophecy and its fulfilment, into miracles and their evidence ; we would search into the various proofs of the genuineness of Holy Scripture, but we have no opportunity given us for the task.” Be it so ; yet all of you have leisure to test Revelation by that touchstone which, after all, is to the individual believer at once the most simple, the most satisfactory, and the most decisive. The infidel may laugh at the proof, but the believer would die upon the strength of it. You may test the Word of God by your own experience ; you

may have the witness in yourselves, and evince it to the world in your lives. How clear the witness which the simplest man has in himself, when he has recovered from deadly disease through the skill of some physician, that the treatment has been sound and the remedies efficacious. Try as you may to reason or to ridicule him out of his conviction, he will answer : “ You can neither argue or laugh me out of my consciousness of having recovered. I consulted the physician ; I followed his prescriptions, and regained my health ; how, then, can I doubt the reality of the result, or the excellence of the cause ? ” So, if you have recourse to the balm in Gilead—to the Physician there, honestly, earnestly, believingly, looking to the Spirit of God to enable you, and willing to submit implicitly to what is prescribed, as one who is desperately diseased and ready to die, then, as the Lord liveth, you shall prove the balm to be so sovereign, and the power of heaven to be so omnipotent, that you shall be able to set to your seal that God is true, and that the Bible is the word of his truth. Then, though all the infidels in the universe were to combine against you, and all the nominal believers in the universe were to abandon the Bible, you would still say, “ What the Bible has done for me, through the grace of the God of the Bible, I cannot question ; none can argue me out of my consciousness, none can delude me into the notion that ‘ a cunningly devised fable ’ could accomplish what has been effected in me. I believe the gospel, because I have proved it to be the power of God unto my salvation. Faithful among the faithless, the Lord being my helper, I will die for that which has raised me from the depth of sin to the life of righteousness, and which will exalt me to the life of glory in heaven.”

Believe me, brethren, there was many a poor working man in the days of the early martyrs ; many a plain artisan in the days of bloody Queen Mary, who went to the stake rejoicing to burn for his faith—not because he could prove it by elabo-

rate evidence, or attest it by philosophy, or science, or literature, but because he had tested it by his heart : and, on the simple strength of the experience of his heart, he suffered unto death, and triumphed to die. Yes, and we have met with many an unlettered man who has stood all the banter, and the taunts, and the jeering sophistry of scorers over the loom or the dye-vat, and who, when he could not refute their subtle objections, simply said, " Well, I have felt it, and you have not ; I have proved, and you have not ; I have its truth engraved on my heart, and witnessed in my conscience. You may as well attempt to make me believe that there is no reality in the sun, whilst he sheds upon me his warm beams, and whilst I bask in his light and heat, as try to persuade me that there is no Divine reality in the Bible, whilst its doctrines quicken me, its promises rejoice me, its precepts purify me, its hopes animate me, and the Saviour it reveals is all and in all to me."

Never, however, can this living demonstration be yours, except through the power of the Holy Spirit who inspired the Bible. The record must be studied as itself prescribes. The Divine Teacher must be sought in lowliest prayer. " No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." No man, therefore, has fairly proved the Revelation, who has not, in all sincerity and earnestness, sought from the Spirit of God.

Let me for a little exhort you further. Whilst you hide the Word of God in your hearts, take heed that you do not hide it in your lives. Let the lighted candle be in the candlestick, and burning brightly there. Let the Bible have a living commentary in your daily walk and conversation. Be witnesses for Christ. Be " epistles of Christ, known and read of all." Some young men here are not, perhaps, acute at reasoning ; others may have defective memories, and be unable readily to recall arguments with which to meet the sceptic ; others may have scanty leisure for mastering the more abstruse evidences of the Bible ; but there is not a young man here, however low

his sphere, however small his measure of capacity, however stinted his education may have been, who cannot furnish in his life one of the strongest and most irrefragable proofs of the truth of the Scriptures ; a demonstration more convincing than any ever furnished by the most learned theologian who ever wrote on the evidences, himself devoid of the evidence supplied by a character beautified, exalted, and transformed by the living efficacy of the gospel of God.

There is no eloquence so persuasive as that of example ; no logic so convincing as that of the life : it is so plain that a child may comprehend it, and yet so incontrovertible that the infidel is unable to elude its force.

Christian young men ! let your lives witness thus for God and his truth : transcribe the Scriptures into your characters ; manifest the truth in your conversation, your demeanour, and your temper. Let your employers, in the counting-house, in the shop, or wheresoever your lot is cast, be compelled to see your principles, even if they do not understand them ; be constrained, even though unable to appreciate what they may deem your enthusiastic opinions, yet to admit that, after all, the saints are the men they can most fully trust, and who do their duty best to their masters, because they do it unto God.

Let me add, be not soon shaken in your minds. We feel no consternation whatever respecting the issue of the great conflict which is thickening around us. Inconsiderate good people sometimes exclaim, “ Oh ! what harm that sad book, *Vestiges of Creation*, will do ! ” Others, “ Oh ! what mischief Strauss’s *Life of Jesus* will effect ! ” Others, “ Oh ! these geological discoveries and chronological calculations ! will they not damage the Bible ? ”

Damage the Bible ? No ! we have not such an opinion of the Bible. It cannot be shaken. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but the Word of God shall not pass away. What ! have you no more confidence in Holy Scripture, than to fear that it

may be unsettled, than to tremble at the result of any discovery? Afraid we may be of the influence of sceptical sophistry, or vain, ungodly, creedless men ; but we are not afraid for the Bible itself. It stands like the rocks which buttress our shores : the billows of error, superstition, and infidelity have dashed against it for thousands of years, but they have only shown on the one hand, the impotency of their fury, and on the other, the impregnability of the foundation against which they have broken. We have no fear for the Bible.

We appeal to the past. There were men, in former days, who fancied that the Bible was nearly overthrown. Paine, in his wretched ribaldry, once said, “ I have gone up and down, through the Christian’s garden of Eden, and with my simple axe I have cut down one and another of its trees, till I have hardly left a single sapling standing.” Infatuated boaster ! there was *one* tree against which thy axe had no edge. Thou mightest cut down the trees of man’s planting ; but against the tree of life, in the midst of the garden—that tree which Omniscience planted, grace waters, and Omnipotence protects,—against that tree thy wretched axe had no power ; thy strokes recoiled on thyself, and thou diedst like the apostate Julian, crying out in effect, “ O Crucified, thou hast triumphed !”

And then there was another—Hume, the prince of philosophical infidels—he who struggled hard in his dying hour to disguise, by cold, daring blasphemy and miserable trifling, the terrors which he could not escape—for such is the fact on authentic evidence ;—he vain-gloriously boasted, “ Methinks I see, and I rejoice to see it, the twilight of so-called Christianity and self-styled Revelation ; they are fast fleeting away.” Ah ! deluded sophist ! He did see the twilight, but he was mistaken in its character ; it was not the dim twilight of eventide darkening into night, but the rosy twilight of the morning breaking into the glorious and perfect day. We have as yet had but the twilight of Christianity. Dark clouds have hung

round it ; its false professors have to a large extent obscured it with the mists of their miserable perversions, and the vapours of their gross inconsistencies. As yet we have had but the twilight of that glorious latter day which is now drawing nigh ! Yes, and welcome the storms which are sweeping away the clouds ; for these storms are the harbingers of the outburst of that day when Revelation shall triumph over every conscience and enshrine itself in every heart, and when the God and Saviour of his people shall be confessed by every tongue and adored by every knee.

There was in the last century another miserable infidel who anticipated the downfall of Christianity—Voltaire, whose devilish expression used to be, “Crush the wretch !” he too found that the stone which the philosophical builders, as well as the pharisaical builders of former times rejected, had become the head-stone of the corner, and that whosoever fell on that stone was broken ; but on whomsoever it fell it ground him to powder. Let the horrible agonies of the dying blasphemer bear witness ; agonies which seemed to forestall the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched. So terrible were they, that the nurse who tended him would never afterwards attend a dying man till she had first ascertained that he was not an infidel.

A word, ere we close, on our national condition. Let us not congratulate ourselves unduly, in England, on the measure of faith which still distinguishes us as a people ; nor point the finger of scorn at hapless France or hapless Italy. Let us not forget that, in regard to Italy especially, our judgment ought to be lenient. Hard measure has been dealt to those who are struggling there for their freedom. It should be borne in mind that there is an infidelity which is the result of the repudiation of darkness, and there is an infidelity which is the result of the repudiation of light. The former is guiltless in comparison with the latter. It is the child of ignorance rather than of obsti-

nacy ; its cause is negative rather than positive. Now the poor Italians, and to some extent the French, are sceptics ; because they have recoiled from a foul caricature of Christianity, without having the pure original on which to recoil : their guilt, therefore, is light when weighed against that of our Anglican infidels. Infidelity with us must generally arise from the rejection of light ; for we have Christianity, not as caricatured by priestcraft and Popery, but simple and unsullied as delineated by the Spirit of God in the pages of his own Word. Thank God, that Word is more than ever prized amongst us. And the ninety-five thousand copies of Holy Scripture, bought and purchased by the working men of Manchester, in the course of seven months, tell most nobly—whatever sneering sophists may vauntingly affirm about the religious instinct, as they speak, waxing weak and wearing out, so that Mohammedanism has relaxed its spell, and Hindooism become but a gigantic mummy, and all the various forms of superstition throughout the world are fading away, and Christianity itself, as one of the developments of the religious instinct, must also be expiring—that the pure faith of the glorious gospel is expanding in our own blessed land. All other religious systems are indeed tottering, because there is no life in them ; but simple, Protestant Christianity, even amid the storm and earthquake of nations, is striking deeper into thousands of humble hearts, which are preparing for conflict and for victory. We are persuaded that there is more of vital godliness in Old England, at this juncture, than there has been at almost any period since the glorious Reformation. “This is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.” Yes, we do not hesitate to affirm that living religion is gaining ground in Great Britain. God will not leave himself without a faithful host in the evil day. If the devil is mustering his forces, the Captain of our salvation is not disbanding his. And what an illustrious practical exemplification of the benign efficacy of scriptural religion on the

temporal affairs of nations does England present at the present crisis ! To what do we owe her calm amid the storm, her stability amid the shock of nations ? Why is it that, whilst Italy, Hungary, Austria, Prussia, and France have all been convulsed, and reeling to and fro like a drunken man, England has sat serene, menaced but not alarmed, assailed but not injured ? What has been her palladium ? What the secret of her tranquillity ? The Bible—the Bible, acknowledged as the Word of God by the mass of the people—the Bible, which proclaims in their ears, “ Fear God ; honour the Queen ! ” Hence Britons have had no heart to cabal against their sovereign. Hence they have been bold as lions in the maintenance of law, order, and authority, dastardly as deer when moved to lift their hands against God’s ordinance and God’s anointed.

Not to our fleets, however matchless ; not to our armies, however indomitable ; not to our laws, however wise, free, just ; not to those, but to the Word of God we owe our peace. Tell it out among the nations, The Bible is England’s strength and stay. And has not our beloved Queen given a pledge to the nation, that she owns and honours the Bible as the stability of her times, and the pillar of the throne, by allowing herself at this juncture, in the face of Tractarian antipathies and Papal denunciations, to be announced as patroness of the Windsor branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and as a contributor to its funds ? How modestly, how gracefully done ! Had she given her name to the Parent Society, in her capacity as Queen, it might have been interpreted as a merely official act ; but doing it quietly and privately, at what may be called her own parochial town, there was more of the woman and less of the queen in the deed. It more unequivocally bespoke her personal sentiments, the feelings of her heart.

Pardon the digression, if I add, that, prizing the Bible for herself and her people, she naturally desires that others should

possess and prize it too, and as a consequence, she, in conjunction with her noble consort, has just presented £100 to the Church Missionary Society, and sure I am there is not a large-minded dissenter who does not hail the boon as warmly as though it had been bestowed on the London Missionary Society.

Finally, brethren, how glorious it is to behold the Bible converting everything into fresh evidence of its own truth ! Its mockers verify its predictions, and its enemies accomplish its purposes ; the revolutions of empires, the madness of the people, the machinations of heresiarchs, and the gates of hell, alike do homage to its authority. It writes its truth on the ruins of dynasties, and the fragments of cities : Egypt, Assyria, Jerusalem, Babylon, all avouch the verity of the Bible ; and so shall France, and Italy, and Antichrist ; and every land and every adversary : “ Heaven and earth shall pass away,” but “ the word of our God shall stand for ever.”

THE POSSESSION OF SPIRITUAL RELIGION

THE SUREST PRESERVATIVE FROM THE SNARES OF INFIDELITY
AND THE SEDUCTIONS OF FALSE PHILOSOPHY.

BY

THE REV. JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

SPIRITUAL RELIGION

THE SUREST PRESERVATIVE FROM INFIDELITY AND FALSE PHILOSOPHY.

I RISE with a deep, solemn, and somewhat oppressive sense of the responsibility I have incurred by undertaking to deliver this address ; and my respect for you, and my ardent wishes for your welfare, lead me to desire that the task had devolved on one much better qualified to discharge it than myself. If however a due appreciation of the importance to the community of the class to which you belong, a ready admission of the claims you have upon public regard, and a heart palpitating with anxiety to promote your present and eternal happiness, bestow any fitness for the post I occupy this evening, I come not behind the most illustrious of my coadjutors in this labour of love, however inferior to them I am in other respects. May my efforts to do you good be as successful as my wishes are intense !

Often as I have stood on this platform, and not only looked round upon the immense convocations assembled on the most momentous occasions, but addressed them, I have never seen a more interesting spectacle than that which now presents itself to my notice. It is imposing, delightful, and overwhelming. How much is comprehended in that short and simple phrase, *Our young men !* The hopes of families, of churches, of the nation, of futurity, all centre in these ; and here is the great reality : here *are* our young men.

“When Catiline attempted to overthrow the liberties of Rome, he began by corrupting the young men of the city, and forming them for deeds of daring and crime. In this he acted with keen discernment of what constitutes the strength and safety of a community—the virtue and intelligence of its youth—especially of its young men. This class of persons has, with much propriety, been denominated the flower of a country. Whilst they are preserved uncorrupted, and come forward with enlightened minds and good morals to act their respective parts on the stage of life, the foundations of social order are secure, and ‘no weapon’ formed against the safety of the community can prosper.”

Participating in these views, so well expressed by an American author, I most readily consented to unite with others to promote the welfare of the young men of this great city. London is the heart of the British Empire, from which the life's blood is flowing off incessantly, through innumerable arteries, to the very extremities of our vast national body, and carrying with it the tide of health or disease. This is no less true of the *young men* of London. Into how many cities, towns, villages, and hamlets will the thousands now congregated in this hall be in a few years distributed, and what a moral influence for good or for evil will they exert upon our whole nation!

The subject on which I am to address you this evening is as follows:—“*The possession of spiritual religion is the best and surest preservative from the snares of infidelity and the seductions of false philosophy.*”

This subject is of my own selecting. It is, I am aware, somewhat more directly *religious* than most of the others to which you have listened from my honoured fellow-labourers. It will not, however, with *Christian* young men, be the less welcome on that account, nor less useful perhaps to those who unhappily cannot, in the fullest sense of the term, be so designated. It

is, at any rate, an appropriate sequel to the admirable lecture delivered last Tuesday evening by the Rev. Hugh Stowell.

Besides this, my mind is much impressed with the importance of having a proportionate admixture in these lectures of directly moral and religious subjects, with such as are only connected with religion, but which do not enter vitally into its essential nature. Were I to attempt to depreciate the value of knowledge, or dissuade you from a laudable ambition to acquire it, I should deserve to be hissed by your indignant reprobation from this assembly, and should justly entitle myself to the scorn and contempt of society. As the minister of a system of truth, whose emblems are not the mole and the bat, but the noble bird of day, that soars to the sun with an eye that never blinks and a wing that never tires, I can not only witness the diffusion, but would aid the advance, of all useful knowledge, with a most entire persuasion that true religion has nothing to fear from true science, and true science nothing to fear from true religion. It is only a spurious religion that shrinks from the light of a true philosophy, and only a philosophy, falsely so called, that is inharmonious with revealed truth. I will yield to none in the pleasure with which I trace the elevation of the human mind, from the dark and low level of ignorance and barbarism to the lofty and radiant heights of literature and science. I would not extinguish a ray of genius that encircles her brow, nor pluck off an article of taste that decorates her attire. I value learning and science as ennobling our nature, literature as refining our taste, and the arts as multiplying our comforts. But still there is something more precious in itself, and more valuable to its possessor, than even knowledge, however varied or extensive, and that is virtue and piety. Man's moral nature places him farther above the brute creation, gives him a higher rank in the universe, and advances him into a nearer resemblance with God, than his intellectual. The lower animals have gleams of intellect and shadows of reason, but

they have not a spark of conscience, and are therefore incapable of morality and religion. And as the moral nature is *higher* than the intellectual, the intellectual is *for* the moral ; so that he who cultivates the mind, and stores it with all kinds of knowledge, while at the same time he is neglectful of the right formation of a virtuous and holy character, satisfies himself with taking a lower view of humanity, and excludes from the object of his ambition the knowledge of the highest truth and the enjoyment of the chiefest good. Viewing man as a moral and an immortal creature, and considering that piety and virtue are the only preparations for eternal felicity, even our great Newton was engaged in a less sublime occupation when penetrating into the vast unknown of space, exploring with the torch of science the secrets of nature, and disclosing the laws of the material universe, than when carrying on the moral processes of religion within his own breast, and thus maturing for a glorious immortality.

It is easy to perceive that it is unhappily the tendency of the present age to ascribe, not perhaps too much importance to knowledge, but too little to religion. Knowledge as such, and for its own sake, and apart from religion, is the god of men's idolatry. Genius is rated at a higher value than virtue, and even of those who, in the pursuit of knowledge, pay also some general attention to religion, the greater number are content to stop and worship the God of nature in the outer courts of the temple of Divine truth, while comparatively few pass on to adore the God of grace, as he reveals himself by the brighter manifestations of his glory upon the mercy-seat—although no interposing veil arrests their approach, and no flaming cherub repels their intrusion. I say to you, then, young men, improve your minds, cultivate your intellects, accumulate knowledge, endeavour to acquire sagacity, diligence, and expertness in your several vocations ; *but* stop not here, nor indeed at any other point till you have secured that invaluable possession of

which the Patriarch of Uz so eloquently writes, when he says, "But where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding? The depth saith, It is not in me; and the sea saith, It is not with me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding? seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living. Destruction and death say, We have heard the fame thereof with our ears. God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof. And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, *that* is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

And permit me now to say that this wisdom is your surest preservative from the snares of infidelity and the seductions of false philosophy.

Never in any age of the world's history was infidelity more active or more artful than it is in the present day. The more *artful* it is, of course the more dangerous it is. It is not always a repetition of the vulgar ribaldry of Paine, the profane wit of Voltaire, the half-concealed sneers of Gibbon, or even the avowed and entire scepticism of Hume;—it is something still more subtle and insidious; for it is often associated with compliments to the character of Christ and the genius of his moral code, and the heroic virtues of many of his followers and martyrs, while, at the same time, it resolves the whole into mere myth or fable, which, if it be indeed so, can have no claim upon the judgment, no hold upon the conscience, and no influence upon the conduct, and is thus all the more dangerous for assuming a form and wearing a costume less likely to shock men's prejudices, prepossessions, and convictions. It appeals to your *pride of intellect*, and tells you that you have *reason* to guide you, and have no need of revelation. It points you to the achievements of science and the arts, and loftily asks the

question, Whether, if man's reason can work such wonders as these, it cannot guide his conduct and be sufficient for all moral purposes ? It addresses itself to your *love of freedom*, and invites you to throw off the yoke of authority and the trammels of great names, and walk abroad redeemed from the fetters of superstition by the irresistible power of free inquiry. It speaks to your *love of pleasure*, and incites you to burst through the restraints which rigid moralists and ascetic divines would impose upon the gratification of instincts and appetites implanted by the hand of the Creator in our nature to be indulged. It points you, as it did Eve, by the finger of Satan, its great teacher, to the blushing, tempting forbidden fruit with the daring question, "Hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden ?" It is specious, plausible, persuasive.

And then like it, as the shadow is to the substance, is false philosophy. Indeed it is almost difficult to distinguish these in the present age. Recollect, we call for no crusade against philosophy. If by this we mean the science of first principles, or, in other words, that which investigates the primary grounds, and determines the fundamental certainty of human knowledge generally, there can be nothing in such a term to fright us from our propriety, or to excite any alarm for the security of religion. A sound philosophy must ever be in harmony with a sound theology. It is only against "a philosophy falsely so called" we would caution and defend you. And of this there is a superabundance in the present day ; the press teems with it, and much of our literature is saturated with it. Less honest, and therefore more dangerous, than avowed and unconcealed infidelity, it does not rudely assail Christianity and proclaim it false, but haughtily declares it obsolete. Taking advantage of the progressive developments of science, it insinuates that religion is subject to the same changes, and is susceptible of the same advance and improvement, as other

matters of inquiry ;—that however good and even true in some of its main facts it may have been at the time of its promulgation, it is no longer necessary, for that the world has outgrown the systems of its infancy. In the manhood of any species, pure reason is a sufficient guide in all moral as well as in all physical truth.

It need scarcely be said, that this is only another and a still more deceptive phase of infidelity. Christianity is a system intended and adapted for all time and for all states of society ; and any attempt to confine its application to the earlier ages of the world, is not only to defeat its design, but in fact to deny its existence altogether as a revelation from heaven. But how flattering an idea is it to the pride and vanity of *our* intellect, to be told that *we*, in this generation, have arrived at the age of intellectual maturity ; that *we* are the adults of human nature ; that *we* are the full-blown flowers of the race, and can do without those helps which were needed for the protection of the infants and the buds of humanity.

Here then is the danger of the thinking and reflective youth of this age ; it is, in fact, *the* danger of the age. They are not so likely to be carried away by the delusions of Popery or of Puseyism, which appeal more to the imaginative and the morbidly sensitive, as by matters which throw their spell over the intellect, and fascinate the understanding by the potency of false logic and metaphysics. The English mind, in matters of philosophy, is, to a wide extent, being now operated upon by that of France and Germany ; and that operation, I regret to say, is, so far as regards the religion of the Holy Scriptures, pernicious in the extreme. It is against these evils I am anxious to guard you. Conceive what is involved in either avowed or concealed infidelity. Look at it as it really is ; tear from it the mask with which it would conceal its hideous visage ; strip off from it the meretricious dress with which it would cover its misshapen form,—and say if it be not a monster from which

you should recoil with abhorrence, as the enemy of all virtue and all happiness.

What a miserable man, if he give himself up fully to the influence of his principles, is an avowed unbeliever in revelation ! He knows no race of beings, nor any individual being, better than himself, whom he knows to be not only imperfect but corrupt ; nor any world happier than that which he inhabits, and which he is convinced by experience is a vale of tears. To him God is but a name ; salvation a fable ; heaven a dream ; immortality a delusion. He knows not whence he came, nor whither he is going ; from darkness he issued, and into darkness he is soon to vanish. He has no authoritative rule of virtue for his conduct ; no relief in trouble, no hope in death. He is tossed upon an ocean of doubt and uncertainty ; and amidst the roaring of the tempest and the raging of the billows, sees no friendly beacon, no haven of safety ; no, nothing but the black and frowning rocks of annihilation, against which his frail bark must soon dash, and be lost for ever. An infidel, then, cannot be a happy man ; at least cannot be made so by his principles : it would be an inversion of the order of things, and a monstrous incongruity, if he could. His heart may be petrified by stoicism to a stone, till he is past feeling ; or he may be merry and jovial ; but it is often the feigned merriment of a timid boy in passing through a churchyard, whistling to keep his spirits up, and chase away his fears ; or whatever enjoyment he may have comes from other sources than his opinions, for these *can* yield him none, for his creed is made up of negations. To look for happiness from infidelity, therefore, is to expect sunbeams from shades, and the cheerful light of day from midnight gloom. And as an infidel cannot, upon and by his own principles be a *happy* man, so neither can he be a *holy* one, nor in the fullest and best sense of the term, a virtuous one. He may not be absolutely vicious and profligate : many infidels are not ; though it is no libel against the school

of infidelity to affirm that many of its pupils have become proficient in sin. We say of the infidel's morality, as we have already said of his enjoyment, that in whatever degree he possesses any, it comes not from his principles, but from other and extraneous sources. He must step beyond his creed for both, for that can supply neither. Infidelity supplies no basis, no materials, no cement, no plan for erecting a system of morality. It furnishes neither laws, models, motives, nor obligations. It destroys responsibility ; extinguishes conscience ; reduces virtue to a matter of taste ; and vice, either to the inevitable result of circumstances, or to a calculation of chances for escape from its consequences. As infidelity, it teaches nothing but to contest all principles and to adopt none ; and transvenoms the natural thirst after truth into the hydrophobia of a homeless and incurable scepticism. "As mere animalism and atheism, it completes the ravage and ruin of man, which, in its preceding forms, it has successfully begun. It now holds out the rank Circean draught, and sends the deluded wretches who are allured to taste it, to bristle and wallow with the swine, to play tricks with the monkey, to rage and rend with the tigers, and then when death has done its work, to putrify into nothing, with the herd of kindred brutes."

Settle it therefore in your minds, as a maxim never to be effaced or forgotten, that atheism, the extreme of infidelity, is a soil barren of virtue and fertile of sin ; hostile to every useful restraint and every virtuous affection ; which, leaving nothing above us to excite awe, nothing before us to awaken fear, and nothing around us to generate tenderness, wages war with heaven and earth—its first object being to dethrone God, its next to destroy man. Does not a thrill of horror come over you at the bare idea of being in danger of giving up the Bible, and all its sources of happiness and holiness, for this system of dark and cruel negations ? May such an exclamation as this be called forth from the very depths of your soul : God

forbid that I should ever become an infidel ! Amen to that prayer.

I hasten then to describe your best and surest preservative from this awful eclipse of your moral principles—and that is, spiritual religion. You want a shield ; here it is. By spiritual religion, I mean the religion of the mind and heart, as opposed to a mere attendance upon outward forms, or the mere profession of theoretic principles. Religion—the religion of the New Testament—is not a mere hereditary something received by tradition from our fathers, the performance of a round of ceremonies, or the adoption of certain articles of faith ; it is repentance towards God, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, supreme love to God, and practical benevolence to man ; all springing out of a principle of Divine life implanted by the Holy Spirit in the soul. It is a new and holy vitality ; the highest kind of life, the life of God in the soul of man ; a Divine spark, which, though now but as the smoking flax, shall, when all that hinders its ignition is removed, burst into a pure bright flame, trembling, yet rising in continual aspirations to its Eternal Source.

I shall now point out in what way this will be a preservative from the snares of infidelity and the seductions of false philosophy.

1. *By putting us in the best position, and giving us the greatest advantages for examining the historical evidences of Christianity.*—It is the boast and glory of our holy religion, that it rests on a solid basis of evidence, and does not demand belief without affording, not only sufficient grounds to warrant it, but to render unbelief unreasonable and criminal. This is assumed in the present lecture, the object of which is to show you that spiritual religion will place you in the most favourable position to judge correctly of the evidence which sustains our faith. I need not tell you that in our fallen condition the heart, instead of being always led by the judgment, is some-

times its leader ; or, to change the metaphor, the state of the heart, like coloured glass, affects the rays of light which come to the eye, and changes them into its own hue. How momentous then is it that the heart should be holy, in order that the rays of truth should come to it in their own clear white light. Our Lord has adverted to this when he says, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." Disposition, in the case of moral truth, is the best means for coming to a right conclusion. The power of prejudice to mislead the judgment is proverbial, and may become so strong as to be invincible by any amount of evidence ; for be it recollected that conviction does not follow according to the amount of evidence submitted, but to the amount candidly considered and weighed.

"Convince a man against his will,
He's of the same opinion still."

Now the infidel does not wish to be convinced, and to him the light of evidence is but as the rays of the sun to a weak disordered eye, which is the more offensive according as it is more powerful and abundant. It may be said, perhaps, that prepossessions destroy impartiality no less than prejudices. Granted ; but in this case there is no such thing, and can be none, as absolute impartiality ; if there be no bias for the truth, there must be a bias of some kind and some degree against it. There ought not to be impartiality : for Christianity comes to us, not as a matter of mere science, a thing only appealing to the judgment ; it addresses itself also to the heart. It is not only truth, but *moral* truth—truth in the angel, yea godlike, form of goodness : to be indifferent to it is to be criminal, and therefore to be prepossessed in favour of its truth is a right and proper state of mind. This is the very state which spiritual religion imparts. It rids the heart of those prejudices which rise like thick fogs and dark clouds into

the atmosphere of the judgment, obscuring the glorious orb of truth, and shutting out the light of evidence from the mind. It is the eye of goodness only that can clearly see the light of moral truth. To him whose moral vision has been purified from the scales of sin and prejudice, at the fount of regenerating grace, the evidence of miracles and prophecy will appear little short of actual demonstrations of the truth of Christianity. The arguments of our great writers on the evidences of Christianity will appear radiant as sunbeams, and sound in the ears of piety like responses from a Divine oracle. The film has been removed from the disordered eye, and the mild and silvery light of truth comes unobstructed into the soul ; and the ear is unstopped from prejudice to listen to its mellifluous voice, speaking by such writers as Paley, Butler, and Chalmers. Thus the religious man is not only prepared to see the beauty of Christian truth when she lifts up the veil, but to estimate her claims to a heavenly origin and a Divine authority.

2. Recollect, *That spiritual religion adds another proof to the external evidences of Christianity, different from them in its kind, and more conclusive still in its demonstration ; I mean, that which is derived from experience.*—Spiritual religion adds the evidence of *consciousness* to that of external testimony. “He that believeth hath the witness in himself.” He has undergone a great inward moral renovation, which to his entire conviction nothing short of a Divine power could have effected. His views, emotions, tastes, and habits are all altered. An entire change has come over him. His moral self is renewed. He is the same *identical* man, but he is still a new creature. Now here is *power*—wondrous power. If Christianity be false, it is weak, for feebleness is essential to falsehood ; but here is power. And here, too, is *beauty*—even the beauty of holiness ; and there is no loveliness in heaven or earth like this. Holiness is the seraph’s charm, the very glory of Deity. God

has nothing greater or better in his own infinite excellence than holiness ; it is that *par excellence*. Now this holiness is wrought into the soul in the great change which brings there personal religion. How, I again ask, can this be, if Christianity be false, for falsehood is itself moral deformity ? The real Christian, who knows his inner self, who traces the working of his own mind, and who is acquainted with his own character, realizes a workmanship which is not, cannot be, human. He has known the resurrection of a dead soul—the creation of a new moral being ; and who can create or raise the dead but God ? He is in himself therefore a seal to the truth of the gospel. You may as well attempt to prove to him by argument that honey is not sweet, as to induce him to think the gospel is a falsehood : in each case he replies, “ I know better ; I have tasted it.” Arguments are employed against his faith which he may not have dialectic skill enough to rebut ; sophisms may be advanced which he may not be able to expose ; and fallacies may be employed which he may not have sufficient expertness to detect ; and if his faith stood merely on external and historic ground he would be in danger of falling : but his faith is rooted and grounded in consciousness, in experience, in the power of the inward witness. His spiritual religion stands by him even when his logic fails. He casts out the anchor of his heart, which, with its chain-cable, still holds fast the strong ground of revelation, when other matters fail, and enables him to ride out the storm, and prevents him from making shipwreck of faith and a good conscience.

Recollect, I am not underrating the value of historic proof. Christianity is affluent and mighty in this ; so much so, that the incredulity of infidelity is the excess of credulity ; and its boasted philosophy the extreme of irrationality—which must be set down as at open war against all the laws of a sound logic. I am not speaking lightly of the wonderful productions

of Butler, Paley, and Chalmers—that grand artillery on the heights of our Zion, which has carried such discomfiture and defeat into the trenches and the armies of the besieging foes ; but still I remind you that, in addition to all this, and to multitudes *above* all this, there is the inward witness which every true believer carries in his own bosom, and which to him is always nearer at hand, and may often be of more service than the ablest productions of the mightiest champions of our faith.

In the possession of this spiritual religion, then, you carry about with you always and everywhere the means of safety ; it will be a shield and helmet and breastplate, if not a sword. You will escape unhurt from the laughter of the humorist, the shafts of the witty, and the keenest arguments of the dialectician ; and, in the triumphant language of Watts, will exclaim :—

“ Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art ;
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.”

3. *Spiritual religion will protect you by the happiness which it affords.*—Man is created with a capacity for bliss, and an instinctive desire after it ; and it would not accord with the wisdom and goodness of God to have created an appetite for the gratification of which he has made no provision. You and all other sentient, or at any rate rational, creatures long to be happy. This is a rational self-love ; an instinct, not a virtue ; a necessary propensity, not a moral excellence. What can a man have more, what can he desire less, than happiness ? Yet how ignorant are most men of its nature, and of course of the means of obtaining it ! The beautiful passage from the book of Job, already quoted, is as true in application to happiness as it is to wisdom, for in fact the wisdom there spoken of, and true felicity, are identical.

But what is happiness? Not mere amusement, gratification, pleasure, merriment, at least as these terms are usually employed in ordinary discourse; these refer to the senses, the imagination, the intellectual tastes—the mere laughter-loving propensities of our nature; and know ye not, have ye not experienced, that under the brilliant covering, the gay exterior of all these, there may be the never-dying worm gnawing at the heart and preying upon the peace? It is recorded, and by himself too, of that once licentious libertine, but afterwards saintly soldier, Colonel Gardiner, that when by general consent he was complimented as “the happy rake,” he was inwardly, notwithstanding this deceptive appearance, so perfectly miserable, that he envied the dog which crouched at his feet. As another, and a still more striking proof that pleasure and happiness are not convertible terms, think of that unhappy man—for such he undoubtedly was, notwithstanding his rank, his wealth, his genius, and his fame—whose name is the boast of modern poets, but at the same time the lament of religion and morality; that gifted nobleman, who prostituted his muse to the embraces of infidelity, and, as the result of such a union, has left us a siren offspring, which, by their fascinating strains, have lured multitudes to destruction, and who—unhappy victims!—seemed to think it a compensation for the wreck of their immortal hopes to expire on the shores of genius and in the raptures of poetry. Even when listening to the melody of his wondrous verses, we hear perpetually the under-sounds of a groaning heart, as if God would show the necessity of religion to the happiness of the human bosom, in the wretchedness of the man who assailed it by the united powers of infidelity and poetry. Shade of Byron, O that thou hadst known the truth of the inspired volume! thou too wouldst have been happy, and thy muse would have risen upon the wings of faith to a far sublimer height than it ever reached, and have placed thee second to our great Milton!

Happiness is that calm, serene enjoyment, of which the seat

and centre are the *heart*, which gives contentment to the desires, and is maintained under the smile of conscience, and the approbation of the judgment. And where, but in true experimental religion, can *this* be found? And I appeal with confidence to those of you who have tasted it, if it is *not* to be found there? Christianity lighted on our sorrow-stricken, weeping world, as a seraph from the land of bliss, bringing with her the fruit of the tree of life, which is in the paradise of God, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations. Her eye beams with mercy on suffering humanity; her voice utters the music of consolation; her soft hand wipes away our tears; and the ways into which she leads are ways of pleasantness, and her paths are peace. She forbids us the fruit of no tree but what, however blushing and tempting it may appear, contains poison, and supplies us with no gratification but what is as salubrious as it is pleasant. She gives to the understanding the knowledge of the first truth, to the heart the enjoyment of the chief good. By the pardon of our sins through the blood of the everlasting covenant, she purifies and pacifies the conscience; by regeneration and sanctification, she breaks the slavery and calms the turbulence of the passions, and brings us under the gentle sway of true holiness; by prayer, meditation, and the perusal of the Scriptures, she helps us to maintain communion with the Father of our spirits; and by faith and hope, she instructs us to anticipate and prepare for a glorious immortality. She is our guardian in the hour of temptation, our guide amidst the intricacies of life, our companion in solitude, and our nurse in sickness. She will tread with us that dark and gloomy vale where no other friend can be near, and will then waft us on her more than angel wings to the throne of the Eternal—the Fountain of life.

Are these the words of truth and soberness, or mere assertion and declamation? Will not your own happy experience verify what I have said? Here, then,—here, I exultingly say,—here is your defence, your best defence against the snares of

infidelity. Will you relinquish all this ? And for what ? When infidelity solicits you to give up your religion, ask the tempter what he has to give you in return. Your prudence, as well as your principle, should inquire what he has to offer you in the way of compensation for the peace that passeth understanding—the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. What secrets of bliss has he acquired, and what elements has he discovered, more substantial and more satisfying than quietness of conscience, purity of heart, holiness of life, communion with God, the hope of immortality, and the foretaste of heaven ? “ Miserable man ! he is proud of being the offspring of chance ; is in love with universal disorder, whose happiness is involved in the belief of there being no witness to his designs, and who is at ease, only because he supposes himself an inhabitant of a forsaken and fatherless world ! ”

Will you quit the region of pure, solid, sublime delight, to which religion has led you, to wander in the gloom and desolate waste of a cold and heartless philosophy ? Will you push out of this quiet haven and from these still waters, to be tossed upon the unquiet ocean of scepticism, and wrecked at last upon the shores of unbelief ? Will you turn from this garden of the Lord, this paradise of God, where the sun shines upon the flowers and the fruits which his rays have ripened and which he still continues to gild, to wander in the dark night of unbelief, amidst the bogs of endless doubt, and in chase of the wild-fires of a false and doubtful philosophy ? No, no ; every conviction of your judgment, every yearning of your heart, every dictate of your conscience, every recollection of the past, and every anticipation of the future, says “ No.” It would be like exchanging the tree of life for the vine of Sodom, whose grapes are gall and its clusters bitter ; and turning from the river of life, clear as crystal, that proceedeth from the throne of God and the Lamb, to lap the dark and filthy puddle that oozes from the slime-pits of human depravity, and stagnates in

the gutters of sensuality and vice. These two simple questions are, and will be, I believe, found a sufficient protection to you from the dangers which surround you : “ What shall I lose by giving up Christianity ? and what shall I gain by embracing infidelity ? ” Ah, what—what indeed ?

4. *Spiritual religion produces deep humility, and thus prevents that pride of intellect which gives so strong a bias and produces so powerful a propensity to infidelity and false philosophy.*—It was pride, in all probability, which occasioned the fall and expulsion from heaven of the sinning angels ; it was pride of intellect which laid our race in ruins ; it was pride which formed the character of the first murderer ; from pride of intellect sprung originally the whole system of idolatry ; and infidelity and false philosophy can boast no higher or better parent. It is the boast of infidels that their reason is sufficient for all the purposes of morality and religion, and they need not the aids of a revelation from God. Presumptuous confidence ! But, alas ! how seductive and how prevalent ! What is it but man deifying himself, and falling down to worship at the shrine of his own reason ? Now, the very genius of Christianity is directly opposed to all this. Its first lesson is humility, its second humility, its third humility.

Distinguishing between self-degradation and self-exaltation, religion leads us to consider that the powers of the human understanding are not only given, but sustained in all their exercises, by God, and therefore cherishes a spirit of dependence upon him ; and while it leaves ample room for the exercise of reason, in the way of discovery and invention in the fields of science and the arts, admonishes its possessors that reason is at once too feeble and too corrupt to be a guide in place of religion. It reminds us that reason, once a sun, is now a meteor, partaking of the corruption of our nature, and needing a conductor at every step of our course, and calls upon us, in lowliness, gratitude, and confidence, to give ourselves up to a safer leadership.

And besides this, spiritual religion makes a man intimately acquainted with himself ; it leads him into the interior of his own soul, and there discloses to him such weaknesses as make him distrust himself, and furnishes the recollection of so many humbling failures, and so many painful chastisements of his own undue reliance upon himself, that he is prepared to follow the inspired injunction, not to lean to his own understanding, and most freely and fully to admit its declaration, that “ He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.”

And what is the practical expression and demonstration of his humility ? A constant habit of earnest prayer. Humility is the emotion of which prayer is the expression. Humility is the devotion of the heart, prayer that of the lip. Humility is the *feeling* of dependence, prayer is its *language*. Prayer is more constantly and necessarily connected with spiritual religion than speech is with natural life ; there may be natural mutes, there can be no spiritual ones. The ear of the renewed soul is never closed nor its tongue ever silent. Prayer is not only our duty, but it is our honour and our privilege ; for it is the converse of man with God, the intercourse of the finite spirit with the Infinite, the coming of the child of grace and heir of glory into the presence of his heavenly Father. Prayer is placing ourselves under the outstretched arm of Omnipotence, entering the secret place of the Almighty ; it is in fact putting on the power of God as a shield, and taking hold of his might. Nowhere has infidelity, with all its plausibilities, less weight ; nowhere has Christianity, with all its difficulties and incomprehensibilities, more power than when both are contemplated together by an act of devotion in the light of God’s countenance.

Give yourselves, my respected friends, to prayer ; be not ashamed of the exercise. Ashamed ! Were an archangel to become incarnate, he would account it not only his bounden duty, but his highest honour, to pray. Conceal not, attempt

not to conceal, the fact—that you pray. It may be desirable, and is, in order to prevent distraction, to be quite alone ; but if this cannot be, neglect not to bend your knee before your companions. You know not the influence such an act may have upon others. If the present lecturer has a right to consider himself a real Christian ; if he has been of any service to his fellow-creatures, and has attained to any usefulness in the Church of Christ, he owes it in the way of means and instrumentality to the sight of a companion, who slept in the same room with him, bending his knees in prayer on retiring to rest. That scene, so unostentatious and yet so unconcealed, roused my slumbering conscience, sent an arrow to my heart ; for though I had been religiously educated, I had restrained prayer, and cast off the fear of God ; my conversion to God followed, and soon afterwards my entrance upon college studies for the work of the ministry. Nearly half a century has rolled away since then, with all its multitudinous events ; but that little chamber, that humble couch, that praying youth, are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten, even amidst the splendour of heaven, and through the ages of eternity.

5. *I may remark, in the next place, that real religion will preserve you from that line of conduct which creates a predisposition to infidelity, and which may be said to render it desirable.*—I would be far from affirming that infidelity is in every case taken as an opiate to lull the pain of a conscience, wounded and tormented by a recollection of guilt, or adopted as a license for a career of iniquity ; but I know that this has often happened, and how natural is it that it should be so ! Infidelity is the enemy of virtue and the friend of vice—to the former it yields no assistance, and upon the latter it imposes no restraint. Without revelation it has no laws for morals ; without God, no authority ; without a future state of rewards and punishments, no motives, or none of sufficient power to resist the temptations by which it is assailed.

Numerous instances have occurred of young men who, though not religious, were for a while generally correct in their conduct ; but for want of religion to be the guide and the guard of their youth, they have fallen into temptation, and then, under the reproaches of an awakened conscience, have called in the aid of infidelity or a false philosophy to stifle remorse, and to acquire confidence to go forward in the career of iniquity ; just like the wretch who, after some great crime, quaffs the brandy, which is to produce oblivion of the past and courage for the future. Thus infidelity was a matter of convenience to get rid of all that appertains to conscience, responsibility, and eternity ; it was called in to draw a cloud over the handwriting which came forth upon the wall against them ; and to act as a charm, to lay the ghosts of their sins, and dismiss the spectral forms of retributive justice, which visited them at the midnight hour, and made darkness and solitude intolerable.

Religion will preserve you from all this : you will have no vice which shall give you an interest in infidelity, and make you *wish* the Bible were not true ; but on the contrary, as we have already considered, in the calm and holy pleasure which it imparts, and in the boundless prospects of immortal glory which it opens before you, it will, in addition to the evidence by which it convinces the judgment, entwine itself around your heart by all these toils of enjoyment, which, though soft as silk, will be strong as adamant.

6. Once more : *Religion will make you patient under the difficulties with which Divine truth, like every other system, is attended, and willing, on the ground of its own evidence, to receive it, notwithstanding many things you cannot now explain ; because of the assured prospect it presents of a state where all these difficulties will be cleared up.*

It is to be expected that, on all questions which are to be settled by moral evidence, there will be difficulties, which for a while shall perplex the inquiries of the acutest, or elude the

grasp of the profoundest intellects ; and it is no less to be expected, that these difficulties will increase in proportion as the subject is remote from the ordinary sphere of investigation, and out of the beaten track of human thought. What then might not be expected to be the deep mysteries, the awful incomprehensibilities, and the perplexities to man's limited intellect, on such subjects as a revelation concerning the nature, the attributes, the plans, and the will of the eternal God : the mode of communicating his mind to us ; the plan of human salvation settled in accordance with the principles of a Divine moral government ; man's responsibilities, and a future and eternal state of rewards and punishments ? Difficulties on such a subject ! They are its natural and necessary attendants ; they are the cloud-shadows of these momentous truths, which are thrown by the light of heaven shining upon them. Startled at difficulties ! He is the most irrational of men, notwithstanding his boast of free, untrammelled intellect, who imagines a revelation could be given from God which shall contain nothing perplexing to human reason. When Divine truth, an awful form, comes forth from the pavilion of thick darkness, in which it dwelt from eternity with its omniscient Author, can it be expected there should be none of its stately steps which we cannot follow, none of its doings we cannot comprehend, none of its words which may seem to us mysterious, and no part of its very costume for which we cannot assign a reason, and that, too, when her own majestic voice has given us the warning, " My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways" ?

Now, my young friends, look at the Christian : there he stands, with his faith rooted and grounded in the evidences of revealed religion, like a cedar on Lebanon, or like a castle upon a rock. Hear his soliloquy : " I know whom, and what, and why I believe ; and my faith resteth not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God : to say that I see nothing which I

cannot explain or comprehend, would be insincere. When I consider the subjects revealed, and the limits of the understanding, this neither surprises nor distresses me ; especially as I am assured that what I know not now I shall know hereafter : now I ‘see through a glass, darkly,’ but ‘when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away,’ and I shall know even as I am known.”

This is no vain boast. You walk now by faith, amidst the deep shadows of the mighty pass through which you are journeying to the inheritance of the saints in light : follow the awful form of truth : the path may be narrow ; the mountains on either side may be high ; the difficulties that oppose your progress may be great ; treacherous voices may sometimes be heard suggesting that you have mistaken the road, for that the way of truth could not be thus narrow and hard ; but follow on ; there before you is the truth, radiant with the splendour of the evidence that falls upon its majestic form from heaven. Follow on, my young friends ; the water of life runs gurgling at your side ; the plants of paradise, and the trees of righteousness, grow upon the rocks that enclose you ; the pass will soon be cleared ; the walk of faith through its half-illuminated depths will be ended, and you shall emerge into the sunny and boundless plains of the paradise of God. By the glory and the power of the orb that gilds those regions, every mist of prejudice, every cloud of ignorance, shall be dissipated ; every shadow shall vanish, and the whole region of truth shall spread out before the ravished eye in boundless expanse and interminable perspective.

Permit me now to give an illustration, and indeed a proof of the subject of this lecture from the last work of Merle D’Aubigné, the learned and eloquent author of the *History of the Reformation*. The following is the substance of the account he publishes to the world of his final establishment in the truth of revelation :—

After his conversion to God, and after he had begun to preach Christ with fulness of faith, he was so assailed and perplexed in coming into Germany by the sophisms of Rationalism, that he was plunged into unutterable distress, and passed whole nights without sleeping, crying to God from the bottom of his heart, or endeavouring by arguments and syllogisms without end to repel the attack and the adversary. In his perplexity he visited Kleuker, a venerable divine at Kiel, who for forty years had been defending Christianity against the attacks of infidel theologians and philosophers. Before this admirable man D'Aubigné laid his doubts and difficulties for solution ; instead of solving them, Kleuker replied, "Were I to succeed in ridding you of these, others would soon rise up. There is a shorter, deeper, and more complete way of annihilating them. Let Christ be really to you the Son of God—the Saviour—the Author of eternal life. Only be firmly settled in this grace, and then these difficulties of detail will never stop you ; the light which proceeds from Christ will dispel all darkness." This advice, followed as it was by studying, with a pious fellow-traveller at an inn at Kiel, the Apostle's expression, "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think," relieved him from all his difficulties. After reading together this passage, they prayed over it. "When I arose from my knees in that room at Kiel," says this illustrious man, "I felt as if my wings were renewed as the wings of eagles. From that time forward I comprehended that my own syllogisms and arguments were of no avail ; that Christ was able to do all by his power that worketh in me, and the habitual attitude of my soul was to be at the foot of the cross, crying to him, 'Here am I, bound hand and foot, unable to move, unable to do anything to get away from the enemy that oppresses me. Do all thyself. I know that thou wilt do it ; thou wilt even do exceeding abundantly above all that I ask.' I was not disappointed.

All my doubts were soon dispelled, and not only was I delivered from that inward anguish, which in the end would have destroyed me had not God been faithful, but the Lord extended unto me peace like a river. If I relate these things, it is not as my own history alone, but that of many pious young men, who in Germany and elsewhere have been assailed by the raging waves of Rationalism. Many, alas ! have made shipwreck of their faith, and some have even violently put an end to their lives."

This is one of the most interesting, instructive, and momentous narratives which it has ever been my lot to peruse, as teaching that the defence of the Christian from the attacks of infidelity, false philosophy, heresy, and the painful doubts and difficulties suggested by his own reason, is to be sought rather in the grace of the heart, than in the strength of the intellect ; that prayer and deep humility will often be more powerful to establish us in the truth than logic. He who is strengthened with all might by the Spirit in the inner man, and also is rooted and grounded in love, though less skilful in argument, is in a far better condition to resist the subtilties of false doctrine than he who is stronger in his logic. The hidden life within him is vigorous, and rich in the enjoyment of Divine love ; *he* is strong in the Lord and in the power of his might ; and though the strength of the human intellect, the chain of sound reasoning, and the conclusion of a just logic, when employed in elaborate defences of the truth, are of inestimable worth, yet, after all, it is to the blessing of God on the internal vigour of his own piety that the tempted believer is indebted for his stability, more than to those outworks which are cast up from time to time by the ablest defenders of Christianity.

I look upon this beautiful and simple testimony of D'Aubigné to the power of spiritual religion to preserve us from the seduc-

tions of a false philosophy, to be almost of as much practical value as his celebrated work on the Reformation.

In bringing this lecture, already too long, to a conclusion, I would remark, that I know by experience, as well as by observation, the perils of your situation. I passed through them, and thanks to Divine grace, came unscathed from the midst of them. My youthful days were passed and my character was formed in a town where an infidel society existed. I heard the belchings of its foul and loathsome blasphemies, and the more wily utterance of its subtle and therefore more dangerous sophistries, which, like the poisonous words of the serpent in the ear of Eve, whispered to me when alone : but I had by that time put on the shield of faith, and was safe. Not so a young companion ; he, though moral, was *not* pious. He was taken in the snare, and became not only a disciple in the school of Paine, but a zealot. Unable to procure a copy of the *Age of Reason* for himself, he sat up whole nights to write a copy from one he had borrowed of a friend. Soon after this an attack of disease brought him to the borders of the grave. Standing as he thought, amidst the shadows of death, and with the still darker shadows of eternity spreading out before him ; with nothing visible to his perturbed imagination but the judgment throne of that God whom he had impiously defied, and the fiends of night stretching their foul wings and flying to meet him, he saw and felt the danger of his situation ; a secret horror crept through his blood ; conscience, the scorpion of guilt, struck his sting into his bosom ; and forebodings equally dark and intolerable—the dreadful presentiments of judgment to come—harrowed up his soul. Whither, in this extremity, did he, or could he turn for succour ? To his infidelity and his infidel companions ? Oh, no ; they were the objects of his abhorrence and his dread. A pious friend, long forsaken, and perhaps much ridiculed, was sent for, who found him haunted with the spectres of guilt, oppressed with the terrors of eternity, and convulsed with the

agonies of remorse. He renounced his infidelity with detestation and contrition, and as a proof of the sincerity of his conviction and repentance, ordered his manuscript copy of Paine's *Age of Reason* to be brought out and burned before his face. Perhaps this will remind you of another infidel, far more illustrious than my poor friend; I mean the titled, the witty, the poetic, but infidel and licentious, Lord Rochester, who at length found his infidelity a miserable companion in the hour of sickness and of death, and then betook himself for consolation to that system of revealed truth which he had spent his short and profligate life in holding up to ridicule and contempt, and as a mark of abhorrence of his infidel opinions, ordered his writings to be brought out and consumed before his eyes. An account of his extraordinary conversion was drawn up and published by Bishop Burnet, which, said Dr. Samuel Johnson, "the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety."

These are not rare cases. Myriads have lived infidels who could not die such: that seductive philosophy, which could do very well amidst the gaieties of health, has been found altogether wanting amidst the dreariness of a sick-chamber and the gathering shades of the dark valley. It is perhaps no weak argument in favour of Christianity, and against infidelity, that while myriads have renounced their infidel opinions, and have embraced Christianity upon their dying beds, we have never heard of an instance in which any one has renounced Christianity and turned infidel in prospect of eternity.

Much as I have trespassed on your time, and perhaps your patience, I cannot dismiss you till I have addressed a few counsels to one or two different classes of characters: and first of all, I speak to those who, happily for themselves and for all connected with them, know by experience the truth of the subject of this lecture. Accept, ye pious young men, my sincere, my hearty congratulations on your holy choice, your blessed

condition of a religious life. Be thankful, be humble, be consistent, be watchful. Be not ashamed before the mockers, nor afraid before the reasoners. Let them see in you how beautiful, and feel how awful, goodness is. Maintain an imperturbable patience under ridicule, and exhibit a quiet firmness, which would remain immovable though the world laughed in chorus. There is no logic so convincing, no rhetoric so persuasive, as the power of uniform and conspicuous excellence. Give to the hard substance of moral worth the brightest polish of amiable disposition, and all the amenities of life. To the arguments and sneers of the sceptical and profane, oppose the answer of a good conscience. Cultivate your intellect, and let them see that religion is no enemy to knowledge. Excel in your secular calling, and make it manifest that it is the friend of man's temporal interests. Be courteous, generous, and benevolent, and let them see that it not only frequents the haunts of the Muses, but keeps company with the Graces. Be cheerful, and show them that it contains the elements of bliss. Be active and useful, and convince them, that while it worships God, it is the best benefactor of the human race.

It is possible that, in this vast assembly, there may be some who, unhappily, have not yet become truly and spiritually religious. To you I say, Oh, satisfy not yourselves with unsanctified morality, which, though good as far as it goes, goes not far enough, and may be swept away before the assaults of infidelity and false philosophy, like a cobweb before the force of the hurricane. Rest not till you have obtained true religion, the religion of the heart. Determine to-night to yield yourselves to God. I can fancy the spirits of two worlds are hovering over this assembly, waiting with far different feelings the results of this appeal: one, with intense malignity, hoping for your continuance in irreligion; the other, with as intense benevolence, waiting to rejoice over your conversion. Will you gratify fiends or seraphs? Will you give joy to heaven or to hell?

But there are other beings waiting and watching for the results of this evening's address. *There* is the infidel fixing his basilisk eye upon you ; and *there*, trembling for your safety, and anxious to save you from the spell, is the mother that bore you. She is aware you will be here to-night, and has entered her closet to invoke the blessing of the Divine Spirit upon this address. You know the spot where she is at this moment wrestling with God. You can picture to yourself the Bible on her table, and the very chair before which, in prostrate supplication, she is agonizing in prayer for you. Your imagination sees her—hears her. Her eye is suffused with tears—her lips quiver—her voice falters ; and, with thoughts and emotions too big for utterance, she can only cry, “ My son, my son ! ” Oh, Thou that hearest the prayer of the humble—Thou in whose ears the song of the seraphim is not sweeter nor more welcome music than a mother's prayers for her son,—say to that agonizing suppliant as Thou didst when tabernacling on earth to another mother interceding for her child, “ O woman, great is thy faith ; be it unto thee even as thou wilt ! ”

It may perhaps be presumed that, though this is a Christian Young Men's Association, there are some infidels who have come here to-night, attracted by the subject of the lecture. I sincerely hope there are, to whom, for one moment, I would address myself. Before you quite and for ever abandon that wonderful book—the Bible ; wonderful, if true—and in some views still more wonderful, if false ; before you turn for ever from the fair and beautiful fields of religion, both earthly and celestial, on which the Sun of revelation is pouring his noontide flood of light and glory, to grope your way in the gloomy regions of infidelity ; where—above, around, beneath, before—all is doubt, uncertainty, and despair ; where not a ray of light is seen, nor a whisper of consolation is heard, and where you have nothing but the dark lantern of your own reason to guide your trembling, faltering, hesitating steps ; take the

advice of one who wishes now to merge the lecturer in the friend,—of one who feels that but for religion he knows not in what paths of error he should have been wandering, or to what depths of sin and misery he should have sunk ; and who to religion owes all that he possesses of reputation, happiness, or usefulness in this world,—of one who, having found in religion the secret of happiness for himself, is anxious to disclose that secret to others ;—take the advice of such an one, and follow up the question, which, like a solitary straggling ray of light from heaven, I know sometimes falls upon your benighted faith, exciting not only inquisitiveness but uneasiness, “What if, after all, Christianity should be true ?” Ah, what ! Ponder that question, and, in the spirit of seriousness and impartiality, give the subject one more examination.

I have finished my lecture, but not my solicitude for your welfare. Whatever interest in your improvement I brought with me to this hall, and it was not a little, has been increased by what I have witnessed. In looking back upon the labours of four-and-forty years, I recollect no effort, and in looking forward to the unknown future, I can anticipate none more important than the work of this evening. The impression will never be effaced from my memory in this world, nor in all probability in the world to come. May the recitals of it be among the felicities of heaven and eternity for us all.

When I selected the subject of my lecture, it was not my expectation that its instructions would drop on female ears, or perhaps I might have made another choice. To the sex which we all honour and love, and without whom, it seems, no meeting is complete—no, not even an association of young men—a discourse on the best preservative from the danger of infidelity is not the most needful or appropriate, inasmuch as this is a peril to which they are in general little exposed, and into which they rarely fall. True it is, the first sceptic in our world was a woman, and that woman the mother of us all ; but since the

fatal hour, when the doubts injected so mysteriously by the father of lies into her hitherto holy and confiding mind brought sin and death, and all our woes, woman has been rarely found on the side of positive and avowed unbelief. A female infidel is a spectacle as rare as it is unseemly. Woman expressly needs religion amidst her sorrows, her cares, her duties, and her responsibilities, and how earnestly does she seek its solace and its support ! And may the women of England—whether wives, mothers, or daughters—be found in modern times as they were in the dawn of Christianity, nearest the cross and the Saviour ; and then, whatever be the philosophy of our schools, or the infidelity of our literature, our Divine faith shall still be safe in the asylum of the female heart, and shall still triumph by the power of female influence.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE
MIDDLE AGES.

BY

THE REV. THOMAS ARCHER, D.D.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

I CANNOT occupy a single moment in apologetic observations ; and if I could, I have no taste or desire to indulge in fulsome or encomiastic remarks. My apology and praise shall be condensed in the compass of a single sentence : I will do the best I can for the subject on which I am now to speak ; and I will do that for one of the best classes of persons I know—the men—the young men—the Christian young men of our times, whose hearts will impel, and whose conduct will mould the character of distant epochs and remote empires ; since from this and similar points of influence, the future nations of Australasia shall receive the impress of their being, their vice or their virtue, their degradation or their grandeur, and become the home of anarchy and woe, or the scene of liberty, order, and happiness, when Europe shall have sunk into the prostration of age, or into the grave of her own luxury.

The topic of the present sketch (and it is nothing but a sketch that I can present) ranges over ten centuries of life and action ; over the period when the Western Empire, consolidated by martial valour and embellished by art, crumbled under the pressing vices of the Cæsars, and fell, as all licentious kingdoms must fall, before new and vigorous rivalship ; and stretches onwards and onwards, through innumerable dioramic changes, and ceaseless conflicts, until the Eastern, the Greek Empire, that rose on the ruins of the Roman, in the cyclical history of

powers and principalities, shared the doom of its predecessors. The termini of the middle or dark ages, as they are called, may be comprehended in the reign of Constantine, and the success of Mohammedanism at Constantinople, when the crescent gleamed in triumph over the cross.

But wide as is that circuit of time over which we are now to sweep, the subject is still more embarrassing from the strongly contrasted and opposite lights and shades in which it is brought before us in different historical schools. By one class, and popularly, the words "middle" and "dark" ages are convertible terms, and the period is regarded as one of dreary, unrelieved gloom, which, if momentarily broken, became only the denser from the evanescent coruscation. With another class all glows with sunny warmth, with the freshness of simplicity, with the splendour of romance. It must indeed be confessed that these ages present much of the picturesque in sentimentalism, of the noble in enterprise, and of the earnest in self-devotion. Now we enter the hall in which sits, in barbaric magnificence, the baronial lord, surrounded with armed knights, and retainers, and serfs, and having the intellectual dulness broken by the song of the troubadour, or the quips and oddities of the slave-born fool. From the towers of that castle we gaze upon yonder lowly plain, crowded with forms of beauty and chivalry; the stern Saxon, the more poetic Norman, the gallant knight, the licentious but daring Templar; men whose lives had been a drama—who, in the plains of Esdraelon, or on the banks of Jordan, had shivered a lance with the Saracen; while, as if unworthy to approach such beings, and yet entering with intense interest—as all barbarism, whether of a higher or lower class, does—into the achievements of physical force and deeds of prowess, stand at a distance the vassals of feudalism, the "hewers of wood and drawers of water." All is still, except human passion; all is quiet, except the ocean-like murmur of thousands of men, until over it is heard the fierce rush

of the steeds impatient as their riders ; and the well-balanced and firmly-grasped spear, sharply ringing on the polished shield or helmet, allows the outburst of struggling emotion in their panting breasts—breasts panting towards that which will pant no more—the breast of the fallen combatant. Again we look, and there rises before us the rich, far-spreading, and almost endless English forest, through which are heard the merry, clear notes of the horn, waking up the silence of its solitude, while gay and gorgeous cavalcades are passing through its sunny scenes, and bands of lawless men dwell in safety in its more sequestered and trackless retreats. From the field of tournament and the sports of knighthood, we pass to the scenes of thrilling realities, and behold the form of Peter the Hermit, wasted by sorrow and toil, and yet commanding, energetic with enthusiasm. We catch his voice and behold Europe startled into life, burning with irrepressible ambition at its thrilling, indignant recital of Oriental cruelty and the heavy sufferings of its Christian victims, and moving on in one continuous tide under the shadow of the Alps, along the banks of the Rhine, from the rich plains of England—Saxon and Celt, baron and serf, the sturdy German, the light-hearted Frenchman, the epicurean Italian,—to meet in fierce combat the Mussulman oppressor by the walls of Acre, and, under the holier hill of Jerusalem, to avenge the wrongs of Christendom and plant on the battlements of Zion the ensign of their faith.

I repeat, then, a large amount of the picturesque, morally and physically, is associated with the ages whose characteristics we are now to examine ; but surely that admiration of their incidents and their character is excessive and fanatical that laments their termination and would sigh for their return ; that regards our times as the period of utilitarian, unimaginative, unpoetical philosophy, forgetting that the locomotive steam-engine is a poem, a creation of genius, and that its arrowy flight through the heart of mountains and over valleys

and ravines—a flight only exceeded in quickness by another as bold creation, the electric telegraph—indicates imagination of the highest order, and excites feelings as astonished and elevated as ever could the most gorgeous and stirring scenes of feudal romance and pageantry.

Believing, then, that the true character of the middle ages lies between these extreme points of view, I shall now endeavour to develop, in the brief sketch I shall address to your attention, some of the politico-social, literary and intellectual, moral and religious features of these times : reminding you that all I can now propose to do in a single lecture on so wide and comprehensive a topic, is to touch a few salient points, and to urge, perhaps to incite you to traverse personally the entire field ; remembering that the great purpose of these lectures is not that the lecturer should read or think for you, but to rouse you to read and think for yourselves.

To judge clearly and fully of the mediæval polity and society, it would be necessary to trace the progress, and develop the features of what is called the “feudal system.” The word *feudal* I have linked in one of my preceding sentences with *barbarism*, not because I meant to say that feudalism is necessarily or essentially barbarous, but as suggestive of an epoch—an epoch civilized compared with the ages that preceded it, and barbarous only when contrasted with modern times, their more robust liberty, and more firmly rooted order. Beneath its shadow, systematic service and military subordination arose ; the tenure of property was for the first time in Europe clearly defined and distinctly secured. The lords of the soil had gradually acquired possession of it from the sovereign for a period ; it then became a life-possession ; and was ultimately secured hereditarily, being held however not by capricious tenure, or uncertain service, but fixed and determined by the number of lances they could and were bound to furnish at the call of the throne. Tribes and clans had hitherto, like

the aborigines and squatters of Australia, wandered here and there, moving at one time, resting at another ; but under the feudal influence, they settled down and became localized. The germs of cities too then sprang forth, and with them the germs of thought, and energy, and progress ; since from cities, as from a centre of life, emanates the moral and intellectual breath that stirs and impregnates with vitality the stagnant and unthinking country. The rights of civic liberty and the bonds of friendship then grew stronger, and from their strength rose up new privileges, such as, that no freeman could be subjected to new laws or new taxes unless by his own consent ; a privilege which now-a-days would be extremely convenient to the tax-payer, and very inconvenient to the tax-financier. But, amid all, great social degradation prevailed. The noble principles of feudalism rapidly degenerated, and it became, however illustrious in theory, one great system of oppression. To use the words of Dr. Robertson, whose calm and sober judgment I am inclined to respect, as I presume most persons present, conversant with his writings, are prepared to respect them ; although Mr. Maitland, chaplain to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, describes him and his coadjutors as “Robertson, and other such very miserable second-hand writers :” (is such the politeness of Anglo-Catholicism, and the modesty of Young England ?) Dr. Robertson says : “The usurpations of the nobles were becoming unbounded and intolerable. They had reduced the great body of the people into a state of actual servitude. The condition of those dignified with the name of freeman was often little preferable to that of the other.” This statement is painfully verified by thousands of facts, which it may suit Young England either to forget or to conceal. His visions of the past may, according to Mr. Maitland, seem a dream to some, but it is a dream “from which he is not to be awakened by the yelling of illiterate agitators ;” of course, such “illiterate agitators” as Robertson and Hallam. I would not

break the slumbers of such an ecclesiastical dreamer ; and yet, while he sleeps and dreams, the world, ay ! and the church, will entertain the conviction that serfdom is not a blessing ; and that such a state is better in memory than in fact, a matter of the past rather than of the present, where the few are tyrants, and the many slaves. Yet then the great had the power of life and death over their slaves. The mediæval system was the too faithful type of modern bondage. The hallowed rite of marriage, the boon and blessing of England, was a proscribed thing ; no slave, for years and centuries, was allowed to marry, and those who subsequently were allowed, obtained the privilege only with the authority and sanction of their master. To maintain the numbers of the population, illicit intercourse was fostered, and widely spread in Britain, and in almost every part of Europe, —so widely indeed, that it was almost the universal practice of the class. The slave parent of the child increased thus the property of the master, for the children of slaves were born slaves. None can forget the swineherd with his collar, and its inscription, “ Gurth, the born thrall of Cedric ;” and Gurth, the man, might have been bought or sold with the herd of which he had the charge. Through these ages we can trace no recognition of popular rights. Sometimes an autocracy is established, where the iron will of the monarch bent all ; sometimes an aristocracy, when the nobles ruled the king ; sometimes a churchocracy, when Rome ruled both ; but except when, as we shall presently see, for self-purposes, the people were considered, the constitutional rights and prerogatives of the masses were never dreamed of. The soldier was somebody ; so much so, that “ the names of a soldier and a freeman were synonymous ;” his sword was his freehold and his franchise : but such was the social condition of these ages, that oppression, levelling immortal beings with beasts of burden and vendable goods, almost universally prevailed. These were the dark ages of Europe ! Let us hope that similar facts else-

where may soon be numbered among the past ; among the records of the dark ages of our transatlantic sister—America !

I have incidentally hinted at the existence of political struggles for power. Now we hear the defiant voice of the sovereign, and now the excommunicating ban of the Pope. For centuries struggles were maintained against the papal power, with various success and with various justice ; for if, on the one side, the Church tried to usurp authority over the State, not less truly, on the other, did the State, by its simoniacal practices, seek to corrupt the Church, and make it its own tool. Here I am reminded of a remark of Hallam, as sagacious as it is likely to be overlooked ; for ecclesiastics in controversy are generally one-sided, and too often grasp for themselves that whose use they condemn and deprecate in others. Now Hallam remarks, “ Ecclesiastical, and not merely papal encroachments, are what civil governments and the laity in general have to resist.” This statement is profoundly, comprehensively true. Were I a statesman, I would not tolerate the encroachments of any church on my prerogative ; and as a Christian, the sword of the magistrate I would not take to myself, and never allow another Christian to usurp and wield. All history confirms the principle I now urge, that liberty has less to fear from the politician than from the ecclesiastic. If we now rolled back the dial finger of time, and with the light of truth upon our hearts, imagined ourselves living in the tenth or eleventh century, it is not difficult to determine what, under the shadow of high unchecked ecclesiastical domination, would be the fate of one who exercised the prerogative of a man and a freeman ; of a *man* daring to think, of a *freeman* boldly expressing his thoughts.

You will not suppose that there were no occasions in which the Church threw its shield over the people in their struggle with the Crown. I do not question that the voice of monks often sounded in stern remonstrance against royal oppression,

and sounded often with the power of sincerity. The poor vassals of the middle ages frequently found their only protection by the horns of the altar, and under the vestments of the priest. Many of the clergy rose from the ranks of the poor, and they must have sympathized with them. Their honest Saxon hearts must have often pitied them, and their masculine energy was bold enough to plead for them. But I may say, I hope, without being charged with uncharitableness or bigotry, that the mass of the clergy, while they loved the people much, loved the Church more; and, while ready to champion the liberty of the cottage, considered more prominently and steadily the power of the Vatican. Hence the mediæval sacerdotal polity; it shifted with circumstances. From a monarch humbled and crushed by his people, the Church could gain advantages never expected from him in the flush of unassailed and un eclipsed power; what more natural, then, than to throw the shelter of the Church over the moving of the popular mind? Or, from the favour of the sovereign, largesses and concessions might flow to the Church if the throne were secured against popular discontent; what more easy than to establish the royal prerogative, and hush the murmurs of the people by the thunders that boomed from the Tiber to the Rhine and the Thames? The fact seems clearly to have been, that whatever was politically favourable to Rome was morally right. Ecclesiastical politics accordingly, in regard to liberty, was a game of expediency; a game, like all games of expediency, sure to result in defeat and disaster, and which deserved, and in all ages deserves, to see its projects swept away by the rude, boisterous, hurricane-like, but purifying and bracing blast of truth and principle, virtue and religion.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that, at such periods, *the idea of toleration was completely unknown*. The Church was one in theory and in fact, and allowed of no rival. It grasped the sword of the State; and its flash fell heavily and swiftly on

any that controverted the dogmas of the sovereign see. Witness the long-protracted persecution of the Jews, who seemed a Pariah race, an outcast people, the laughing-stock of the swineherd serf, and the victim of the needy licentious noble or king ; a race whose very decline and exile might have touched the soul of chivalry with pity, but who only waked the scornful, contemptuous anger of chivalrous men ; a race who, through all the persecution they endured, were sustained in unflinching heroism by their unquenchable love to fatherland, and the splendid memories of the past ; memories of their illustrious ancestry, an ancestry more ancient and glorious than Norman thane or Saxon chief could boast of—the patriarchal aristocracy of ancient Israel. Witness the hills and glens of Piedmont, reeking with the blood of slaughtered saints. Witness the Council of Constance, where it was decreed that “no faith or promise ought to be kept with Huss, by natural, divine, or human law, to the prejudice of the Catholic religion ;” a decree soon read in the glare of the martyr-fire of the murdered saint, murdered by the authority of the Church in Council, and in the face of an imperial safe-conduct ; and proving in his death that the Church had as little conscience, as little sense of justice, as it was destitute of bowels of mercy ; and showing the abject, craven, and degraded condition to which, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, the Church had reduced the princes of Europe, on whom, while they kissed with catholic emotion the toe of the Pope, his heel rested with heavy-crushing force.

After this rapid survey of the political features of the middle ages, in which—amid the shifting of different orders, and the heavings of the masses, the despotism of the sovereign, the haughty and growing usurpations of the nobles, the intrigues or patriotism of the Church—society was in general marked by two plain antipodal distinctions, composed of two classes,—the rich and the poor, the serf and the lord ; and that the happi-

ness of such society, over which some now dote, who apparently wish its restoration, consisted chiefly in feats of valour, splendid festivities, dreamy indolence ; the question would naturally arise, Is society politically and socially safer now ? Is society politically and socially happier now ?

In reply, it cannot be denied that there is an amount of suffering, larger in reality, but still larger in appearance—and larger in appearance because standing out in the concentration of cities and large towns instead of being diffused over the country—than what was brought into view in the feudal ages. But if enjoyment consists in action, in progress, in the culture and expansion of mind, and not in mere animal enjoyment, in mere moral and intellectual vegetation, then the amount of present enjoyment unspeakably exceeds the mediæval ; and the mechanic with property that the law protects, and a mind that feasts in its own thoughts, in its own knowledge, possesses richer, truer, more rational bliss—the happiness of *the man*—than the serf, or even the greatest baronial lord of the middle ages. Nor can we deny that society may be occasionally in violent spasmodic throes of legislation in modern times ; but, amid all, we have a guarantee for its stability unknown when the despotic will of one man could crush the people, or the wild brute passions of the multitude were stimulated by the intriguing ambition of the Church, or repressed by its ghostly superstitions ; and in the intelligent artisans of our country, its industrious tradesmen and shopkeepers, its enterprising merchants, we have a great middle class, a great moral breakwater, against which the surges of anarchy or of despotism may dash and foam, but dash and foam in vain !

In glancing at the literary, philosophical, and intellectual phenomena of the middle ages, it is necessary still further to cherish the spirit of moderation, and to avoid the extreme views of this subject ; one of which represents the ignorance of the middle ages as of the most Cimmerian character, and the other

exaggerates their learning and knowledge. I presume that *one source of such antagonistic opinions may be found in the point of vision selected*. In so protracted a period, ignorance and knowledge must have had many phases and degrees ; and the estimate of the entire period will, in the absence of a comprehensive, philosophic grasp, depend on the individual age surveyed, and the measure of its information and mind. For instance, if we take the tenth century as the mediæval intellectual type, all is profoundly gloomy ; but that was the iron age of Europe in thought and religion. If we take, on the contrary, the twelfth or thirteenth century as the mediæval model, a large amount of science—of mental power—would characterize the whole. But then these were centuries when the heavens, black as night, were opening, and the morning twilight dawning, and soon to burst into the light and glory of the Reformation. Mr. Maitland represents the one class sincerely and conscientiously, and struggles hard to reverse or modify the views advanced by Dr. Robertson and Hallam, who represent the other. Now it must be confessed, that many important and valuable discoveries occurred during the period in question. Peruvian or Jesuit's bark was discovered to heal the frame, and gunpowder invented to mangle it. Paper was invented for the cheap and easy transmission of thought from man to man, and generation to generation ; and the mariner's compass constructed to guide the ship over the hitherto trackless deserts of the ocean. These were great things ; and the ages that produced them could not strictly, critically, be called dark and barbarous. The elementary principles of education, however, namely reading and writing, were rare acquirements. An uncovered, bare-footed, ragged, village urchin can now do what kings then, in many cases, could not—sign his own name. From the sixth century, the downward progress of letters is appalling. No favour was shown in the seventh century to arts or letters ; and the means of instruction committed by pious zeal to the Church were lost or perverted

by a lazy or corrupt episcopate. The most tawdry eloquence obtained, the sublimest topics were degraded, the simplest mystified, by vulgar, ignorant affectation. Charlemagne, indeed, endeavoured nobly, in France, in the eighth century, to dispel that darkness, and to deliver the people from their barbarous ignorance, but struggled almost abortively. The collision between the Eastern and Western Churches produced the natural result of controversy ; the sharpening of wit, the acquisition of knowledge, and the cultivation of eloquence, all to be employed for the maintenance and vindication of opinion and sentiment. But perhaps Europe owed more to Arabia than to France ; to Babylon than to Paris ; to the Caliph Abdallah than to the imperial Charlemagne. From the Euphrates flowed the tide of Greek literature over Europe — improving its style, elevating the character of its studies, and quickening the genius of its students ; while our own great Alfred displayed the wisdom and liberality of a large heart and enlightened policy, in his princely efforts to revive learning in England. These, however, were but temporary gleams, and soon, alas ! lost in the surrounding darkness and corruption.

Perhaps I address no young man, who has read history, who is ignorant of the fact, that what learning there was then was in the possession of the monks, and that to them it is owing that letters at all survived ; and, above all, I believe, that the Word of God was preserved and transmitted. This, with all our sincere and conscientious opposition to Popery, we ought never to forget. Honour to whom honour is due, be he Catholic or Protestant ! In their cells—working quietly, laboriously, self-denyingly—sat the monks, unseen and unostentatiously, perhaps effacing, from some ancient vellum manuscript, some poem of bygone ages, to trace upon that vellum a nobler theme, a sublimer and more glorious declaration ; continuing their labour of love from day to day, and night to night ; tran-

scribing the oracles of Heaven, or the wisdom and teaching of some early Father. All honour, I repeat, to their memory, for the heroic self-sacrifice which led them, not like their compeer monastics, to the field of fight or the revelry of courts, but to a more blessed, though unostentatious work ! We are not, however, to suppose that this was the general, much less the universal, habit and labour of monastic life. The complaint of Alfred was this : “ That there was not a priest, from the Humber to the Thames, who understood the Liturgy in his mother tongue, or who could translate the easiest piece of Latin ; and that, from the Thames to the sea, the ecclesiastics were, if possible, still more ignorant.” In an ecclesiastical Council, even dignified clergy were found who could not subscribe their own names to the canons declared and fashioned by themselves. Nor is it less observable, that the great points of thought were rather the subtilties of casuistry than the profound broad matters of philosophy. The intellect of Europe was moulded in scholastic forms ; a dialectic phrase was more important than a grave weighty truth. The scholastic system, devised for the defence of the errors of a corrupt system of religion, fettered and thrall’d reason. Mind moved in a uniform circle. Argumentation became a mere syllogism. The expanded spirit of modern philosophy was unknown. Its great hierophant, Bacon, had not yet appeared. It was reserved for the Reformation at once to disenthral the heart from priestcraft, and the understanding from the chains of a cold contracted logic ; from the worship of mere verbal subtilties—those verbal subtilties of which it has been justly said that “ a passion for them is one of the characteristics of a low state of improvement.” The mediæval philosophers were jugglers in words ; the modern philosopher is an expounder of things. The one shone in the dexterity of his *jeux de mots* ; the other in the sober daring of his research, the penetration of his intellect, and the magnanimous calmness of his submission to truth.

With such disadvantages, *no provision was made for the intellectual improvement of the masses*. The science of the day was locked up in a dead language. The democracy was most utterly and uniformly abandoned to ignorance. Few of their number, if guilty of crime, could challenge the benefit of clergy. I would not say it was the policy of their age to keep the people in ignorance, but we know that our policy is different—to scatter the light of knowledge and the germs of thought; and such is not only the policy, but the practice of the modern church and modern times, since the imaginary interview of Luther and the Devil, at whose head the reformer threw his inkstand, showing in that myth the great truth, that ink is stronger than holy water. Before that time the many were the ignorant—light-hearted, and faithful, manly as they were even in bondage, but still ignorant. The few are the ignorant now, and there lies the difference of the past and present times. Go back to the period when, according to Hallam, most contracts were verbal, because notaries could not be found fit to draw up charters; when treaties were written in an ungrammatical and barbarous form, almost to an incredible degree;—to those times of which Hallam says that scarcely any monument of their literature has been preserved, except a few jejune chronicles, the vilest legends of saints, or verses equally destitute of spirit and metre. Go back to Rome—the centre of papal power in the civilized world, of which a council, held in 992, asserts that scarcely a single person was found in that city who knew the first elements of letters! Pass to Spain, in which, in the age of Charlemagne, not one priest in a thousand could address a common letter of salutation to another! Then overleap the distance of time and space, and enter this hall in December 1848, and upon this platform you see standing a day-labourer, to receive from the hands of a prospective peer, not the swineherd's collar, not the vassal's brand, not the monastic penance, but a prize for an essay in vindication of the

blessedness and benefits of the Lord's day, the creation of his own mind, and the writing of his own hand ! And he was but one of a thousand—honest, though hard and horny-handed men, toiling for their daily bread in the mines beneath the earth, or the manufactories upon its surface !

I hope I am not insensible to the charms of romance—the romance of chivalry and knighthood—the romance even of daring ambition and of gigantic crime ; but much more glorious and romantic to my mind is the age in which we live, when the hands that once would have wielded the spear or pointed the arrow, now wield the pen ; when the brains that once would have been wasted in dreamy indolence or in foolish revels, consecrate their powers to uphold the law of Sinai ; and when, under the patronage of the first of European monarchs, such a meeting should be held, not for feats of valour, but for deeds of truth, and to uphold that Sabbath that strengthens a nation's mind into the repose of power, not by the diversions of the field, but by the manly, soul-felt, soul-toning meditations of the closet ; and over-canopies the throne with a cloud of celestial might, because establishing its foundations in justice and truth !

In contemplating the political condition of Europe during these periods, one is almost constrained to wonder at the usurpation and tyranny established and exercised by Rome over sovereign and people. Our feelings of wonder are increased when we consider the moral and religious character of those by whom that power was wielded.

I do not mean to assert or insinuate that in the Roman Catholic Church there were no traces of virtue, no men of eminent godliness. In that Church, which gave birth in modern times to a Fénelon and a Pascal, there were, in its darkest times, many a holy monk and pope that struggled against the crimes of the clergy, though doomed to struggle fruitlessly. The darkest annals of clerical, episcopal, papal life, contain

some bright exceptions of individuals marked by learning, and eminent for piety as for station and ecclesiastical rank. Cardinals—indignant at the wickedness of their brethren, and at the dishonour done to God's law, and trembling for the safety of the Church—remonstrated against clerical sins in tones now persuasive, now severe. But these were the exceptions. At the pontifical court, the mysteries of our holy faith, of which we should never speak without solemnity and overshadowing fear, were a jest and a scorn. The mass had no sooner been performed than the priests turned it into ridicule, and looked with contempt upon the poor people, in whose minds they had fostered the belief that they could be saved by the act in which they had been engaged. Infidelity was the fashion of the times. Obscenity and lust unmentionable—obscurity and lust, from which the most boisterous and wicked man in this hall—supposing such a one to be present—would shudder with indignation and scorn, widely prevailed, and was the rage of the time. Within the halls of the pontiff even, sensuality, intrigue, avarice, and murder held their carnival. I have alluded to the most favourable; take now the worst specimens of mediæval morals. Cæsar Borgia, the son of Pope Alexander the Sixth, had his own brother killed when sitting at their mother's table, and his body thrown into the Tiber. His brother-in-law he caused to be stabbed upon the steps of the palace. The latter did not die, but was carried home; and such was the suspicion engendered by the vices of the age, that his wife and sister prepared and gave him his food, fearful that poison might be administered to him. Cæsar Borgia, losing patience, called in the common executioner of his will, and had him murdered. As was the life of the son, so was the death of the father. A cardinal was rich, and the Pope wanted money. The cook was poor, and he was bribed to prepare a poisoned dish. The cardinal loved life as much as the Pope loved money, and by a judiciously administered bribe, the dish intended for himself was

presented to the Pope, and the infallible head of the Church died the victim of his own schemes !

From pope to pope corruption in manners existed all but universally ; so that even dissolute sovereigns denounced the crimes of the clergy, and the voice of an ambassador was heard, in a solemn conclave, declaring the wickedness of the lives of the clergy to be so gross that it could not be related without offence. Our wonder is, that Europe could have tolerated such a state of religion and morals so long ; and our second wonder is, that a religion, pure in itself, could have lived beneath such a mass of rubbish, superstition, and crime ; a wonder only solved and explained when we reflect that, while associated with iniquity as it was, it was divine, and God preserved it in those barbarous and dark times, that it might burst out in beauty and freshness in another period.

The religion of the people was what might have been expected under such guidance and examples. We have no reason to assume that, in the middle ages, there was anything like infidelity among the people. No ; they might have shuddered as they heard the priest, after celebrating the mass, scornfully denying its reality, thus dashing the hope of forgiveness from the poor man's soul ; but amongst them was a withering and withered, dried formalism. There were pageantry and rites increasing as piety declined. The altar stood, but its fire was quenched. Magnificent cathedrals, frequented from admiration of the glory of art—the treasures they contained—more than from spiritual love of God ; splendid processions, gorgeous vestments, clouds of incense, frequent jubilees, continued crusades, pilgrimages, indulgences numberless, and for every kind and manner of life, reduced religion into a mere mockery, made it a drama, now grotesque, now terrific ; a drama where sacerdotal actors amused or appalled millions of spectators ; in a word, reduced Europe into a mausoleum of souls, one vast charnel-house, a terrible scene of spiritual, moral, living death.

The general character of these pontiffs has been glanced at ; but the individual varieties are endless. Alexander I have mentioned as infamous for his crimes. He was followed by Julius, whose spirit was martial and fierce, and whose ambition aimed at universal authority. His unconquerable spirit scorned the princes of Europe ; his great aim was to increase the territory of the Church. In one of his enterprises, as he passed the Tiber, he cast the keys of Peter into its muddy waters, saying, " The keys of Peter have never helped me ;" and then drawing his sword from its scabbard, added, " I will now see what the sword of Paul can do for me." Again the scene is changed, and Leo the Tenth appears ; an intellectual epicure, full of contempt for mere episcopal etiquette, yet fostering genius, profuse of wealth, but lavishing his wealth on temporal things. Such was Rome-papal ; typified in Alexander, living in unblushing profligacy ; Julius, burning with intense military ambition ; Leo, of refined atheistic intellectualism,—one in irreligion, though different in its phases ; Rome, the seat and stronghold of error, the haunt of moral and spiritual night !

From it we pass to a different spot, and behold a stripling who is destined to pour light on its terrible darkness. The son of an honest Saxon miner, a poor student, is begging his bread in the neighbourhood of Magdeburg, and singing songs from door to door to obtain food for his frame. He enters a college at Erfurt, with no wealth to procure his subsistence, no protection to shield his helplessness ; a place where were no intellectual treasures, such as the Vatican could boast of ; no sculptures, no paintings, whose breathing poetry could elevate his soul or fashion his taste ; but in its humble library he stumbles, by seeming accident, upon a book, and that book opens up an evangelical apocalypse, a new world ; a world of spiritual thought. In that new world the scales fell from his eyes, and the manacles that had hitherto bound his heart were burst asunder. There was found the harbinger light which scattered

in its progress the darkness that long brooded over Europe ! That book was the Bible ! that beggar-student was Luther !

From the moment to which I have now referred, the strife began in earnest ; strife, not dynastic ; strife, not of the schools, or their logic ; a strife, not of races, of Frenchmen, Italians, or Germans, but a strife mightier far and mightiest of all, the strife of mind ; of progress against fixedness ; of truth and life against formalism ; of manly thought against fantastic symbolism ; of the cross against the crucifix ; of modern civilisation against mediæval barbarism. That strife began then, and is going on now. Changes are occurring on the face of Europe. Remember that you live in the nineteenth century, and that you have your part to perform in its revolutions. Events more rapid and more dramatic than any the middle ages witnessed, are now of every-day occurrence. From that seven-hilled city, which was the centre and nucleus of ecclesiastical power for upward of a thousand years, its own great head himself is a fugitive ; a fugitive from his temporal subjects, on whom he, one of the mildest and gentlest of men, lavished the highest largesses and concessions ; a fugitive in disguise, and sheltered by the miserable, degraded, Neapolitan throne. Meanwhile the work, of which the morning-beam fell on Luther in Erfurt, is still advancing amid the rocking of nations, the shaking of dynasties, the flight of popes and emperors, the exposure of "organized hypocrisy," and the downfall of military despotism ; proceeding in the quiet of true power, proceeding with no stealthy foot, and with no loud boast, but with the energy of truth, and advancing to that period when the civilisation commenced in the fifteenth century shall be completed ; when the Reformation work shall be perfect ; when light shall have completely dispelled the darkness, truth triumph over error, and the whole world shall glisten in the lustre and loveliness of the gospel of our Holy Master ; that period when *He* shall come whose right it is to

reign ; whose right, tyranny and superstition may usurp or challenge, but which shall be established universally and for ever, amid the symphony of earth and heaven, of angels and of men ; and with the lofty, thrilling, and long-protracted song, "Babylon," the seat of error and antichrist ; "Babylon," the seat of superstition, of oppression, "is fallen, is fallen," and shall rise no more !

It is delightful to feel that these changes are not more majestic in purity and blessedness than they are certain of realization. Dim shadows may rest on and seem to elongate the interval that divides the struggling present and the triumphant future. Sudden outbreaks of society may apparently arrest the progress, and indefinitely protract the issues of the encounter. But these issues are certain, final, beatific, glorious. Remember, however, my dear young friends, that stupendous as is the conflict—in the fierceness of its struggles, and the glory of its rewards—on you, *all*, and *EACH*, the greatest responsibility is devolved in connexion with it. The victory shall, and must be achieved, though you take no part in gaining it. You may witness its course in uninfluential apathy. No ! that you cannot do ; no apathy is uninfluential. Torpor, listlessness, are infectious ; and the sloth of one may deaden the hearts and unstring the courage and paralyse the arms of thousands. How pleasing to contrast the hallowed and lasting results of influence employed righteously ; of the quiet example, or simple suggestions of a young man in a counting-house or shop, at the draper's counter or mechanic's bench, in cheering an undisciplined stripling, or a prodigal in the first yearning of reawakened love ; or of the repressive power, the awfulness of goodness, in checking the sceptical sneer, or licentious jest of the moral, living, walking pestilences that swarm in places of business. Let me then beseech you, young men, to be *men* in light, principle, and piety. Be men in courage for the times, bold to think, to feel, to act. Each of you is a centre of power,

of the highest of all power, moral and spiritual ; draw its light from heaven. Each of you is a centre ; throw its light upon the earth, scattering around you the rays of celestial light into some companion's soul, from which they shall emanate and settle in ever-expanding circles on others. Let each act thus, and, however humble his position, he shall join in the jubilant song, and the imperishable honours of the redeemed ! Fill, then, your souls with the inspiration of the subject ; the progress of society, of the Church, from mediæval ignorance and lawlessness, and oppression and superstition, to millennial knowledge and order, and freedom and truth. Advance in that line individually, try to bring others into it, and thus, by the combined force of example and direct effort, you will accelerate that social condition when the duties of each class, being defined by the law, shall be discharged in the spirit of the Bible ; and society shall rest in the harmony of predictive vision, —undisturbed by war, unclouded by sin ; and your hearts shall thrill with pure joy and holy gratitude that you have been allowed, however feebly, to hasten on so splendid a consummation.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848.

BY

THE REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848.

MY duty to-night is to submit a few remarks on the French Revolution of 1848.

In the year 1793, just after the revolutionists of the day had perpetrated the executions known as the "massacres of September," a young man of the blood-royal, who had distinguished himself in the revolutionary army, presented himself to Danton, and remonstrated on the excesses that had been committed. "Young man," said the revolutionist, "you are too young to judge of these things. To comprehend them you must be in our place. Go back to the army; fight bravely, but do not needlessly expose your life. You have yet many years before you: France does not love a republic. She has the habits, the weaknesses, the needs of a monarchy. After our storms, she will return to it, and you shall be king. Adieu, young man; remember the prediction of Danton!" These words might have been prophetic. After a race of unbridled madness, France was yoked to the triumphant car of a haughty soldier, and for a time was so elated to see the number of captives dragged at the wheels of that car, as to forget that, to urge its progress, she had to bear a crushing yoke, and to make almost deadly efforts. But the smiter was smitten; and the crown of France shone once more on a Bourbon brow. In a short time, however, the restored dynasty had exhausted all the little respect reserved for them by the French people, and in fifteen years, had exhausted even their forbearance. The throne

of France was again vacant, and the French people called to occupy it the very man to whom Danton had, so long before, prophesied that destiny. He brought to this elevation great mental powers, a knowledge of the people and government of every free country, an experience in private and political vicissitudes never, perhaps, equalled in a prince, and withal exemplary personal habits. Never perhaps did natural aptitude to govern, and an education calculated to fit for governing, meet so completely in one individual. When he was firmly established on the throne of France, her friends might well hope that the time had come when Providence, in mercy to her distractions, was about to accord her a wise government and a happy progress. But no ; " His hand was stretched out still."

About twelve months ago, on the 28th of December 1847, I was passing the Place de la Concorde, on my way to visit a prisoner of some note in the cells of the *Conciergerie*. My progress was arrested by a file of National Guards which stretched from the Tuileries, across the bridge, to the Chamber of Deputies. On the other side of the road was a similar file of troops of the line. The wind was blowing cold and moist, with scattered flakes of snow. All the soldiers, both civic and regular, looked shivering and discontented. It was evident that whatever duty they were on yielded no animating feeling to warm them in that chill wind. " What is taking place to-day ?" I asked of a national guard. " The king is going to open parliament," he replied, with the most perfect indifference. I turned away with a presentiment chilly as the day ; for I felt that the king, in passing through that cold guard, was about to open a session that must be critical for his throne and dynasty.

The causes which led to an expectation that the session of 1847-48 would be critical are soon told. In Paris existed a small but very determined republican party. They were sorely disappointed, in 1830, to see a monarchy arise out of a revolu-

tion. They immediately set all their force to malign the policy of the new king, and to mar his good name. This plan they prosecuted throughout his reign, with a perseverance rare in Frenchmen, and did much to alienate from Louis Philippe the affections of his people. His own character unhappily subverted their purpose. Although possessed of unlimited revenues, his court exhibited none of that splendour that would titillate fashion or foster trade. The impression was universal, that to acquire for himself and his family treasures and power was the sole object of his existence. Towards the latter part of his reign it began to be freely asserted that his avarice was not only unkingly but unprincipled. To such a point had things proceeded, that shortly before his downfall it was repeated by all, and believed by many, that some railway companies had not found prodigious bribes spurned even by the royal hand. A conviction had also arisen and widely spread, that, in ruling the nation, the sole principle on which he relied was corruption. The whole constituency of France numbered only 240,000. The king multiplied public offices till the government had in its pay a number of men greater than that of the electors of the entire kingdom. Every man who had, or hoped to have a relative in office, was expected to support, at the elections, the ministerial candidate. Thus did the ministry secure for itself a majority in the Chamber of Deputies. Of the 450 members of that Chamber, 204 were actually holders of place and in the pay of the government, thus making that body simply an instrument of the royal will. The peers, again, were not hereditary, as with us, but were named for life by the King; that house also was therefore but an instrument of the royal will. Thus the three states of the realm were virtually merged in the Cabinet. Besides this, an opinion, whether true or false, had become almost universal, that the King, by his ability and his obstinacy, subjected to his own plans every minister who came into his service. Instead,

therefore, of the odium of unpopular measures falling only on the King's advisers, it chiefly fell upon his own head. Again, during his reign the taxes gradually increased, till, in profound peace, they were more burdensome than under Napoleon, amid his gigantic wars.

In this state of things arose a cry for parliamentary reform. The government had taken from the people the right of meeting in public, except under special permission of the authorities. That permission was granted to hold reform dinners or banquets in different parts of France. At these banquets the King's personal politics were freely criticised, and, on some occasions, his name was even omitted from the list of toasts. A feeling of dissatisfaction spread throughout the country. Then appeared Lamartine's *History of the Girondists*, shedding a new lustre on the old revolutionists. Upon this came the famine year. The people of France suffered much, and, though wrongly, yet very naturally attributed their sufferings to Louis Philippe. The Spanish marriages followed, and then he lost that moral strength which he had always derived from his alliance with England. Many, and especially Lamartine, began now to prophesy his downfall. While this was fresh in the public mind, came the trial of M. Teste, a peer and a former minister. This gave to the public lamentable proof of what they had all along believed,—that the government was odiously corrupt. Close upon this came the tragic murder of the Duchess De Praslin by her husband. The two circumstances raised among the populace a loathing and contempt of the peerage. I knew a water-carrier, a man of the lowest class in Paris, who just at that time, when addressed by the opprobrious epithet of *canaille*, replied, "You may call me anything you like, but a peer of France." Blow followed blow. In the Swiss war the French had their feelings outraged by seeing their national diplomacy employed on the side of the Jesuits. Italy became a spring of political excitement. The French were not a little

chafed to see nations whom they had been wont to despise making swift progress in liberties, just at the time when they felt the hand of a powerful monarch dragging themselves back to the old despotism of Louis XIV.

Under such circumstances did the session of 1847-48 open, and for such reasons did every man acquainted with the country look to the opening of that session with intense anxiety. All felt that either the king must that day announce some conciliatory measures, or the country must pass through struggles more or less disastrous ; that in fact France was brought to one of those crises when of two things one is inevitable, reform or revolution.

In a few hours from the moment I have mentioned, the report was rushing over France like a whirlwind, that, in the speech from the throne, the hoary monarch, instead of conciliating the people, had stigmatized every man who attended the reform banquets as "blind and hostile." In England, a hard word hurts, but in France, a hard word burns. Those two words were that evening on the lips of every man in Paris. They might have been creative, for they called into existence around the unhappy king a host of passions truly "blind and hostile." The deputies of the Opposition were stung. The Ministry insisted on repeating the odious words in the address to the Crown. Just then fell upon the ear of Paris, tidings that the banquet projected in the 12th arrondissement had been prohibited by the Government. The crisis had come. Charles X. had violated the liberty of opinion in the press ; Louis Philippe now violated the liberty of opinion in speech. Charles X. fell ; would Louis Philippe stand ? This question shot through the heart of France. News now came that the Sicilians had successfully risen against the Neapolitan Bourbons ; and that in Bavaria, the people had humbled their king by a public tumult. Upon the excitable Parisians neither of these events was lost. The deputies of the Opposition re-

solved to hold the banquet in spite of the Government, daring them to prosecute. The Government promised to allow them to meet, but threatened prosecution. To avoid tumult, the site of the banquet was changed from the 12th arrondissement to the Champs Elysées—from the Bethnal Green of Paris to its Hyde Park. Two days before the banquet was to occur, its conductors published the programme of a procession ; and such was the lack of liberty in France, that a procession for a political purpose amounted almost to an act of rebellion. They even went so far as to assign a place in the procession to such national guards as might choose to attend in uniform. The walls of Paris were soon covered with proclamations, and groups of men were everywhere reading them with looks that augured no good. I joined one group, consisting wholly of workmen. They read in silence, except one, who, on coming to the words, “THE BANQUET IS PROHIBITED,” just raised his shoulders and said, “That’s beautiful !” As Monday the 21st of February closed, every one feared that Paris, which had so often been stained with blood, would be stained with blood again.

Tuesday came ; an English eye would not have observed anything very remarkable in the Champs Elysées that morning. There was simply a large number of blouses. Here, I ought perhaps to say, that in France the popular designation of a man of the working class is “a blouse ;” that of a man of any other class, “a coat.” The working men, almost without exception, wear just such a coat of blue linen as we see on our butchers, hence their common application. On the morning in question, then, these blouses covered the Champs Elysées. Here and there they stood in little groups of twenty or thirty, such as would hardly have led an Englishman to ask what they were doing. But those who knew France well pointed to those little knots of debaters, and said, “Something will come out of that.”

The palace of the Tuileries stands with its end on the right bank of the Seine, and runs in one long line towards the interior of the town. On the western front of the palace stretches, for perhaps a furlong, the Tuileries' gardens, diversified with parterres, ponds, groves, avenues, and statuary. These gardens open westward, on the Place de la Concorde, a spacious area, having in a circle round it several majestic statues, symbolizing the chief cities of France. Interspersed with these are richly gilded and fluted Corinthian columns, which serve as lamp-posts. The Place is watered by two fountains, elaborately magnificent, and between these a tall Egyptian obelisk stands in a right line with the centre window of the palace. Standing at the foot of this obelisk, you have the Champs Elysées stretching westward. They are simply a grove, skirted on one side by mansions, on the other by the Seine, and pierced by sundry noble avenues. One of these, in a right line with the obelisk, leads the eye up through the grove for a full mile, where, at the crest of a rising ground, stand Napoleon's unequalled triumphal arch. If the eye turn to the right of the obelisk, it finds a long line of colonnaded building, with a spacious opening in the centre, which opening terminates in the stately Corinthian peristyle of the new Church of the Madeleine. On your other hand flows the Seine, having, just on its farther bank, the twelve graceful columns of the Chamber of Deputies. Thus, when standing in the Place de la Concorde, so associated with all the revolutionary history of France, you have on one side the Palace of the Bourbons, on another the Emperor's towering arch, on a third, the classic Madeleine, and on the fourth, the Seine and the national legislative hall.

Upon this gorgeous centre of artistic skill, converged the political interest of the day. The Place was crowded with troops. An unarmed populace overflowed around them. The square in which stands the Madeleine was also filled with troops, and axes added to their equipment, testified to an expectation

of barricades. Here, along the Boulevards, and in the chief streets, the shops were shut, and the "blouses" were crowding. But no arms, no organization, no preparation for revolt, could be anywhere seen. Everybody had come out, expecting to see something ; but no one was prepared to move. "Will anything take place?" you asked ; "No," said one, "how can there be a revolution ? There are 80,000 troops in Paris." "No," said another, "there will be nothing, we have no arms." "No," said another, "there are too many spies, and no organization !" Another, more thoughtful, says, "No, there will be nothing, unless an accident occurs ; but if an accident occur, ah ! then —" And through the whole city appeared to spread this feeling, that the destiny of the country was suspended on an accident.

On re-entering the Place de la Concorde, after a tour of the city, I found the people running away in apparently great good humour. Seeing nothing serious, I passed on against the stream ; but after having emerged from it, and passed by the soldiers, I found that what seemed merely a scamper of the mob had been caused by a charge of horse, in which some people were killed. This began a real irritation. A party attempted the Chamber of Deputies, but were repulsed. A handful of men going to a small post in the Champs Elysées, one of them climbed up by the roof, and called upon the soldiers to lay down their arms. They might easily have shot him ; but they quietly allowed themselves to be disarmed and sent away. Proceeding up the Champs Elysées, I found the *gamins de Paris*—the urchins of the town—piling a heap of chairs and forms in the grand avenue, as a mock barricade, and busying themselves, at the same time, by breaking the lamps. Actual barricades soon followed in the neighbourhood.

Suppose that just as a Chelsea omnibus is passing the end of Southampton Street, some dozen lads rush to the heads of the horses, and tell the driver to dismount. The driver is docile (for

it is always so in Paris), and quietly leads his horses away. The lads then overthrow the omnibus across the end of the street. Some of them look out for other vehicles. The rest pull up paving-stones, and fill the prostrate omnibus to give it weight. Presently a cab is added, then a coal waggon, then a wood-cart, while paving-stones are diligently heaped up, till a mass some fifteen or twenty feet broad at the base, and ten or twelve feet high, offers a breastwork from behind which a fire may be directed with comparative safety against any assailant in front. The two corner houses of Southampton Street are now occupied, and men with muskets placed at each window, so that no troops can reach the front of the barricade without being exposed to a fire. To prevent an attack in the rear, the other end of the street is barricaded in the same way.

The barricades began in the afternoon. The streets of Paris shortly echoed to sounds that, thank God ! never trouble ours—three short taps of a drum, which a stranger would hear without emotion ; but which, on a day like that, make every heart in Paris leap. “Take your sac ! take your sac ! take your sac !” cried the drums of the National Guard. It was the voice of the king summoning his civic militia to rush to arms. The emotion caused by that call was intense. All knew that the Ministry had not called out the National Guard in the morning, simply because they could not trust them ; and therefore looked on this late appeal to their loyalty as sure proof that matters had become threatening. Few of the National Guard obeyed the call, for the want of confidence in them shown in the morning was felt as an affront.

Called by duty to follow the *rappel* drum down the Rue de Chaillot, I found the people in high excitement, and the sentry at a post busily chatting with women and *gamins* ! On returning into the Champs Elysées, I found an immense flame towering in the centre of the grand avenue. A wooden *bureau* had been set on fire in a line with the central windows of the

Tuileries, so that it could not fail to be seen from the palace. All Paris is surrounded by walls, with gates of issue at different points, and at these gates large custom-house offices. Two of these, still in the line of the palace window, were close by ; they too were soon startling the Tuileries with sheets of flame. Those who committed these first overt acts of the revolution were nearly all *gamins*—boys and youths. Oh ! a scene like this tells us, in a voice of thunder, the worth of a movement such as that with which we have the happiness to be connected. No plague more deadly could you inflict on any country, than to leave within its bosom a multitude of untaught and irreligious youth. To you, young men of London, I speak with that scene full in my mind's eye : seeing still those youths with their torches, madly rushing on those buildings, meaning by their deed to light up not a custom-house, but a civil war. In the name of all you hold dear and patriotic, as well as of those holier things that belong to eternity, I adjure you, every one, not to leave his heart in a condition in which it is liable, in a moment of evil passion, to dash into a deed that might bring upon your country torrents of bloodshed and woe. Feel, young men, oh feel, that all the claims of your race bind you to be in a condition (and in such a condition he that seeks grace from God will be), that, whatever crisis may overtake you, you shall so stand, when that crisis is over, that no remorse shall gnaw your heart, no marks of flame remain to reproach you, no blood to call vengeance upon your head.

The Tuesday night passed in disquiet. On the Wednesday morning barricades were found extensively erected ; a large part of Paris was in arms. The *rappel* beat again. The National Guards answered : but sent deputations to the king, demanding reform ; and everywhere cast themselves between the troops and the mob, so as to protect the latter. From the beginning it had been known that the 80,000 troops were but an apparent force ; for they would act with the National Guards,

however it might turn. During the day, several skirmishes took place. An immense body of the people marched triumphantly to the Hotel de Ville, and delivered up to the authorities fifty soldiers of the municipal guard, whose lives they had spared ; but whom they had conducted through the streets disarmed and bareheaded.

In the Chamber of Deputies a member asked the Ministry why they had not sooner called out the National Guard. M. Guizot replied that the king had sent for Count Molé. The news spread through Paris like lightning. The joy was indescribable. Louis Philippe humbled before a popular demonstration ! Louis Philippe yielding to the people in arms ! The Parisians could scarcely believe their triumph. They were in ecstasies. For the change, from Guizot to Molé, they cared little ; but they had conquered the headstrong old king ! They were victorious—they were proud—they were joyful. The city was then lighted up with brilliant illuminations. Men said, “All is over, all will be well.” The *Marseillaise* rose merrily from thousands of voices ; and wherever you went you heard the tones of joy and singing.

Amid all this Guizot had the imprudence to cause his hotel (which stands right upon the Boulevard, the chief thoroughfare of Paris) to be surrounded by a formidable guard. They constantly irritated the crowd, by driving them from their course out into the encumbered street. During this excitement a column was seen advancing from the direction of the Bastille. Two men in blouses were seen carrying torches ; between them a third man, in a blouse, bore a red flag ; close behind him another held upon a pike an image on fire, which burned as they marched. Following this double flag of blood and fire were about two hundred men. The people watched and wondered. Probably that sinister column was a *ruse* of the Republican party, who saw that the opportunity of a revolution was just escaping from them. The column comes

abreast of the guard before Guizot's hotel—the officer in command advances toward the leader—the leader advances towards him—they parley—a gun goes off—the officer's horse stumbles—he dashes within the square formed by his men—they raise their guns—and in a moment, from forty to sixty men and women are lying dead on the Boulevard. “To arms ! to arms !” rose in an instant as the cry of that whole multitude, and away through the eastward part of the city floated with wondrous speed that fearful cry—“To arms ! we are betrayed, they are assassinating us. To arms !” Gentlemen bare-headed and wild rushed into the adjoining streets, shouting, “To arms ! to arms ;” and from the towers of the churches the terrible tocsin began to ring. Seventeen corpses were placed upon a wagon. Men with torches took their stand upon this car of death ; men with torches marched before it, and others in the same wild mood dragged it along. As it passed through the streets, one man held up the corpse of a woman till the blood and wounds were seen in the torchlight ; and then, letting it fall back into the wagon, he shouted “Vengeance !” They stopped before the office of the great Republican paper, the *National*. M. Marrast, the editor, harangued them with promises of justice. While he spoke, a boy, putting his two fingers into the wound of one of the dead, showed them in the torchlight all reddened, and lifting them towards heaven, cried, “This is the blood of a martyr ; it shall be washed out in the blood of our oppressors.” With like excitements this terrible *cortège* passed, during the night, through all the inflammable parts of the city. In the morning, the whole populace were up for an irrepressible outburst.

During the night, the king called for M. Thiers, and gave the government into his hands, and those of M. Barrot. But by some singular—shall we say—providence ? the proclamation they wrote, announcing their appointment, was not signed.

Nor was that appointment given in the *Moniteur*. When that official journal came out in the morning, all that the people had authenticated was, that Marshal Bugeaud had been created commandant of Paris. In fact, all that was conciliatory was left out, and all that was inflammable inserted. The effect was screams of indignation : " It's enough ; we'll have no more of Louis Philippe or his family." The fusillade began anew. Thiers and Barrot hastened into the streets to assure the people that they were in power, and Lamoricière in command of the National Guard. For a moment there was a hope of returning calm. I met a procession which, though meaning only to make a peaceful display of its triumph, was of fearful aspect. First came a detachment of National Guards ; then a body of students—young men again ! Those named before were of the very lowest class ; these were of the highest ; but they had been doing the same work as the others, and at that moment looked just as savage. Following these was a host of men, some with blouses and some without. One blouse was surmounted by a splendid military cap ; another was decked with the trappings of a cavalry officer ; against another dangled a beautiful sword ; beneath another shone scarlet military pantaloons ; over another was drawn an officer's coat. Some bore muskets wrested from the troops ; some fowling-pieces taken from gentlemen's houses ; some bars of iron wrenched from church palings ; some rusty pikes, recovered from long idleness ; and all bore marks of fierce passion and conscious victory. They sang the *Marseillaise*, shouted *Vive Lamoricière !* and said the people had got all they wished. Just then one corpse was carried by after another. Thank God that you have never seen the change which passes upon a man of passionate sympathies, when, during a civil struggle, he sees one of his townsmen shot dead ! Men, whom I had seen a moment before standing at their doors quietly looking on, became possessed with fury at the sight of those

corpses. What had now occurred ? The new ministry had ordered the troops to retire, and the firing to cease. National Guards and others went to a post of some twenty-five municipal guards, on the Place de la Concorde, and required them in consequence of this order to lay down their arms. They fired on the National Guards, were attacked in turn, and in a few seconds only one of their number survived. Going up to a post of National Guards, I said, "I hope all is over now ?" "Ah ! sir, we hoped so a few minutes ago ; but they have just fired on the National Guard, and we do not know how that will end."

The struggle was soon renewed. The troops gave up their arms ; all was confusion ; no one but the small band of republicans seemed to have an aim. They pressed on. The arsenal fell. The post of the Palais Royal was defended by 138 men. Refusing to surrender, they were attacked, and for five hours defied all the power of the insurgents. These, in their rage, dragged the royal carriages from the king's stables close by ; placed them before the door and windows, set them on fire, and thus, igniting the building, burned to death that handful of brave men. It should be named, as a fact illustrative of the spirit which is let loose at the time of a revolution, that in all the Paris journals I read at the time I did not find one word blaming that atrocity. No journalist seemed bold enough to tell the sovereign people of its barbarism. When the people burned their fellow-countrymen to death in open day, it was spoken of as the fortune of war.

While this fearful tragedy was being enacted within a few yards of the Tuileries, the king was alarmed by the news, that the soldiers were giving up their arms to the mob. And then that hand, which a few days before had held so firmly the reins of royal power, signed the unlooked-for words, "I abdicate." This was deep humiliation ; but scarcely was it submitted to ere the tide of popular fury began to surge against

the very house of the monarch. It soon was time to flee. A subterranean passage led to the Place de la Concorde. There, instead of royal equipages, were two common cabs. The royal carriages were all burned, and, except one faithful equerry, the royal retinue, where were they? The fallen king and his family, mounted in those poor cabs, were at the mercy of the crowd. Looking, to make sure that it was really the king, they said, "'Tis he, certainly; away with you, we have had enough of you; away with you!" And then the man, who a few days before was esteemed the wealthiest man in the world; looked up to by the French people as the ablest politician of their nation; lord of 400,000 brave soldiers; surrounded by a family of brilliant sons; begirt with fortifications of formidable strength; served by able ministers and a tractable parliament;—that man was seen a fugitive, without a change of linen, escaping through a rabble, any one of whom might have shot him. Oh! how often have I thought of the words of a lively young Frenchwoman, who said, "I have often heard sermons on the vanity of the world; but nothing ever showed me the vanity of the world like the downfall of Louis Philippe." So it might well be. No man could stand on the Place de la Concorde and see that king flee, without feeling that there pride of birth, pride of fortune, pride of empire, pride of fame, pride of intellect, and all kinds of human pride, bowed down abashed. There a man could feel that for the abiding dowry of a human mind, wealth is nothing, fame nothing, talent nothing, power nothing; but the peace of God all in all. Ye young men, that have yet your heritage to win, let me, as a friend and a brother, charge you, in the name of my God and your God, to secure, before all other possession, the "one thing needful"—that immutable pearl which, once your own, gives you wealth and bliss. Then let change and trouble come; your spirit has its portion, and in that portion will rejoice for evermore.

No sooner did the mob find the Tuileries deserted than they hastened to the Chamber of Deputies. The Duchess of Orleans and her son were there. The members were debating about the regency, when the house was suddenly filled with an armed populace. Deliberation was at an end. Many tried to speak, but the tumult choked every voice. At length some man in the crowd, no one can tell who, cried "Long live the Republic!" The note was struck for the first time in the west end of the town. Though just then among the most excited mobs of the Champs Elysées, I heard no one even name a Republic. The small party had, however, known and seized the position of influence. The cry uttered within the walls of the legislature rose again with multiplied echo. Yet no man could decide. "I was seated," says M. Lamartine, "isolated, pensive, silent on my bench ; melted by that misfortune and by that childhood, my heart struggled against my reason. The people, and some of my colleagues, took me by the arm, called me by name, and pushed me towards the tribune." He ascended that tribune, carrying with him, under God, the destiny of France for the moment. He pronounced for a provisional government. The mob waved their flags over his head, shouted for joy, and in a few minutes he and they were marching to the Hôtel de Ville, to the loud shout of "Long live the Republic !" At the office of the *Réforme* newspaper, the editors had meanwhile appointed a provisional government of their own. They also hastened to the Hôtel de Ville ; the two extempore governments met, amalgamated, and proclaimed a Republic.

It is impossible to describe the consternation caused by this news in Paris. No one looked for such a result. All wished to humble Louis Philippe ; all wished to obtain a change of policy ; of a Republic no one dreamed, except the initiated few. To the great majority of the population, the idea of a Republic and a reign of terror were identical. "Oh," said the first who told me the news, "our poor France ! our poor France !

Would that I could find means to go to England ; that is the only part of Europe where there will be any rest for some time." On the Saturday morning I could not see a smile anywhere. I looked for joy, but no man seemed glad. I met several in tears ; some for friends killed or wounded, some for the woes they saw overhanging the country. The first National Guard to whom I spoke said, " Ah ! we have got into a pretty position, we must try and get out of it." The workmen seemed much pleased, but not enthusiastic. They said, " Louis Philippe made us suffer long enough ; and now the Republic will make the happiness of us all."

In every direction were grotesque groups, where blouses, accoutrements, uniform, and arms made a picture both ludicrous and wild. Then you saw two men in blouses standing sentry over barracks containing perhaps 3000 soldiers, not one of whom might bear any arms. Every now and then you passed a regiment, men and officers all disarmed, and walking in utter confusion ; while two or three men in blouses marched bravely by their side with shouldered musket and a victor's authority. The barricades were standing, each surmounted by a red or tri-colour flag, and guarded by bands of well-armed men with blouses.

On Saturday morning the red flag was floating everywhere. A red ribbon was in every button-hole. Everything bespoke a red republic. Nothing could exceed the consternation. On returning from a visit of duty to one of the most excited parts of the town, I was surprised to find that on some of the barricades the red flag had been displaced to make room for the tri-colour. It then proved that Lamartine had faced the mob, braved the bayonets presented to his breast, and by his eloquence induced them to forego the flag of blood. This first awoke any feeling of confidence in the new government. The original dread gradually vanished from the mind of the public. Instead of the massacres of the former revolution, they heard

it proclaimed that no man should die for a political offence. Instead of the rash declaration of war, they heard the government protest that they would labour to preserve a European peace. Instead of the irreligion of the old revolution, they heard a respectful call made to the ministers of religion for their intercessions. The people, too, acted with a moderation beyond all encomium. Masters of Paris, they bore themselves with haughty propriety. All order was firmly maintained, all crime severely repressed, and the internal police of the city kept in a better state than before the revolution. The public were as much astonished by the moderation of the new *régime* as they had been by the overthrow of the old.

But ere long elements of danger began to appear. I well remember one morning joining a large crowd who were reading the announcement : “The Government guarantees to all support by labour.” The news was soon spread from the Faubourg St. Antoine to the Champs Elysées. Every wise man saw in it the germ of much disaster. Even some of the workmen observed that my fears were just when I asked them what was to become of a country in which no man had the feeling that, in order to succeed, he must depend solely upon his own efforts and God’s providence. Nevertheless, the government had promised to find support for every one, and that was a grand thing ; no doubt they would keep their word ! This was but the first of a series of measures, originating with the Socialist section of the new government, by which they hoped really to destroy all property in the country, without formally declaring it abrogated.

Another danger soon arose in the clubs. The French, having been deprived of the liberty to meet in public, no sooner recovered that liberty than they pushed it to a dangerous abuse ; in every part of the city clubs multiplied as if by magic. A club is simply a society which meets in a given place, at a stated time, for political debate. All imaginable subjects are

handled ; all kinds of orators speak, from the nobleman and the author, down to the "blouse" and the "*gamin*." In one club I heard a magniloquent speech, in which Robert Owen was proclaimed as the greatest citizen of the United Kingdom, and introduced to the homage of the club, with the assurance that were he only in England, all the people would rejoice to present him with an ovation. The majority of the clubs tended to moderate and enlighten the populace, but some were nothing more than assemblies of firebrands who conspired under arms. Despite of these dangers, most had come to believe that France might *exist* as a Republic, but very few ventured to hope that as such she would ever *prosper*.

Ledru Rollin, as Minister of the Interior, issued a circular, in which the public thought there were indications of a wish to set up once more the reign of terror. The alarm was wide and instant. The National Guards unwisely resolved to show their dissatisfaction by a public display, and seized on the pretext, just then ordered, of a change in their uniform. They moved, in procession, upon the Hôtel de Ville. The people, fearing an attack on the government, rushed forth in masses and blocked up their way. The blouses and the uniforms stood face to face in mutual rage. I heard one young workman cry out, "This is worse than the revolution ; the national guards and the people going to war !" The day, however, passed over without collision. But on the morrow from one to two hundred thousand "blouses" paraded the town in perfect order. They went before the government, demanded a postponement of the elections, and dispersed without any violence. It subsequently appeared that a man named Blanqui, who had spent all his life either in prison or in conspiring as a ring-leader of secret societies, was that day within the least possible degree of becoming dictator of France. From that day the mob felt that they were masters of the city, and all the other classes felt they were at the mercy of the mob. Disorder soon

began to appear. One of the first outbursts was a mania for planting trees of liberty. You could scarcely go out of one of the gates of Paris without meeting a procession coming in from some adjacent grove. A number of men carried on their shoulders a tall poplar-tree, astride the tree sat a boy, waving in each hand the flag of the republic, while a troop of men and women marched in front singing the *Marseillaise*. When near the destined site of the tree, the mob brought the Roman clergy of the parish. The priests gravely walked before the tree, blessed it with holy book and holy water, then made an oration on the glories of the revolution and the republic. The people shouted, "Long live religion, long live the clergy!" then laughed heartily and said, "Did not the priests act their part well?"

Out of the promise that every one should be supported by the government had grown the system of national workshops. These soon became a military organization. Every ten men had over them an officer called head of a squadron; every 85 a brigadier; every 250 a lieutenant. Each company had also four delegates, well paid to do nothing but gather news from the clubs, and maintain political excitement. Scarcely any work was done. I had about a hundred of them employed within view of my own window. They danced much, wrestled much, sang many songs, ran many races, played off many jokes; but as to work, they did just as much as varied their amusement. These men were constantly seen marching about the town in military order with flags and drums. The danger of such a combination was manifest to every eye. Just then much attention was drawn to the Chartist agitation in England. Many wished that this country might be revolutionized, and many feared it with intense anxiety. Over and over again was it said, "If matters go wrong in England, what is to become of Europe?" The 10th of April came, and with it the news that in London, the friends of order had come forth in a strength of

fifteen to one against the perturbers. The effect upon the French was visible. They said nothing ; but they knew that with them as with us, the violent were only the few ; the well-disposed the many ; and they saw that the restless few could only be checked by being publicly encountered.

On Sunday, the 16th of April, while worshipping in the chapel in the Rue Royale, we heard the streets resounding with the startling voice of the *rappel*. "Take your sac ! take your sac !" broke in upon our devotions again and again with sinister auguries. On coming out we found the streets literally crammed with National Guards. In the Place de la Concorde they overflowed ; and all down the Champs Elysées came pouring in a torrent from the *Banlieue*, or distant suburbs. A conspiracy had been discovered. Blanqui and his party had resolved on abolishing the provisional government, and proclaiming themselves as a "Committee of Public Safety." But the prodigious display of National Guards led the mob to turn to the side of the government, and the day closed amid stunning shouts of "Down with the Communists !" From that day the fear of anarchy was gone. London had taught the world how to rule a mob ; Paris had well learned the lesson, and now the public that before crouched in presence of the blouses, felt their lives and rights to be secure. All knew that a collision was very possible ; that even a protracted civil war was within the range of possibility : none, however, feared that a reign of anarchy could be established ; all felt that whatever battle might have to be fought, order would be maintained.

The National Assembly was elected. It met, and the republic was formally proclaimed. But it was not a republic after the heart of the national workshops. On the 15th of May, the mob made an irruption into the Assembly, declared it dissolved, and proclaimed a government of their own ; but by the firmness of Lamartine, they were defeated, and order was restored. But discontent gradually heightened. All classes had suffered

dreadfully by the revolution. The rich had become poor, the comfortable destitute, the straightened hungry and houseless. All were in misery, and impatient of the government under which that misery was fast growing. The community saw that the national workshops would soon devour their resources. The men of the workshops foresaw they would not long be fed by the community. "It can't last so ; it can't last so ;" I heard a workman cry just by the door of the National Assembly. "We must have a change." And this feeling pervaded all classes.

Just then came out a proclamation, that all men in the national workshops, of a certain age, must either enlist or be dismissed. That day a man, named Pujol, led a vast body of workmen to the Luxembourg. He and a few others went in as a deputation. A member of the government received them. The deputation was insolent, the minister ill-tempered. Pujol returned to inflame the mob by an unfavourable report. He marched them through the Faubourg St. Antoine, and thence back, across the Seine, to the Pantheon. There he convoked them again for the evening. At this second meeting, he mounted the railings, and said, "They have promised ; you believe them. They have erred ; you forgave them. Now they betray us ; treason must be washed out in the blood of our enemies—I swear it." And that multitude sent up with a voice of thunder the terrible words, "I swear it." Pujol shouted, "To-morrow morning, then, at six o'clock." That night the Government met at midnight, and placed General Cavaignac in the military command of Paris. At six o'clock they met again. At the same hour Pujol was at the Pantheon with a formidable host. He marched at their head to the spot where, on the site of the old Bastile, stands the column which commemorates the Revolution of 1830, and bears inscribed the names of all who then fell on the revolutionary side. Mounting on the pedestal he cried "Uncover !" In a moment ten

thousand heads were bare. "Friends," he shouted, "you stand on the tombs of the first martyrs of liberty ; to your knees !" Instantly ten thousand men were kneeling. Turning to the column he then cried, "Heroes of the Bastile ! the heroes of the barricades have come to prostrate themselves at the foot of the column of your immortality. They, like you, have made a revolution with their blood ; but hitherto their blood has been fruitless. It is, then, a revolution to make over again." Turning now to the people he cried, "Friends ! your fathers bore upon their banners the words, Liberty or Death." And then ten thousand men sprang from their knees with the woe-denouncing cry, "Liberty or Death."

In a few minutes, one half of Paris was occupied by the insurgents, and speedily covered with barricades. For four dreadful days neighbour stood face to face with neighbour, each furiously dealing out sudden death. For four days the roar of battle ceased not to announce that citizen was spilling the blood of citizen. One scene during those four days will ever survive amidst my recollections of the awful. I was called to a window which overlooked the northern part of Paris. The battle was raging in the Clos St. Lazare. At the same moment a thunder-storm overhung the city. The cloud seemed to settle on the hill Montmartre, which stands just above the Clos St. Lazare, and from that point the lightnings seemed to flash, and the thunder to peal right across the battle-field. Between each peal came the boom of the cannon or the roll of the musketry. It was an alternation that moved the breast to an awe never to be forgotten. First, the great thunder proclaiming from above the omnipotence of God. Then the slighter but deadlier thunder from below, uttering, with every discharge, one word, "Sudden death ! sudden death ! sudden death !" How many souls were at that moment hurled into eternity ? There was horror in the question. But there was relief, on thinking, that when the voice of the Eternal spoke from above, the voice of

the battle was overpowered. The howl of war could not rise above the thunder of the sky. I thought, Even so, man can rage, but he is not ruler. There is a Power above. Those hands that launch forth death are not the hands that hold supreme dominion ; a stronger, kinder Hand is there, above us all. And oh ! it was sweet, in a scene like that, to turn up your eyes to the thunder-covered heaven and say, "The Lord reigneth ; let the earth rejoice ; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof."

Called, during the battle, to visit one of my flock, whose relatives were out as National Guards, I saw a column of National Guards arriving from the provinces. They had heard of the public danger, and rushed to the rescue, though it was rushing into the face of death. There marched men who had hastily changed the blouse for the uniform, and the spade for the musket. Others, in haste to join the corps, had not even waited to put on their uniform, but mounted their belts, and carried their guns over the blouse they had been wearing at the plough when the summons came. There, too, was the country gentleman with his shooting-coat and fowling-piece. By his side marched a raw boy, who, though hasting into the face of death, could not keep from gaping at the wonders of the city he had never seen before. There, too, were the pale visage and the blue spectacles of the professional man ; the white hairs of an old grandfather, whose firm military step told you that he had followed the Emperor, and shouted at Austerlitz, or groaned at Waterloo. It was touching to see men thus called in a moment from their families, to kill or be killed. One could but think of the beating hearts and streaming eyes left at home ; and of the scenes that would occur when a corpse should return instead of a father. One thought, too, of the blessing that saved us from ever having such a sight at home. Ay, and one thought bitterly : How impossible it would be to find men, in like numbers, who would thus rend all their ties in a moment,

and speed them to the encounter of death, on a call enforced not by patriotism, but by loyalty to Christ and love to souls !

After four days of woe, Paris was relieved by seeing gentlemen riding at full speed, and shouting as they went, "All is over ; all is over !" That night I went out upon a balcony to look on the city reposing after its throes. Below, marks were still numerous of what had passed. From the Tuileries, through the Place de la Concorde, right up the Champs Elysées, under the triumphal arch, and then away towards Neuilly, ran a line of sentinels closely stationed. Every few seconds rose, at one end of this line, and swept with varied cadence to the other, the watch-cry, *Sentinelle, prenez garde à vous !—*" Sentinel, keep watch !" But above, all was calm. The stars seemed as if they had all come out to witness the peace that had followed such a strife. It was just midnight. Suddenly from the Tuileries burst forth a fearful roar of fire-arms. The voice of every sentinel wavered, as he cried "Keep watch !" the windows of neighbouring houses flew open, and tones of anguish were heard crying, "Oh, it has begun again !" Roar after roar followed for some minutes, and then the midnight air had no sound but the waving cadence, "Sentinel, keep watch !" It proved that some prisoners had attempted to escape, and in the dark the National Guards had fired upon each other. Those discharges that startled us, had left some sixty corpses to be carried back to provincial homes.

I need not state, that during that struggle, General Cavaignac was made Dictator of France ; that, though not nominally, he really held dictatorial power for five months ; that an election has placed a nephew of Napoleon at the head of the State ; that Cavaignac, after having mildly used his unique power, has calmly resigned it, bequeathing to history a radiant page. He put on that power amid the thunder of carnage ; he put it off amid a thunder of applause !

The results of this revolution upon France I will not

attempt to predict. Remember, however, in forming your judgment of them, that it did not find France in a state of progress as regards civil and religious liberty, but in a state of rapid retrogression. The king was vigorously pursuing a policy that tended to lead France back to her old position ; that position in which she sat at the foot of the throne, bound with chains that the Roman priesthood first blessed and then riveted. The disasters brought by the revolution have been fearful. Not one branch of trade, not one class of society, not one public or private interest, but has distressingly suffered. In weighing these disasters, however, you must ever balance against them the evils that would have ensued had Louis Philippe been permitted to follow his course without any check. In looking back on the woes into which this convulsion has plunged the nation, it is difficult to know whom to blame most, the king, who blindly provoked the people to revolt ; the republican party, who tyrannically seized on a moment of confusion to bend the will of the nation under their rule ; or the majority of the people, who weakly permitted a clique to turn a protest into a revolution. The republic has few adherents upon principle. Fifteen out of every twenty Frenchmen to whom I have spoken, avow their decided preference for constitutional monarchy. How long the present order of things will exist we cannot foretell. But, whatever may be her form of government, I have little hope of seeing unhappy France in the stable enjoyment of freedom and rest till she become a Protestant and religious country.

One word as to the political influence of that revolution on ourselves. There is a timid class of theologians who always dread a new science, lest it should evolve something contradictory to the Bible. Now, for my part, I would say, Let every star in heaven, and every stone in earth, tell out all that is in them ; let the voice of every reality in the universe go out to the ends of the earth ; and not one of them will enfeeble the

supreme verity, that "the law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." Just as there is a timid class of theologians in perpetual alarm for the Bible, so there is a timid class of politicians in perpetual alarm for the British Constitution. This revolution sorely troubled them. Would not the existence of a republic so near our shores endanger the monarchy? When first asked this question, I replied, "So far from that, nothing is so likely to cure all republican tendencies among our own people." Should the republic outlive twice ten years, each decade would give some proof of its inferiority to our own form of government, so forcible as to satisfy not merely the thoughtful, but even the least enlightened of our masses. The existence of such a government beside our own, so far from tempting our people to try "Citizen O'Connor," or Citizen any one else, would lead them to sing more loyally than ever, "God save the Queen!"

As to the religious effects of this revolution. Two or three years ago the general aspect of Europe was unfavourable to religious liberty. In most of the continental countries, it was either extinct or in peril. We need not say that it had no existence in Russia, Turkey, Austria, or Italy. Spain was fresh from the expulsion of a Methodist missionary. Portugal was busily persecuting some of her subjects who had read the Bible, and who claimed to worship God by its direction rather than by the national law. Protestant Sweden had violently expelled a Methodist missionary. Protestant Denmark was labouring to extinguish a spark of evangelical life kindled up by the Baptists. The Protestant king of Prussia deemed it but just to his Roman Catholic subjects that he should place difficulties in the way even of the Bible Society. In Switzerland and France, religious liberty nominally existed. In these two countries it was perilled by two opposite principles; in Switzerland by democracy, in France by despotism. The Swiss populace had directed violent persecutions against all who would

not worship just according to the caprice of the mob. Louis Philippe, again, to conciliate the French priests, lent himself to their bigotry. Difficulties were constantly cast in the way of Protestant evangelists ; many were publicly prosecuted ; one Baptist chapel was kept closed for ten years ; another chapel, built at Lyons a year before the revolution, was not permitted to be open till after Louis Philippe fell. So far had intolerance proceeded, that, shortly before the revolution, M. Hébert, the Minister of Justice, wrote to a consistory connected with the National Protestant Church, requiring them to censure M. Bost, an excellent pastor, because, forsooth, he had been sufficiently audacious to publish a pamphlet controverting the religion of the "majority of Frenchmen."

Taking Europe at that crisis, it seemed doubtful whether real freedom of conscience would long exist in any one of its nations. Now the change is great. In France, in Italy, in Germany, in Holland, and Denmark, the conscience of man is proclaimed free. We see upon the Continent a melancholy sum of disaster ; Paris, Vienna, Rome, the intellectual, the political, and the traditional centres of the papacy, all held in a perpetuated spasm. We see trade stagnant, banks stopped, families ruined, populations starving, and men's hearts failing them for fear. But above the thick and stormy clouds, we see, rising in hope, the Bible free ! At morning-tide, a hurricane may sweep the earth ; may sweep till it levels the oak and strips the willow, till it demolishes the cot and shakes the palace, covers the city with ruins and the sea-shore with death. But, if just then the light of day is sent from heaven, it will pierce straight athwart the tempest and illuminate the earth. And though that storm may bear away many a ponderous thing, not one light sunbeam will it turn from its course. Then let that hurricane sweep over the nations of Europe. We grieve to see those perturbed cities, those aching hearts, those shattered fortunes, those multitudes left destitute. But there is nothing eternal in all that. On

the other hand, the light of a free gospel is dawning on those lands amid the storms, and in that there is eternal hope and promise.

May I be indulged for a moment to notice a lesson or two which this Revolution teaches. First, then, it proves that we greatly err when we speak of a class of our people who have nothing to lose by a revolution. What! a class in existence who have nothing to lose by the cessation of confidence, the stagnation of trade, by disorder, bloodshed, and civil war! The class that loses most bitterly is that very class of which we speak as having nothing to lose. Let such a judgment as has overtaken France overtake us, and they that have much would lose much, but they that have little would lose all. Not a weaver in Lancashire, not a miner in Cornwall, not a collier in Northumberland, not a porter in the streets of London, not one of the lowest of your menials, or the most destitute of your paupers but would suffer, and suffer deeply. Every sweeper in your streets would find some good contributor who could contribute no more. Every beggar would find some kind hand empty. In such a season, they that lose most pinchingly are they from whom a little loss removes their all. Starvation then first enters those doors upon whose threshold he has stood even in prosperous times. Young men, remember this in your politics, that there is no class of British subjects, not even the paupers in your workhouses, who would not lose by civil war and civil disorder.

Another lesson is, gratitude for our own peace. And, oh! let not our gratitude be the mere exultation of national pride. The eye that has watched over us in this year of storms, does not expect to see in return a swelling of self-congratulation, but a throb of devout thanksgiving. God's hand has been in our preservation, and God should have humble praise. Yes, the moments of 1848 seem now to return around us, and, as every one presents itself spotted with the blood of a man, it calls

upon us to thank God that it is not English blood. Realize your mercies. Thank God that you have not seen the whole town bristling with barricades ; that you have not seen Cheap-side exchange the stir of commerce for the roar of cannon ; that you have not seen men from Field Lane standing sentry at the Horse Guards ; that you have not seen the peasantry of the Midland, Eastern, Northern, and Western Counties coming armed to the teeth to meet men of London in deadly war. Thank God, that during the year no Sabbath has come, when, instead of the "church-going bell," you heard the murderous artillery ; that, during the year, you have never in walking through the Strand had to choose your steps lest you should tread upon the blood of your fellow-citizens ; that you have never once returned home to tell how many men you had seen shot before your eyes. All this has occurred in Paris, in Naples, in Vienna, in Berlin. It has not occurred with us. Oh ! let us from our hearts thank God. His mercy has guided our Government and people. We have reposed, while others bled. His goodness is over us still. That noble old structure which our fathers reared to shelter their liberties of body and soul ; that brave old constitution is erect still, and under its shade we can each, according to his light, worship our Heavenly Father without any penalty, and work our secular purposes without any oppression.

The last lesson I would learn from all this is, the prime importance of a christianized populace. It is of necessity that information shall spread. As the people read more, they will take more interest in political questions, and move with greater intelligence and effect in public struggles. If their principles are left unformed by wise and religious training, they will be at the mercy of their own evil passions, and of turbulent leaders. Had not God favoured this country with a remarkable spread of Christian light and principle during the last century, who will venture to say that the revolutions of

this year would not have found our people in a condition that none of our statesmen could have controlled? An unchristianized populace is perpetual danger. But imbue the whole population with Christian principle, and they will not rashly burst into civil war: when they have rights to seek, they will be sought with calmness and dignity. Public order can have no security so effectual as the spread of real piety among the populace. Nor can the populace themselves have any security for their own liberties nearly so effectual. Let them not suppose that we would seek to make them religious in order that they might tamely submit to wrongs. No; but that they might irresistibly acquire rights. Any people that are liable to violent outbursts are, of necessity, exposed to military oppression. But upon a people of Christian principles, observing personal and family religion, keeping holy the Sabbath day, cherishing Bible precepts, and wise in Bible light, no government would ever attempt to trample with soldier tyranny. Such a people would stand sublimely before their rulers; their worth would make them mighty. Rulers would rejoice to make such a people free, and, in conceding liberty, would not fear for order. A calm and pious populace would surely advance in all their rights; a passionate and irreligious populace bring oppression on their own heads. It was very natural that, when the people appeared on a barricade, General Cavaignac should meet them with cannons and cuirassiers. But what could cannons or cuirassiers have done the other day before this hall when it was filled with our people, of whom a thousand had been writing on the sanctities of the Lord's day? A cannon presented against such an assembly! The general does not breathe who would dare to attempt it. Yes, a truly pious people will be a security for their government, and a protection for themselves. A people addicted to the barricade tempt oppression; a people addicted to the Bible render it impossible.

Young men of London, I adjure you, in the name of all that

is sacred, each to ask himself, "Do I increase the righteousness of the land? Do I add to the number of converted men? Am I, individually, one of those who are for the Lord, and against all evil? If not; oh, remember that you are a danger to your country, besides endangering your own eternal weal! If not; all the eternity of the future life unites with all the moments of the year that is gone, and both command you to give your hearts to God. Ay, every moment of that year appears to me to return upon us now; and as each displays some record of God's mercy to this land, each seems most touchingly to say, "I beseech you, therefore, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

BY

THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

YOU have assembled here, my young friends, this evening, to hear something respecting the relations of the Church of Christ to the World : let me preface what I have to say on that subject by a few words respecting its Founder and Lord. Jesus Christ, who lived for thirty years in an obscure town of Galilee, which was infamous for its debasement, and who then, after preaching the gospel for three years to the Jews, was at length executed amidst shouts of derision and of hatred, has now “ a name which is above every name.” He “ is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God ; angels and authorities and powers being made subject unto him.” Having ascended to the Ancient of Days, according to the prediction of the prophet Daniel, he has received “ dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him.” Of the increase of his government there can be no end. All kings must fall down before him ; all nations must serve him : “ He must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet :” and at length he will come to “ judge the quick and the dead” with omniscient wisdom and irresistible power ; when all his enemies will be ground to powder, and his friends will be welcomed to share in his bliss and glory.¹

Many eminent men have left examples to be studied and imitated ; he only has afforded in his life on earth a perfect

¹ Phil. ii. 9 ; 1 Pet. iii. 22 ; Dan. vii. 13, 14 ; Isa. ix. 7 ; Psalm lxxii. 11 ; cx. 1 ; 1 Cor. xv. 25 ; 2 Tim. iv. 1 ; Matt. xxi. 44 ; xxv. 21, 34.

model of all human excellence. Nowhere else can we find such strength in combination with so much gentleness ; such zeal for God, with such devotedness to man ; such perfection, with such humility. Unbelievers cannot with truth point out in his life a duty which he neglected, or a temptation by which he was overcome. No enemy ever detected in him a fault. He never once did what he ought not to have done, nor said what he ought not to have said. He had no defect either of principle or temper ; and his disciples “ beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father.”¹ Among all the most distinguished benefactors of the world he is beyond comparison the first ; for the temporal benefits which he has conferred are as wide as the world’s circumference, as lasting as the world’s existence ; and the spiritual blessings which he has purchased for us by his atoning sacrifice will make millions of the human race happy beyond thought to all eternity.

While men in general have good reason to rejoice in his supreme dominion, because he is the most just, wise, and benevolent of all beings, those who have the most cause to triumph in him are the members of his Church. For with whatever pity he has looked upon mankind in general, he has reserved for the Church his special favour and regard. “ Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it ; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing ; but that it should be holy and without blemish.”² This passage declares who are the members of his Church. They are those who are “ sanctified by the Spirit ” of Christ through the word of God, and being “ kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation,” will be holy and faultless at last in the presence of Christ in glory. Altogether they form “ the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven.”³ They are therefore the

¹ John i. 14.

² Eph. v. 25-27.

³ Heb. xii. 23.

whole company of those who, having become the children of God by faith in Christ, are led by the Spirit to obey and serve God, because they supremely love him.¹

To these he has communicated invaluable privileges ; and for them he has reserved a glorious end.

It is one great happiness of the members of the Church of Christ that they have in him a Saviour and a Friend who is absolutely perfect. The express language of the Word of God agrees with unequivocal facts to prove that he has every quality which a believer can in any circumstances desire. With infinite power and wisdom he has equal goodness. By his merit he has deserved the eternal happiness of all his followers ; and by his mediation he secures it for them. Raised to the throne of the universe, he is adored by all the most glorious creatures of God ; and yet he condescends to call the humblest believer who trusts in him his brother and his friend. While he marks the limit where the vast universe borders on the infinity of space, and comprehends all creation within his own infinite mind, he employs his knowledge to secure his sympathy for the least sorrow of the most undistinguished of his followers. With a holiness of nature to which the least iniquity is an abomination, he yet manifests inexhaustible patience and mercy towards those who are debased by many corruptions. Though his Divine excellence renders the faultless perfection of the noblest of God's intelligent creatures as a dew-drop compared with the ocean, yet does he forgive our multiplied offences against him without reserve, and without upbraiding. Since his power and wisdom can accomplish what results he pleases, his friendship for his people must secure their present and eternal welfare. All the riches of heaven and earth are his ; all spiritual and temporal blessings are at his disposal ; his bounty is equal to the extent of his possessions, and his excellencies are as unchanging as they are eternal.

¹ Gal. iii. 26 ; Rom. viii. 14 ; 1 John iv. 19 ; Gal. v. 6.

Possessed of these glorious perfections, which demand and secure the confidence of his disciples, he has further promised them an inheritance worthy their close relationship to himself, as soon as he has prepared them for its enjoyment by the discipline of his providence and the work of his Spirit. As the eastern shepherd leads his flock, so He is guiding his people by the best road to the happiest end, taking care that none of them shall perish by the way, nor any violence pluck them from his hand.¹ As a husband loves his wife, He loves and cherishes his Church, which he intends to adorn with his own perfection, and to render worthy to participate at length in his own heavenly joy.² And as a man feels the fatigue or the sufferings of his own limbs, so He feels for every member of "the church, which is his body, the fulness of him who filleth all in all."³ At his second advent he will raise each of them from the grave to resemble him in body and in soul for ever :⁴ he will welcome each to share in his joy as a good and faithful servant ;⁵ and, in his own presence, with every blessing that their perfected nature can require—exempt from want and sorrow, from danger and fear, in untiring activity and perfect contentment—they shall spend eternity in receiving of his bounty, and in loving him for his goodness.⁶

Such are their prospects. Meanwhile their privileges and their attainments are great in this life. They are adopted by the Almighty as his children. They are beloved by Christ the Lord of all, who blesses them, watches over their welfare, and will admit them to his glory. They are "temples of the Holy Ghost," who dwells in each to enlighten and guide, to sanctify and comfort, to preserve and perfect them.⁷ Other communities recall with pride the men of valour, wisdom, and virtue

¹ John x. 11, 16, 27, 28.

² Eph. vi. 25-27.

³ Eph. i. 22, 23 ; Heb. iv. 15.

⁴ Phil. iii. 21.

⁵ Matt. xxv. 21.

⁶ 1 Thess. iv. 17 ; Rev. v. 11-14 ; vii. 14, 17 ; Ps. xvi. 11 ; xvii. 15.

⁷ Gal. iv. 4, 5 ; Eph. i. 5 ; 2 Thess. ii. 13 ; Gal. ii. 20 ; 1 Cor. vi. 19 ; iii. 16 ; Rom. viii. 1, 9, 13, 14 ; 1 Pet. i. 2, 5.

who have adorned their history ; but what community has had, like the Church, prophets and apostles in direct communication with God,--receiving from him messages to mankind, and wielding superhuman powers to establish their Divine commission ? What nation, like the Church, can point out its myriads who have lived saintly lives and have died as martyrs for the truth ? Other communities have codes of law in which they glory, as adapted to secure the rights of the subject, to promote the exercise of talent, and to protect the fruits of industry ; but the Church alone has a code of laws from God, each enactment of which, being intended to regulate the heart as well as to direct the life, is holy, just, and good. Other communities can enumerate their sages, to which successive generations do homage, but each member of this has become wise unto salvation. While many, with culpable levity, are heedless of their duty, and shut their eyes to their dangers, each member of the Church has had wisdom to obtain the pardon of his sins, to break off destructive habits, to put Omnipotence on his side, to provide for eternity, and to secure perfection. Others are living in corrupt and fatal neglect of God, the Creator, Benefactor, Redeemer, King, and Judge of all, but the members of Christ's Church live to please and serve him. Others ask chiefly what is expedient for their interest, but members of the Church are soldiers of the truth. In other communities there are some who have social excellence, but the Church contains no member, from the greatest to the least, from the most illustrious to the most obscure, who has it not. Nowhere are truth, honesty, temperance, and kindness so general ; in no community are there families so united and affectionate, friendships so fervent and enduring, associations so self-denying and beneficial. Nations have attained the summit of power and then decayed, but of the Church, Christ has said that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."¹ Eighteen hundred

¹ Matt. xvi. 18.

years has it survived each storm and conflict, and still Satanic counsels guiding the malice of fallen men are broken upon its walls like a raging sea upon a coast of granite. The revolutions of empires only attest its stability, and minister to its ultimate triumph. Although its members are everywhere a despised minority, their mission is to establish the truth on the earth; and before the pomp of the last judgment, when the unanimous universe will celebrate the final victory of truth over falsehood, is it destined to see the millions of mankind come to take shelter under the power of its King, and to share in its privileges and its joys.¹ Now the world has much to say against it, but not a whisper shall be heard against its meanest member on that day when the King of kings, whose word is the fiat of Omnipotence, shall say to each: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Few, at present, of the princes and nobles of the earth are united to it, but its poorest members will ere long be raised to a glory which is beyond the splendour of an earthly throne, in which they shall be dignified with immortal honours, be contented with happiness, and dwell in the beatific presence of their Redeemer for ever.

But this Church, so distinguished by grace, is in the midst of a world which presents a painful contrast to it. Permit me to recall to you what God has said in his Word of unbelievers. As those who believe in Christ are said to be good seed sown in the world by Christ, so unbelievers are compared to weeds sown among the good seed by Satan.² If believers are like wheat which is valuable to its owner, because they fulfil the great ends for which God has placed them in the world, unconverted persons are like worthless chaff, because they neglect the great purposes of their existence.³ Most men are living without just views of God and of Christ, and the danger of that

¹ John xii. 32; Rev. xi. 15; 1 Cor. xv. 25; Dan. vii. 13, 14.

² Matt. xiii. 24, 25.

³ Matt. iii. 12.

ignorance may be estimated from the following words of Christ, addressed in his prayer to the Father : " This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."¹ Numbers disbelieve the gospel and contend against it, and St. Paul has thus given this explanation of their unbelief : " If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost : in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them."² We meet with many who do not profess even any regard to the Redeemer ; but to disregard the goodness which led him to suffer the punishment due to our sins is so ungrateful and corrupt that the inspired apostle has authoritatively declared, " If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha."³ On what does the hope of multitudes respecting their eternal happiness rest, if it be not upon their social virtues and their fulfilment of duty ? but of all who derive their hopes from their doings, the apostle Paul has said, " As many as are of the works of the law are under the curse : for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them."⁴ What are the highest objects which numbers are avowedly pursuing ? Do they live for eternity or time ? Do they make the will of God or their own inclination their law ? Do they keep the law of God or break it ? But disobedience proves opposition to God, and opposition to him is fatal. " The carnal mind is enmity against God : for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." We " were by nature the children of wrath."⁵ Alas, the children of wrath must at length endure wrath ; and the weeds and the chaff are alike destined to the flame—for Christ has declared it.⁶

¹ John xvii. 3.² 2 Cor. iv. 3, 4.³ 1 Cor. xvi. 22.⁴ Gal. iii. 10.⁵ Rom. viii. 7 ; Eph. ii. 4.⁶ Matt. iii. 12 ; xiii. 40-42.

Yet each unconverted man, now so culpable and in such imminent danger, may be saved. God has mercy enough to save him : the Lord Jesus Christ has merited his salvation, if he becomes a penitent believer ; and the Holy Spirit has power enough to convert, to sanctify, and to preserve him. If he were by any means drawn to believe in Christ, he would be blessed for ever. The day that Zaccheus, a dishonest and oppressive publican, welcomed Christ to his heart as well as to his house, he was accepted. As soon as the dying thief, who was executed for his crimes, who when fastened to the cross blasphemed Christ, and who was just about to perish for ever, exclaimed in penitence and faith, " Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom," he was assured that he should be that day with Christ in glory. No sooner did the cruel jailer at Philippi welcome the truth, that perishing sinners are saved by faith, than he rejoiced in the assurance of pardon and in the prospect of heaven. And Paul himself, laden with the crime of blasphemy against Christ, the avowed enemy of his saints, hardened by pride and raging with passion, as soon as he was conquered by Divine grace, became a humble, holy, and devoted apostle of him whose very name he before detested.¹

For what purpose, then, has God appointed that his people should be mixed with the world in senates and marts of commerce, in offices and workshops, in all the business of life,—the wheat among the tares, believers among the unbelieving, the obedient among the disobedient, the happy among the miserable, the saved among the lost ? Hear the summons and promise of God to the Church of Christ : " Arise ! shine ! for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people : but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee ; and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."²

¹ Luke xix. 9 ; xxiii. 43 ; Acts xvi. 23-34 ; ix. 1-20. ² Isa. lx. 1-3.

“Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel ; for he hath glorified thee.”¹ Hear the prayer and prediction of another inspired prophet for the Church of God : “God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us ; that thy way may be known upon earth, thy salvation among all nations. The people shall praise thee, O Lord ; all the peoples shall praise thee.”² Hear the prayer and prediction of Jesus himself : “Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word ; that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us : that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them ; that they may be one, even as we are one : I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one ; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me.”³ Hear lastly, Christ’s command to all his followers : “Ye are the salt of the earth. Ye are the light of the world. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.”⁴ By the moral glory therefore of the Church of Christ, by its resplendent piety, by the union of all its members in holy devotedness to God, and by his favour manifestly resting upon it, he intends to convert the world to Christ.

But since it is his intention that Christians should subdue the unbelief and ungodliness of the world by their efforts and example, each believer is necessarily called to do his part in the sacred conflict. Each armed with fresh hope and love, with uprightness of principle, and with gentleness of temper, must, as a good soldier, by the use of the Word of God and constant

¹ Isa. lv. 5.

² Psalm lxii. 1-3 (Hebrew).

³ John xvii. 20-23.

⁴ Matt. v. 13, 14, 16.

prayer, subdue some enemies of Christ unto willing obedience to him. As each unconverted man, however amiable and respectable he may be, exerts by his ungodliness and unbelief a withering, blighting, pestilential, and deadly influence upon all around ; and in the dismal abode for which his practical atheism is preparing him, must expect to meet many who will cry in his ear for ever, Your friendship, your example, your conversation, your influence, have brought us to this dungeon whose doors never open, to this torment unmitigated by hope, —so the consistent followers of Christ, by their conversation and conduct, are continually doing good, and are forming friendships which will bloom in heaven. As God has pardoned them, they ought to love and praise him ; as He has adopted them, they ought to honour and serve him with filial affection. As Christ has redeemed them, they should be devoted to their Redeemer ; as he has loved them to death, they should consecrate their lives to his service ; as he is bringing them to glory in heaven, they should give him all possible honour and glory on the earth. And as he has been such a Saviour to them, they are debtors to do all possible good to others for his sake. So taught by the Word of God, they should instruct the ignorant. So sanctified by grace, they should reclaim the corrupt. So blessed by infinite mercy, they should seek to rescue their fellow-creatures from an impending curse. So saved, they ought to save the perishing.

First, It becomes each follower of Christ to make the conversion and salvation of some few of his fellow-sinners the object of his distinct aim and persevering effort. Since each Christian in this assembly is connected more or less with some who are without faith in Christ, and without any rational hope of salvation, let him seek to save them. He can tell them that the unconverted must perish ; he can point out the habits and tempers which make him fear that they are unconverted ; he can give them useful books ; he can beg them to sanctify the

Sabbath ; he can attract them to hear earnest preaching ; he can urge them to read, and to reflect upon the Word of God ; he can show them the necessity of secret prayer ; he can tell them that they need not only reformation but renewal ; that they must not expect to merit pardon, but as perishing sinners must cast themselves on the unmerited mercy of God ; that they must be renewed or perish ; that grace alone can change their hearts, and that as they cannot merit grace they must fervently ask for it through Christ. Perhaps he may be able to pray with them ; but, at the worst, he can pray for them, and may thus secure for them the aid of Him who is almighty to save.

But no efforts are likely to prevail with those who are careless to induce them to turn to God, unless you likewise appeal to them by the example of a blameless life. As the whole Church must draw the nations to Christ by its spiritual glory, so must each believer act upon the minds of his unconverted companions and friends, by manifesting a portion of that glory in his own personal excellence. If God has called us by his providence and grace to be his adopted children, the disciples of Christ, the temples of the Holy Spirit, fellow-citizens with the saints and heirs of his kingdom ; so each of us is required to walk worthy of this calling ; to aim at being perfect as our Father which is in heaven is perfect ; to seek the highest measure of Divine grace, and daily walk that we may in nothing grieve the Holy Spirit. It is becoming our position as members of the Church, to set before our minds the examples of those of our brethren who have been most distinguished by their excellence, that we imitate them. Why should we not seek to be like Howard and Wilberforce in benevolence, like Luther in courage, like Calvin in laborious zeal, like Brainerd and Martyn in spirituality, like Paul in the combination of every gentle with every heroic temper ? As the sons of God who have an inheritance in heaven, we ought to keep heaven in our view as the end of our journey, the prize for which we

contend, our rich and everlasting inheritance. We are required to spare no fault, but resolutely to eradicate all by diligent effort in dependence on Divine grace. We are called to be exemplary in every social relation, and every common duty ; doing everything better because we “do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men ; knowing that of the Lord we shall receive the reward of the inheritance ;” because we “serve the Lord Christ.” *Lastly*, For the service of God and man, we should strengthen the mind by culture, and the body by temperance and toil. Count health, my young friends, to be a pearl, knowledge to be a treasure, and friendship to be better than either. But let your friends be those whom you can imitate and respect ; those with whom in old age you may recount the battles of the Lord in which you have fought side by side, and those over whose graves you may triumph amidst your sadness. Add to this, frequent and fervent prayer. Like Enoch, walk with God.¹ Like Jesus himself, set the Lord always before you.² “Be careful for nothing ; but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.”³

So doing, you will merit the esteem of good men ; you will have the happiness of turning some sinners to righteousness ; you will do your part to improve your country, and to honour the Redeemer ; you will secure the blessing of God.

The circumstances of our times are, further, such as furnish us with especial motives for activity in the service of our Redeemer. We are living, my young friends, in a period of the world’s history which may well excite our gratitude to God. Irreligion is indeed still active and hopeful. A large multitude in the nation are struggling with extreme poverty ; and a larger number are disgraced by vice and ungodliness. But, on the other hand, the symptoms of progress are unequivocal. There has been an immense improvement of late years in the arts and institutions which mitigate the inconveniences of life.

¹ Gen. v. 24.

² Psalm xvi. 8.

³ Phil. iv. 6, 7.

Since the beginning of this century manufactures of every kind have advanced to a degree of perfection unknown to our fathers ; and through the powers of machinery, governed by steam, many manufactured goods have become so cheap as to be within the reach of millions to whom they were never accessible before. Agriculture has made a corresponding progress ; and now, probably, through the wholesome competition of free trade, will be more rapidly improved, through the application of more capital and science to its processes. All the useful arts have been similarly compelled, by European industry, to minister more largely to human comfort. In all this improvement the skill of the mechanic is aided by the knowledge of the philosopher. And while the hand has been accomplishing the wonders of art, mind has been triumphing in the advancement of the sciences. Each year chemistry and mechanism are working new miracles. The geologist is throwing a clearer light upon the structure of our globe ; and the astronomer is unveiling to our gaze the magnificent universe. In former generations such knowledge was the lot of few ; but as the sun, which at first lights up the rosy summits of the Alps alone, after climbing the heavens, sheds his bright influence upon the humblest flower of the valley ; so knowledge in its advances has reached at length the labouring classes, imparting the dignity of thought and of wisdom to many who, in former days, would have known no other pleasure than that of eating and drinking, occasionally to excess. Further, as knowledge is power, a progress in political liberty has followed the progress of popular education ; and numbers are now worthily exercising the privileges of the Constitution who a few years since were considered incapable of the trust. All this while the liberty of the press has been doing the nation good service. Authors and journalists, to whatever violations of discretion and of good principle they may sometimes be tempted, yet on the whole exercise a superintendence over the great institutions of our country, and over the course of legislation, which is in-

valuable. Hence, the arbitrary violence which disgraced some periods of our government, and the shameless bribery which rendered other periods infamous, are gone for ever. Defects may doubtless still be found in our laws and institutions, for they are human ; but never in the world's history was legislation more just, or government less selfish and corrupt, than it is at this moment in this country. Various efforts for the amelioration of the condition of the working classes are a prominent characteristic of our era. Among these the abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions, at a cost of twenty millions to this country, deserves a distinguished place. Meanwhile, home evils have not been wholly neglected ; the improvement of our prison discipline, and the reformation of the system of transportation, have made the punishment of criminals less severe, and yet more effective for the repression of crime. The poor-laws are better administered. Baths, wash-houses, and model lodging-houses, though but slight palliations to the misery of a vast pauperism, yet manifest some humane attention on the part of the easier classes towards those who are distressed ; while the ten-hours' factory bill, and the early-closing movement, tend to increase the physical comfort, and to raise the moral condition of all the classes who live by their labour. But more substantial benefits have flowed to the working classes generally, from the increase of commerce which has followed the improvements of manufacturing machinery. When were the seas whitened with so many British sails ? and when were the forests of masts so dense in the Thames and in the Mersey ? Artificial restrictions of trade are everywhere yielding to increasing knowledge, and promise the industrious classes, if God bless us, much additional employment and food.

These causes, and others with them, have remarkably increased the disposition of this nation for peace with foreign nations. God, in his goodness, has made all classes mutually dependent. Thus, the agriculturist depends for the prices of his produce on the capacity of the manufacturing class to buy.

The manufacturer depends, in a measure, on the prosperity of commerce, and commerce depends much upon peace. Hence, in a free, industrious, manufacturing, and mercantile community like ours, peace is an essential element of prosperity. Wars were once the fierce pastime of the great, in which cupidity, ambition, and revenge wasted the blood and treasure of nations ; but no caprice of statesmen, no ambition of princes, can now hurry an enlightened and industrious people into those quarrels in which nations, bearing the Christian name, have displayed the ferocity of the tiger with the stupidity of the ox.

No nations of antiquity ever reached the same amount of civilisation and social comfort as ourselves, because no nation before Christ had the same knowledge of God and of duty. Although the Roman conquerors introduced the first elements of civilisation into this island, its progress dates with the introduction of Christianity among us. Our reformer Alfred was a Christian. To the Christianity of the middle ages, corrupt as it was, we owe whatever was at that period refined in the manners of the nation, or virtuous in its principles. And since the Reformation, it was the Gospel which taught the Puritans to toil and bleed for liberty of conscience ; and liberty of conscience has secured our political and civil liberties. The whole fabric of our national prosperity rests mainly upon our reception, partial and incomplete as that still is, of the Gospel of Christ. We may in some measure perceive this, if we merely look at the great elementary laws of the Gospel. Two great laws bind the conscience of every follower of Jesus Christ. The first is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul." The second is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." In these laws, which are enforced by the authority of Christ, and endeared by his example, there are contained copious and unfailing elements of social progress. One principle contained in them is the principle of individuality. Each believer in Christ, being bound to love God supremely, must do his will with an independence of thought and action, with

which no rival authority must be permitted in the smallest degree to interfere. When once this love to God is obtained by any one through faith, whether he be rich or poor, young or old, he must thenceforth act with indestructible, unconquerable freedom for God. Fashion, authority, numbers, interests, can no more hinder the development of right principles in him, than the swarms of summer-flies buzzing round its branches can hinder the oak from spreading out its gigantic arms, and lifting up its head to the skies. Each Christian loves God, and therefore obeys him : his course is fixed. If others will go with him to heaven along the path of duty, so much the better ; if not, he goes alone.

But while these commands involve an indomitable individuality, they no less develop a brotherhood of feeling towards the race. Since the Christian's first rule is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," all the world would solicit him in vain to turn away from the law of God ; but since his second rule is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," the law of God leads him to become the brother of every other man. Governed by this law, he can no longer violate the rights of his fellow-creatures, nor disregard their happiness, nor despise them for their failings. Since he is called to love them as himself, how sincere, how active, how beneficent, how forgiving, how inexhaustible, how indestructible his kindness ought to be to all ! for such is his love to himself.

Of both these principles each Christian can find an illustration, in the life of the Redeemer, well adapted to humble and improve him. Never was there on earth a life of such perfect individuality. In the midst of all corruption he lived apart from it, and took his own solitary road through the world, with unflinching fidelity to God. Misled by no prejudice, and enslaved by no fashion, he saw the will of God and did it, though the world hated him for so doing. Yet was he our brother ; he came for us, lived for us, laboured for us, suffered for us,

and died for us. Through a whole life of suffering he steadily pursued our salvation and our happiness ; with a view to which he lived with men, taught them, healed them, fed them, comforted them, converted them, and then commanded his followers to do the same. "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you." This love to our neighbour comprehends the very highest exercises of justice and humanity. "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour : therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." Every disciple of Christ becomes thus a brother to every other disciple, and a friend to all mankind. All social improvement would follow at once from universal obedience to this command. And as all Christ's disciples do obey it, a nation of Christians would be a society incomparably more perfect than has ever yet been seen on the earth. In such a nation of brothers, slavery would be impossible, and unjust legislation would cease. The rich would not oppress the poor, nor the poor envy the rich. There industry would have its rights ; there property, the fruit of industry, would be secure. The rich would be beneficent, the poor would find many friends ; all would wish well to all. There fraud, branded with disgrace, would be banished from business. There temperance would give vigour to the form, and purity would add strength to the affections. There truth and rectitude would inspire all with confidence in one another. The jail and the policeman would be superseded by the school ; factions would cease. And while such a nation would be the best prepared of all nations for war—because its men would be athletic in form and brave in heart, intelligent and well-instructed,—because it would abound in wealth, be strong in justice, and prepared for patriotic sacrifices ; yet of all nations it would also be the most peaceable—because it would be the most inspired with horror at the crimes and miseries which are the accompaniments of war.

There is no such nation on the earth ; the youngest here may not live to see such ; but the Gospel will eventually accomplish this transformation of all nations ; every Christian in

every land does something towards the accomplishment, and every new convert helps it on.

Rejoice then, my young friends, everywhere and always, if you have received grace to believe in Christ. Rejoice in God, who has created, preserved, and pardoned you ; rejoice in Christ, who has redeemed you, loves you, and reigns for you ; rejoice in the Holy Spirit, who is your guide and comforter ; rejoice in the Bible, your chosen rule of life, the wisest and holiest book in the world, in which God your Father reveals to you all his will ; rejoice in the thought of heaven as your own everlasting home ; rejoice in the Church of Christ, of which you have become members by faith, as the purest, wisest, noblest, and happiest of all societies ; rejoice in the age and country in which you live, where knowledge and liberty, being founded on religious principle, are likely to endure and grow ; rejoice in the privileges which you possess as Christians, and in the honourable and ennobling duties which in that character you are called to fulfil. Labour wisely for happiness, and you will with the blessing of God secure it. Do as much good as you can, in your short lives, to as many as possible of your fellow-creatures. Honour your Redeemer by your excellent conduct and high principles. Make all the good esteem you, and bear manfully the dislike of the wicked. Do not be conquered by adverse circumstances, but conquer them. By faith in Christ, by prayer, by prudence, and by energy, make difficulties brace you to greater force of character ; and sorrow, like the ancient rock of Horeb, pour forth for you a tide of joy. Seize every opportunity of mental and moral improvement. Waste not, by any carelessness, your strength of mind and body ; but improve both for the service of God and man. And may you live so wisely that, after much enjoyment of this fleeting life, you may sink to the grave in a good old age, beloved and honoured by all who knew your piety and shared in your friendship, with few regrets for the past, and with triumphant hopes for eternity.

INTERNAL EVIDENCES OF THE DIVINE INSPIRA-
TION OF THE SCRIPTURES OF THE OLD
AND NEW TESTAMENT.

BY

THE REV. T. RAFFLES, D.D. LL.D.

INTERNAL EVIDENCES OF THE DIVINE INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

I MUST indeed be strangely constituted if I could rise unmoved to address such an assembly as this,—not only in respect of numbers but also of character and influence, perhaps the most important that could be convened in this the largest metropolis in Europe. And moreover, I cannot but feel that I am placed in circumstances of no small disadvantage when I remember who my immediate predecessor was,¹ and the almost unexampled excitement which his appearance in this place could not fail to awaken at this particular crisis of his personal history. I can truly say that nothing but an imperative sense of duty has placed me in this position ; called to occupy it, I had no power to refuse. I am here, therefore, to fulfil, as best I may, the trust that has been committed to me, and by that help which I earnestly implore, and which I ask you to implore for me, to address you this evening.

The subject of the present Lecture is thus stated in the printed list : “Internal Evidences of the Divine Inspiration of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament.”

The Christian religion assumes that the Bible is the Word of God, that the books of the Old and New Testament are divinely inspired, and that, being so, they contain a revelation of his will. Now, the proof of this proposition is of two kinds ; the first embracing those evidences which are *external*, arising from prophecy, from miracles, from the testimony of

¹ The Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel.

ancient heathen writers, and the like ; the second embracing those which are *internal*, and which are furnished by the character and the discoveries of the Book itself, the principles and spirit by which it is pervaded, and the influence which it exerts upon the condition and conduct of mankind. It is to this latter kind of evidence that your attention is to be directed this evening. And I may be permitted to observe that while the external evidences of Divine revelation have been most frequently adduced and illustrated, I cannot but regard the internal evidences, after all, as most satisfactory and conclusive.

I now proceed to enumerate the principal articles of internal evidence of the Divine inspiration and authority of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament.

The *first* I would specify is, The noble and rational theology of the Old Testament compared with the low state of literature and philosophy amongst the Jews. It must be acknowledged by all who have the least acquaintance with their history, that at the period when the Pentateuch was written, the Israelites were but babes in learning and science. Nay, compared with many other nations, they were, as the celebrated infidel David Hume himself admits, "ignorant and barbarous in the extreme ;" and yet, what a sublime and dignified system of theology did they possess ! a system which might well have put to the blush the most polished and refined. What was the religion of Greece and Rome, the seats of science and learning, the admiration of the world, compared with that of the Jews, though the latter were far, immensely far, beneath them in every other respect ? Hume declares that if a man were transported to a land whose inhabitants he found to be ignorant and uncultivated, he might beforehand be assured that they were idolaters ; and there is scarcely a possibility of his being mistaken, reasoning from the principle that the knowledge of one Infinite Being, almighty in power and supreme in dominion, can only be obtained as the mind ad-

vances in philosophy and science. But were the Israelites idolaters? No. They acknowledged, adored, and worshipped the one Supreme and Infinite Jehovah, whilst other nations, polished and enlightened in comparison with them, were devoted to the grossest superstitions and the vilest idolatries. That there was indeed a strong tendency to idolatry on the part of the ancient Jews, is a melancholy fact that cannot be denied, and nothing can more conclusively demonstrate the deep depravity of human nature than the existence of such a fact; that a people so signally favoured by the tokens of Jehovah's presence and power in the midst of them should be so infatuated, so besotted, as to tolerate for a moment the monstrous absurdities and horrible abominations of idolatry. But so much the more apparent and impressive is the Divine origin and holy character of the theology of their own sacred books. Their idolatrous tendencies had no encouragement from that quarter; they were all opposed to their better knowledge and more enlightened convictions; and amid the frantic revelry and disgusting orgies of the idol deities, conscience must have thundered perpetually in their ears the sublime announcement, "Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord."

And what were the gods of the heathen nations compared with the one God of the Jews? The character of Jehovah as revealed in the sacred books of the Hebrew Scriptures is worthy of himself. There we behold the milder perfections of mercy, benevolence, tenderness and love, sweetly blended with the sterner, yet not less essential attributes of power, veracity, and justice. The God of the Hebrews is a holy God. Holiness is uniformly represented as the grand and distinguishing feature of his character; and sincerity and purity as absolutely essential to his acceptable worship. In the meantime, the gods of the heathen were the patrons of vice in all its most odious, destructive, and disgusting forms; their worship consisted of revelling and debauchery: justice, benevolence, and purity fled

their temples ; their most sacred rites presented scenes of cruelty and horror ; and dreadful to relate, their altars streamed with the blood of human sacrifices, immolated to appease the wrath and propitiate the favour of those monstrous and infernal deities. But how is this state of things to be accounted for ? What sufficient reason can the infidel assign for the grand and remarkable exception thus furnished to his general rule ? If by the pure exercise of reason man can explore the character and discover the will of God, how is it that the sage Egyptian, the polished Greek, and the learned Roman were so far behind ; whilst the Jews, in comparison with them, rude and ignorant barbarians, so much surpassed them ? Theirs were the sublime doctrines of the unity and spirituality of the Godhead ; the eternity, omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence of the Supreme Being ; theirs were confessedly the most grand and consistent notions concerning providence, and the creation and preservation of the world. But whence had they these sublime and consistent notions ? The infidel must either give an answer that will display his folly and condemn his infidelity ; or else, speechless and confounded, he must let the question pass.

In the *second* place, I would specify as another article of internal evidence, the moral precepts, especially of the New Testament. Where, amongst the writings of infidels shall we find such a morality as that of the Bible ? or where such precepts as the New Testament more especially contains ? I was once honoured by a visit from that remarkable man, Ram Mohun Roy, the rajah who, some few years ago, came to this country from Bengal, and died and was buried in the neighbourhood of Bristol ; and I remember his saying on that occasion, that, having read the New Testament, and having been, by the perusal of it, convinced of the Divine mission and inspiration of Jesus Christ, it afterwards exceedingly grieved him to hear the Brahmins treat Jesus Christ with contempt, as an impostor and a despicable person. “So,” said he, “I wrote my book, entitled

The Precepts of Jesus, and I put it into the hands of the Brahmins, and entreated them to read it, and then tell me whether, in any of the systems of morality with which they were acquainted, they had ever met with precepts so pure, so benevolent, so sublime. And they confessed to me, when they had read the book, that they had never met with precepts so pure, so benevolent, so sublime. Then I said to them," he continued, "Can you regard the author of those precepts as a mean man? Can you treat him with contempt?" Perhaps you will permit me to give you the sequel of the conversation on this topic; it may not be deemed altogether irrelevant to our present purpose; it will serve to show at least the natural pride of the Brahmin's heart as one of those difficulties with which Christian missionaries have to deal in reasoning with them. "And did they," I inquired, "proceed to practise those precepts, the purity, benevolence, and sublimity of which they were constrained to acknowledge?" "Ah no!" he replied. "But had you," I continued, "proceeded, might you not have found in that same book doctrines, which, if received into the heart, would have induced and constrained the love and practice of those precepts?" "Oh no!" he said, "I do not meddle with doctrine." At that point of the conversation one of the company rose and narrated, in a most interesting manner, the well-known experience of the Moravian missionaries; how they began by preaching morality and enforcing the precepts of the Gospel, and how they laboured fruitlessly for years, and no happy results ensued; when at length they became convinced that they had proceeded hitherto on a wrong course, and immediately they adopted an entirely different plan; they began to preach the great doctrines of the Cross, the love of Jesus Christ in dying for sinners, the full and all-sufficient atonement accomplished by his death, the influences of the Holy Spirit in renewing and sanctifying our nature; and instantly those glorious fruits began to appear which they

are gathering so abundantly to the present hour. Having said thus much, the speaker sat down, and the rajah soon perceived from the silence that ensued that some observation was expected from him. He accordingly broke the silence and said, "Ah ! that was very, very good indeed ; but then, you must not suppose that the same method which succeeded with the rude, the barbarous, the benighted Esquimaux, would suit the polished and enlightened Brahmins of India." Oh ! what a striking confirmation is this of the propriety and truth of the Redeemer's appeal to the proud and haughty Pharisees, the Brahmins of his day, "How can ye believe, which receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only ?"

But what is the morality of infidelity ? One of its maxims is, that there is no crime or merit in intention. That you will find in Volney's *Law of Nature*. A man may indulge in the most wicked and abominable desires ; he may revel mentally in scenes of debauchery and licentiousness, and yet, if he do not actually plunge into a sea of vice, though it may be exactly to his taste, and it would gratify his inclinations so to do, he may be a good man ! A *good infidel* he may be, but assuredly Christianity does not number such amongst its worthies. Indeed, it is hard to conceive of the existence of such a thing. A man possessing a grossly vicious mind and a virtuous conduct is a phenomenon in the moral world but rarely to be met with. Bad practices and bad desires are closely allied, and the former, except in extraordinary cases, will surely succeed the latter. For, as Baron Haller has most judiciously observed, "Where a debauched person fills his imagination with impure pictures, the licentious scenes which he thus recalls fail not to stimulate his desire with a degree of violence which he cannot resist. This will be followed by gratification, unless some external object prevent him from the commission of a sin which he had internally resolved on, and delighted in." Now, it is

admirable that the Gospel takes cognizance of the *thoughts* as well as of the actions, and that its precepts have respect not more to the external man than to what it emphatically denominates "the hidden man of the heart." The adorable Author of our holy religion well knew, that if the fountain were pure, the streams that issue thence must of necessity be salubrious ; and hence the importance which he attached to purity of heart and uprightness of intention ; for "out of the heart," said he, "proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies ; these are the things which defile a man." It was his chief accusation against the hypocrites of his day, that they made an external show of sanctity, whilst within they were full of "extortion and excess ;" and that strong and memorable expression of our Lord cannot but occur to every one at this moment : "Whoso looketh upon a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." Christianity then strikes at the root at once ; and this we must contend is the only effectual way, for who but a fool would expect to behold a tree clothed with luxuriant foliage, and laden with delicious fruit, while the root remained unsound ? Well did the celebrated Boerhaave say, in reference to this very passage : "Our Saviour knew mankind better than Socrates." And better too than the arrogant Volney and all his boasting followers, for in all their vaunted systems they never happened to think of this. What miserable systems, that have no stronger hold upon the characters of men ! Alas ! what would the world be, were it not for the influence of nobler principles and more powerful restraints ? Bad as it is, I shudder to think what it might become beneath the universal reign of infidelity.

Another very material circumstance in the morality of the Gospel is, that it condemns or omits some qualities highly esteemed amongst men, though in reality prejudicial to their happiness, while it brings into notice and applauds others, in

general overlooked as insignificant, or despised as contemptible and mean, though in fact possessed of the highest intrinsic worth. A man of lofty and independent spirit ; a man tenacious of his honour, and impatient of control, patriotic and brave—such a man has ever been the darling of the world ; whilst the opposite character, the meek and unassuming, patient under injuries, willing rather to conciliate than to revenge, has been looked upon with indifference and scorn. But it is the latter the Author of Christianity approves and applauds, whilst the former he denounces and condemns. “I say unto you, That ye resist not evil : Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.” These are his precepts. And shall we pause to inquire, whether they are not most conducive to the harmony and the happiness of mankind ? The Bible would make love the ruling principle : “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets.” And did this amiable principle actually reign in every bosom, what a lovely scene would society present ! Did men love God supremely, idolatry, with all its attendant and complicated horrors, would be unknown. Did every man love his neighbour as himself, there would be no more robbery or theft, no more slavery or oppression ; wars would cease, for mankind would be a band of brethren ; unholy and impure desires would no more inhabit the human breast ; and having no impulse to the commission of crime, men would “cease to do evil,” and “learn to do well :” all would be purity and peace, happiness and joy ! How many ages would infidelity toil ere it accomplished such a revolution in the moral world as this, or even in the character of a single individual ?

Thirdly, The Bible supplies the purest, noblest, and most powerful motives to holiness and virtue ; motives indeed which

Deists reject, though they cannot but admire the effects they uniformly produce in the character and conduct of such as live habitually beneath their influence. The sum and substance of the Scripture precepts is, that "Denying ungodliness and worldly lusts," men "should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world;" and the grand motive employed, in order to stimulate to obedience, is the free and unmerited love of God in the redemption of mankind by Jesus Christ. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." "For," says the apostle Paul, "the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead: and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again."

Such are the motives which Christianity supplies; but where, among the writings of infidel philosophers, shall we find motives of equal power? It is true, infidelity does not reject all the motives urged by Christianity, since to some extent it acknowledges the doctrine of a future state. But, alas! even this is considerably weakened in its influence by standing alone, and unconnected with those other more noble and powerful principles with which it appears associated in the Christian system. What sacrifices, I ask, did the alleged belief of this doctrine, in its solitary and unconnected state, ever induce an infidel to make? We are bound to answer, Not one. But, as it is held and regarded by the Christian, its effects have been such as to astonish the world. It has urged men, for the truth's sake, to forego the greatest honours, to sacrifice the dearest interests, and not merely to brave, but even to welcome the torments of a martyr's death. Nor, indeed, is the doctrine of a future state admitted universally by modern Deists. Volney does not so much as mention it.

Paine only *hopes* for happiness beyond the grave. Bolingbroke, though he confesses its utility, regards it but as an invention of philosophers. Hume questions its truth. Lord Shaftesbury ridicules it altogether. "The love of Christ constraineth *us* ;" but what have they to constrain *them* ?

I proceed to specify, *fourthly*, The spirit breathed throughout the Holy Scriptures. It is such as highly becomes what they profess to be—a revelation from God.

It is peculiar to the Bible that its historians always trace the events which they record up to their Great First Cause, whilst others would have passed them by as in the ordinary course of things. Those who are conversant with the prophets must have remarked the tender pity and deep concern which they uniformly manifest for those people against whom, as the messengers of God, they denounced the severest judgments and the heaviest curses, in which, as his decrees, they could not but acquiesce. The sacred Scriptures, instead of indulging or gratifying, rather check a vain curiosity, and the speculations of an impertinently inquisitive mind. For proofs of this assertion we may refer to the conduct of our Lord to the Pharisees, when they required from him a sign from heaven. "A wicked and adulterous generation," said He, "seeketh a sign ; but no sign shall be given to it but the sign of the prophet Jonas." To this we may add many of the answers which He gave to his disciples, when they asked him impertinent, curious, and foolish questions. As in the sacred Scriptures there is nothing to gratify an idle curiosity, so is there nothing to excite levity. A depraved mind may indeed derive sport from passages, in language and conception the most dignified and sublime ; but a man in a sedate and serious mood will always rise from a perusal of the Sacred Oracles still more serious. In all the writings, whether of the Old or the New Testament, we meet with nothing that savours of vanity in the author. This is indeed a circumstance peculiar to the sacred writers. You

never see them aiming at more learning than they really possessed ; or wishing to appear anything which, in truth, they were not. From this affectation, perhaps, no other author is altogether free : vanity is more or less discernible in every production merely human. In the Bible we discover no mean concessions to the great, no cringing before persons of exalted rank or possessed of power. Our Lord's language to the Scribes and Pharisees is to the point here : " Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites ! How can ye escape the damnation of hell ? " What dignified and manly eloquence is that of the apostle Paul ! So far from flattering Felix, he made Felix tremble. Nor was he less bold in his elaborate appeal before the royal Agrippa. Nor in all the sacred writings does there appear to be any concern whatever in the writers' minds to guard against seeming inconsistency, and apparent contradiction. All they seem to care for is to narrate facts, and speak truth, conscious that it wanted no embellishment or defence from them.

Nor can I leave this article of evidence without observing the beautiful, the pleasing simplicity which pervades the sacred writings. The four Gospels admirably illustrate these observations. There is in them no arrogant bombast, no attempt to set off the authors. It is evident, indeed, that the writers felt what they wrote ; and so absorbed are we in the captivating, and oftentimes pathetic simplicity of their narratives, that we altogether forget the men whose compositions we are perusing.

In the *fifth* place, I would mention the candour and impartiality of the writers of the New Testament. They are such as can belong to no imposition whatever. Their candour and impartiality are displayed in their relating circumstances and facts which they must have known would make against their cause, and which, therefore, an impostor would carefully have omitted ; and also in their not striving to conceal their own follies, failings, foibles, and sins, as well as those of their com-

panions and friends. Take the narrative of the resurrection of Christ. In the narrative of the resurrection an impostor might—nay, undoubtedly would—have made a much better story as to the appearance of it than the evangelists have done. In order to have made the best of it, and that it might have come with greater force and *éclat*, an impostor would doubtless have represented Christ as appearing after his resurrection, not merely to a chosen few—to those whose business and whose interest, as the infidel might say, and indeed has said, it was to propagate the fraud—but to the Roman governor ; to the multitude when assembled in the synagogue ; to the Scribes and Pharisees ; to the Council or the Sanhedrim of the Jews. But not so the evangelists. They state the fact, the simple fact, just as it was ; and there they leave it. There is, moreover, a simplicity in the incidents themselves, and in the manner of relating them, of which it is impossible to conceive as belonging to an imposture. The occurrences are so natural, and they are narrated in language so plain and unadorned, as to carry with them to every unprejudiced mind the conviction that they really must have happened, and that they are told precisely as they did occur. I have put down a number of references, but there is no time to specify them all. I will only mention, as a striking illustration, the conversation of our Lord with the woman of Samaria. Take that as an example.

In the *sixth* place, There is in the Bible, and especially in the discourses of our Lord, an originality of manner which one would imagine could not fail to strike even the most careless and inattentive reader. Instead of laboured and elaborate harangues upon morals, upon the loveliness of virtue and the odiousness of vice, according to the manner of the ancient sages, we behold the Redeemer improving every occurrence as it arose, moralizing upon the objects which surrounded him, and drawing interesting and important lessons from the appearances of nature, the state of public affairs, or the modes and customs of

the people amongst whom he dwelt. From the lilies of the field he draws lessons of trust and confidence in God. When in the temple, where sheep were kept for sacrifice, he seizes the opportunity to speak of himself as the good Shepherd, and of various interesting particulars relating to the fold over which he presides ; his affection, his tenderness, and his care. When at supper with his disciples, he made an impressive allusion to that mystical supper of which all his followers shall partake with him in his heavenly kingdom. On the great day of the Feast of Tabernacles, when a large supply of water was brought into the Temple, he stood in the midst of the assembled multitude and cried, " If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." And the day after, alluding to the liberation of the servants, who, it being the sabbatical year, were then permitted to go free, he said, " If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed ; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. They answered him, We be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man : how sayest thou, Ye shall be made free ? Jesus answered them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. And the servant abideth not in the house for ever : but the Son abideth ever. If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Now there is an originality in this method of conveying instruction, which an impostor would never have conceived, it is so out of the common way ; the occurrences that gave birth to the reflections are so numerous, and the observations suggested by them are so just and so appropriate, as to compel an unbiassed and candid mind to admit their reality and truth. Surely it must be admitted that Jesus Christ was the Prince of Preachers. Where will you find his equal amidst the orators of antiquity, or the declaimers of modern times ? I cannot resist the conviction that if there were no other evidence of the Divine authority of the Christian religion, that furnished by the ministry of Jesus

Christ would be of itself sufficient. "Never man spake like this man." Never man had such doctrines to deliver ; and never man taught in so solemn and impressive, yet in so tender and affectionate a manner. No matter *where*, no matter *when*, no matter *what* he said, he spoke with a power and an influence which none could gainsay or resist ; for it was the power of light beaming on the understanding : it was the power of truth making its way to the conscience ; it was the power of God speaking to mortals by his Son. "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken to us by his Son." In what he said, as well as in his manner of saying it, we have incontestable evidence that his mission is Divine : for the words which he speaks unto us, "they are spirit, and they are life."

In the *seventh* place, An argument of great importance is derived from the perfect conformity of the facts and occurrences mentioned or alluded to by the sacred writers, and especially of the New Testament, with the accounts preserved in history, and other authentic records altogether foreign and independent. Now, if this conformity can be clearly shown, it must at once satisfactorily decide the question concerning the genuineness of the books. There is a vast variety of allusions to ancient Jewish and heathen customs ; and mention is made of many facts in the history of those nations, of which a stranger must have been altogether ignorant. And, indeed, if the writer had had but a general idea of the facts and the customs referred to, it is an impossibility that he should have mentioned them with so much minuteness and so much accuracy. A man must have been a native of the country, he must have himself lived in the times and in the localities in question, to have been so close and so accurate in his allusions. The laborious Dr. Lardner has written a volume upon this subject, which Dr. Paley deemed so valuable that he has abridged, or rather epitomized it in his work on the *Evidences of Christianity*. He has collected,

with great industry and care, forty-one examples of allusions to facts or customs in which this coincidence exists. I have only time to mention one ; and I must be permitted to refer to it as a specimen of what I mean. It shall be the account given by Luke, in the Acts of the Apostles, of the miserable death of the proud and imperious Herod, which agrees exactly with that preserved by Josephus of the same event. Herod, says Luke, “went down from Judæa to Cæsarea, and there abode. And Herod was highly displeased with them of Tyre and Sidon : but they came with one accord to him, and having made Blastus the king’s chamberlain their friend, desired peace, because their country was nourished by the king’s country. And upon a set day Herod, arrayed in royal apparel, sat upon his throne, and made an oration unto them. And the people gave a shout, saying, It is the voice of a god, and not of a man. And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory : and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost.” So far the Evangelist. Now hear the account given by Josephus, whose work it is certain Luke never saw, and who will not be suspected for a moment of any inclination to favour the Christian cause. “Herod,” says Josephus, “went to the city of Cæsarea ; here he celebrated shows in honour of Cæsar. On the second day of the shows, early in the morning, he came into the theatre dressed in a robe of silver, of the most curious workmanship. The rays of the rising sun, reflected upon such a splendid garb, gave him a majestic and awful appearance ; they called him a god, and entreated him to be propitious to them, saying, ‘Hitherto we have respected you as a man, but now we acknowledge you to be more than mortal.’ The king neither reproved these persons nor rejected their impious flattery. Immediately after this he was seized with pains in his bowels, extremely violent at the very first. He was carried, therefore, with all haste, to his palace. These pains continually tormenting him, he expired in five days’ time.”

But a still more powerful argument, in the *eighth* place, in favour of the inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures, arises from the perfect, and, on their part, obviously undesigned, coincidence between the sacred writers themselves. You must remember that the Bible is a volume composed of many books, the production of many authors, written at different times and in different countries, and under circumstances in which anything like collusion or concert was, in most cases at least, utterly impossible. That they were the composition of different authors the characteristic style of each plainly demonstrates ; and yet there is throughout the whole such a perfect coincidence, such an entire agreement in the facts narrated, the allusions made, the doctrines taught, the principles inculcated, as could never have existed, and can never be satisfactorily accounted for, but upon the supposition of the genuineness of these books, the integrity of each author, and, as a necessary consequence, the Divine inspiration of the whole. On this branch of the argument, there is no book that can be perused to greater advantage than Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*, the object of which is to illustrate this coincidence as it existed between the epistles of St. Paul and the narrative of his life and labours, as contained in the Acts of the Apostles.

We now proceed, in the *ninth* place, to mention as another article of internal evidence, The positive institutions observed both by Jews and Christians. That there are such institutions observed to the present hour, is a thing sufficiently notorious. As, for instance, the Passover, the Feast of Tabernacles, and Circumcision, amongst the Jews ; and Baptism, the Lord's Supper, and the Ministry of the Gospel, amongst Christians. The question is, Whence arose these observances, and what was their design ? Professedly, it was to perpetuate the memory of certain remarkable and miraculous occurrences which took place about the time when they were instituted. Admit that the facts and occurrences which they are professedly intended to celebrate were really as it is assumed they

were,—I say, admit this, and nothing can be more agreeable to reason ; but deny it, and all is contradiction and absurdity. To suppose, for instance, that the Jews even would set apart a day or days annually, and at those seasons would practise certain ceremonies in commemoration of that which never happened, is absolutely ridiculous. It is true, the vast remoteness of the period in which the facts alluded to are said to have taken place may be urged, with respect to the modern Jews ; but there must have been a period when a particular institution was for the first time observed, and those who lived in that day must have been fully competent to judge respecting the fact or the event it was professedly designed to commemorate. Suppose now, for the sake of illustration, that a man, high in rank and celebrated for his learning, were on a certain day to convene a meeting of the inhabitants of London, and tell them that some years ago, on a given night, the first-born of every family in London was slain, except a favoured few, who, having previous intimation of the terrible event about to take place by some supernatural messenger, and taking the precautions he directed them to observe, escaped. Suppose, after affirming this, he should propose that that very day—let it be to-day, the 23d of January 1849—should be set apart annually in commemoration of the awful and wonderful event,—What would be the consequence ? Would the people, think you, give credit to his marvellous tale ? Would they immediately comply with his suggestion ? No, assuredly not ; but however great might have been their veneration for his character and talents up to this period, they would now turn from him with compassion, as from a man suddenly bereft of reason. And still more prodigious would it be if he should represent the affair as one of very recent occurrence, and should appeal to the parties present as to the truth of what he said. Now we cannot but suppose that the Israelites in the days of Moses were quite as capable of judging in cases of this sort as the inhabitants of London are at the present period. The former

were not a whit more easily imposed upon then than the latter would be now. But if the facts themselves commemorated by these institutions and observances are admitted, our point is gained ; for if the miraculous occurrences recorded in the sacred volume, the memory of which is thus perpetuated, be real, then the system which they are intended to support must be Divine.

In the *tenth* place, The most inveterate opponents of Christianity cannot but admire its effects on the character and conduct of those who feel the strong influence of its motives, and act under the guidance of its principles. For illustrations under this head of evidence we need not go back to ancient times. We are on every hand, at the present day, surrounded by living witnesses to its force. The introduction of the Gospel into a village or hamlet, till then notorious for its profanity and vice, has been known completely to alter its character. To the astonishment of all, its streets have ceased to be thronged with Sabbath-breakers, drunkards, and blasphemers ; decency and order have at length prevailed, and the ale-house and the haunts of dissipation have been abandoned for the house of God and the worship of Jehovah. What an astonishing change, too, has the Gospel wrought in the dispositions and lives of individuals ! Thousands might be presented here as cases full in point. There is a man who, but a few years back, was one of the most profligate and abandoned of his species ; he was the terror of the country for miles round the village where he dwelt ; foremost in every scene of riot ; he rarely opened his lips but to imprecate and blaspheme ; he seemed to be quickly filling up the measure of his iniquity, and ripening rapidly for hell. But the Gospel was at length introduced into his dark and benighted neighbourhood. He heard and felt it, and its effects were witnessed by his neighbours with admiration and surprise. He became sober, gentle, chaste ; his former companions and pursuits were all forsaken ; his conduct and conversation were completely altered—directly the reverse of what once they were ; his oaths and blasphemies were exchanged for songs of praise ;

his manners, once brutal and ferocious, were now amiable and mild ; and he became the firmest defender of the faith he once laboured to destroy. And well he might, for it brought tranquillity to his dwelling, and peace to his soul. This is no fiction, no mere creation of my fancy, but a sketch from real life—a reality often witnessed. And are these the blessed effects of the Gospel when it comes with power to the heart ? And can we for a moment hesitate to admit the Divine origin of so glorious a system ? Impossible ! When did infidelity produce the like ? “ Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles ? A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.” But if this be a good tree, and according to this infallible test it must, then is it Divine.

I am well aware that the force of this argument may be somewhat diminished by the acknowledged triumph of the total-abstinence principle in the present day. The zealous advocates of that principle (and all honour be to them, for incalculable is the good which they have been instrumental in effecting) may point to similar results in proof of its efficacy. But let it be remembered that Christianity had been accumulating such trophies for a long succession of ages before the total-abstinence pledge was ever heard or thought of ; that similar triumphs it is achieving still without its aid ; and that, after all, whatever motive may induce a man in the first instance to take the pledge, nothing short of those principles, and that influence which the Gospel supplies, can enable him to keep it. I maintain, that whatever is excellent in that, or in anything else by which mankind is benefited, we owe originally to the Gospel, and that the happy result must be traced in every case, if not immediately, yet remotely and ultimately, to it. You are a Young Men’s Christian Association, and to you, as Christians, do I say with confidence, Teetotalism must not be permitted to triumph over the Gospel, nor be honoured at its expense.

Finally, We may specify as the last article of internal evidence of the Divine inspiration of the Scriptures, their influence on the general condition of society. Never did a nation become the worse for its reception of the Gospel. On the contrary, wherever it has been introduced, in proportion to the cordiality with which it has been welcomed, have been its salutary and beneficial consequences in the moral and social condition of that people. This is a simple but most important proposition, the truth of which, infidelity, with all its artifice, has never been able to overthrow. Alas, alas ! what has been, and what is still the condition of society where the Gospel is unknown ? What scenes of horror, infamy, and crime do the records of heathenism furnish ! The Lacedæmonians encouraged theft amongst their children ; acts of the grossest indecency were not merely tolerated, but received the sanction of the legislature ; children, when born, were often murdered ; this was no uncommon thing in Greece : and the Romans were permitted to destroy all their female offspring, except the elder. Crimes, the most horrible and revolting, were committed without remorse, and defended with unblushing countenance ; the religious rites performed in the island of Cyprus, in honour of Venus, were scenes of lewdness not to be described ; human sacrifices were common in most heathen countries, Britain not excepted ; and their altars have flowed down with the blood of their own infants, shed to appease the imagined wrath of the Molochs and Juggernauts of their idolatrous adoration. And what the Pagan world was two thousand years ago, that it is to the present hour. The revolution of all these ages has done nothing to improve its character ; still “ the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.” But let us turn from these disgusting scenes, this appalling spectacle, and contemplate the benign and salutary influence which Christianity has never failed to exert on the condition of those nations by whom it has been received. What has it not done for them ? It has softened their original ferocity ; it has abolished the wor-

ship of vindictive and sanguinary deities ; it has substituted for idolatry, with all its cruelties and crimes, the worship of one infinitely amiable and holy Being. It has ameliorated the condition of society by diffusing through all its ranks a spirit of philanthropy and benevolence ; the rich it has taught to relieve the poor, the young to respect the aged ; under its auspices, literature and the arts, so essential to the happiness and comfort of mankind, have flourished ; sanguinary and oppressive laws have been exchanged for codes more merciful and mild ; and such, in short, has been its benign and beneficial influence upon the general condition of mankind, that all, except murderers, thieves, whoremongers, adulterers, fornicators, oppressors, tyrants ; all beside must admire it, and wish it a universal spread ! The voluptuous, the licentious, the profane, the ambitious infidel, has a latent motive for denying its Divine authority, and wishing to impede its progress. Were he to acknowledge its Divinity, he would by so doing pronounce his own condemnation, and expose himself to double infamy before the world. He has his ends to answer in wishing it to be false, since it is only by forcing his mind to this conviction that he can stifle the clamours of his conscience, or appear at all consistent in his conduct, either in his own eyes or in the estimation of mankind around him.

And now, on a review of the argument, at what conclusion are you prepared—are you compelled—in all honesty and fairness, to arrive ? There is the book ; there is the system. Whence is it ; from earth or heaven ? What is its origin ; human or Divine ? Human it cannot be ; for if it were, it would be a fable and a forgery ; a fable and a forgery too cunningly devised for human skill, and in the principles and spirit with which it is pervaded, too pure and holy for so base a purpose, or so gross an origin. Human ingenuity *could* not produce it ; human depravity *would* not, if it could. Then, if it be not human, there is no other alternative ; it must be Divine ! And if it be so, welcome it to your hearts as such.

Oh, yield your spirits to its influence ; yield your character and your conduct to its control ; and consecrate your best efforts in aid of its diffusion throughout the masses of society around you, and to the utmost limits of the human race.

Bear with me yet another moment, while I take a hasty glance at the scene which will be presented—a scene for angels to behold with delight, and the great God to contemplate with satisfaction and complacency—when this now distracted, polluted, and disordered world shall be filled with the knowledge and imbued with the spirit of that system, whose Divine authority we have thus been endeavouring to establish. Then shall all the walks of civil, social, commercial, domestic life be peopled by regenerated beings, and the intercourse that obtains between man and his fellow-man shall be pervaded by principles of purity, integrity, and peace. Then men shall love as brethren ; every root of bitterness that has sprung up to vex and to exasperate shall be eradicated. Then wars and fightings shall cease ; and the battle of the warrior, “with confused noise and garments rolled in blood,” shall become a tale of other times. Then slavery, under every form, in every respect ; slavery—a name never to be pronounced in this Hall without expressions of execration and abhorrence ; slavery, with its fetters and its lashes, shall be driven back again to the hell that gave it birth. The Slave-ship and the Pirate shall no more traverse the deep, and dye its waters with their victims’ blood. Then each shall respect the rights, and regard the interests of his fellow-man, as though they were his own. The law of kindness shall dwell on every tongue ; the meekness and gentleness of Christ shall beam in every eye. Every house shall be a sanctuary, and every heart an altar to Jehovah’s praise. Far and wide shall the tree of life extend its branches and cast its shadow, whilst men of every colour and of every clime, from the purest white of Europe to the deepest jet of Africa, shall gather around it in harmony and peace ; shall eat of its delicious fruit, and feel the virtue of its healing leaves.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

BY

THE REV. SAMUEL MARTIN.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

REMINDING you that the subject of this Lecture is Cardinal Wolsey, and assuring you that I bring to your service in this engagement the willing heart of a brother, I enter at once on the duty assigned me.

The Father of History, in the brief introduction to his *Clio*, thus describes his own writings :—"This is a publication of the researches of Herodotus of Halicarnassus, in order that the actions of men may not be effaced by time ; nor the great and wondrous deeds displayed both by Greeks and by other nations be deprived of renown." Time, according to this testimony, effaces the actions of men, and deprives of renown great and wondrous deeds. In the future state, MEMORY, relieved of every restraint, will work freely ; and no man will be forgetful of any important circumstance in his own history, while much that men have heard and seen in connexion with each other will then be distinctly recollected. Who will be able to forget, when the Great Father of spirits shall say, "Son, remember?" But now men do forget. And in proportion with the distance of an event is the danger of its being forgotten. Time, like a rising tide, flows in upon and covers the deeds of men ; and the depth of the oblivion in which they are sunk is according to the length of the period that has passed over them. Or, speaking in more perfect harmony with the words of Herodotus : Time operates on the actions of men, as the elements on the work of the mason. As in the external enrichments of a building

exposed to wind and weather,—the beauty departs, then the form, and at length the material ; so the actions of men are effaced by time.

History is intended to counteract this effacing and concealing influence of time. Written narrative is the diving-bell in which, through the deep waters of forgetfulness, we reach what otherwise would be inaccessible : it is material and labour and skill by which we restore what time has injured, and by which we preserve from defacement what, apart from this protection, would inevitably be destroyed. We speak only of real history. Much that professes to be narration of facts is either myth, or facts so distorted and dressed up, as that the age in which they are represented to have occurred would not know them, if opportunity were given for recognition. In Rotterdam there is a bronze statue of Erasmus. For many years it was a custom at stated periods to scrub and polish this statue till it shone like a brass candlestick. It was at length observed that this friendly attention was destroying the beauty of the statue, and especially the delicate lines of the face : on this account the periodical polishing and scrubbing was prohibited. Now some history is to its subjects what Dutch cleanliness was to the statue of Erasmus, except it be what Agnes Strickland's unwomanly insinuations about Cromwell's being addicted to drunkenness are ; and then, instead of having white so very white, you have black so very black. All history should be read with a rigidly critical eye.

As civilisation has advanced, the FACILITIES for recording and transmitting facts have improved and multiplied. And thus the accuracy and extent of historic records have kept pace with the number and character of the events which have claimed remembrance. In no age of the world has so much been stirring as in the present. And now, instead of oral tradition, necessarily uncertain ; instead of the bark and leaf, perishable and fragile ; instead of the tablet, whether of wood, stone or

metal, invariably unwieldy ; instead of the roll of skin, necessarily cumbrous ; instead of the papyrus so brittle, the parchment so costly, the raw cotton paper so expensive ; instead of the voice of the minstrel, heard but in kings' houses, and the recitations of the orator, addressed chiefly to the philosophic school ; instead of inscriptions by the unwieldy style, and by the slow-paced pen ; we have a cheap writing material from scraps of fabrics, and from the refuse of our clothing, and we have inscriptions by that art which preserves all other arts ; an art which in its recording and transmitting power is equal to the demands of any period in the world's history.

In God's providence, means keep pace with the demand. In illustration of this, observe—the invention of the art of printing has a close chronological alliance with unparalleled maritime discovery, and with politico-religious changes which scarcely meet their counterpart in European history. When a new world was discovered—nay, two new worlds, one of matter, but another of mind—a tongue of brass was ready to proclaim the intelligence in every human ear.

Another illustration of the statement, that as the record of facts becomes important, the facilities for recording and transmitting have multiplied, is furnished in the ample information we possess on the life and times of Cardinal Wolsey. A biography by the Cardinal's Gentleman Usher, his State correspondence, documents of a kindred character, and histories of his times, help us to live in his day and to walk by his side. The facilities for producing written history were in Wolsey's day great beyond all comparison with any former period ; and Wolsey's times are without parallel, not only in European history, but in the history of the world.

To all men acquainted with the history of Europe, and of England more particularly, the name of Cardinal Wolsey is familiar. Reminiscences of this remarkable man are connected with not a few places of this country. At Ipswich, Lymington,

Torrington, Oxford and Cheshunt, at Leicester and at York ; in the Fleet Street and Whitehall of London, and especially at Hampton Court, your mind is made to recur to this man's life and to this man's times. The prominent feature in Wolsey's biography is—his rapid ascent, and still more rapid decline.

So far as the facts of this lecture are concerned,

“ I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff.”

I have been to Cavendish, to Strype, to Ellis's Letters, to Mackintosh and Tytler, to Galt and Lord Campbell—to every writer on Wolsey's Life and Times, upon whose works I could place my hand.

And here allow me to say, for the *domestic* life of Wolsey, you should read Cavendish ; for the *ecclesiastical* affairs of Wolsey, read Strype ; for his *politics* read Galt ; and for the *poetry* of Wolsey's life, read Shakspeare's Henry VIII.

Thomas Wolsey was born at Ipswich, in the year 1471. It was not until 1538 that the injunction upon which parish registers are founded was issued ; but Wolsey's biographers speak confidently of the year of his birth : his gentleman usher tells us that Wolsey was “ an honest poor man's son ; ” rumour saith his father was a butcher. From the use made of this report in the court of Henry VIII., it would seem that this description of Wolsey's parentage was a nail driven by the hand of some silly enemy into the history of Wolsey, for the sake of splitting his reputation. The spirit that led men to exclaim with a sneer, “ Is not this Jesus the carpenter's son ? ” had not then left the world, but still induced them to endeavour to depreciate personal greatness by the ascription of a lowly origin to the mighty. This class of detractors accomplish what they aim to prevent. If a number of statues were before you, and one taller than the rest, and that one the only statue without a pedestal, you could not depreciate the height of that statue by remarking that its feet rest on the ground. Yet

men attempt this, when, to detract from personal eminence, they declare that this or that superior man does not stand on the pyramid of renowned ancestry—on the golden mound of wealth—on the pedestal of unmerited patronage—but on the low level of ordinary parentage and of common circumstance. What if Wolsey were a butcher's son? An honest butcher is better than a dishonest nobleman, and the gifted son of a butcher is superior to the foolish son of a king. There is much surely in this name "butcher," as in all names of trades. If butchers would call themselves animal-diet merchants—designate their apprentices articulated pupils—call their shops, warehouses—their aprons, *ventrales*—their blocks, *mensa lanionia*—their cleavers, *concisors*—they would at once rise in the scale of society, as that gentleman, in one of Charles Lamb's comedies, who could not induce any lady to look at him when his name was Hogsflesh, but who found a host of loving admirers when Hogsflesh, by letters patent, was changed to Bacon. I make these remarks seriously. Do not forget that the book which commands you to honour the king, and which, with reference to all in authority, requires you to render their dues, bids you also *Honour all men*.

Some of the circumstances of Wolsey's parentage may be learned from Wolsey's father's will. That, as dug out of the Registry at Norwich by Dr. Fiddes, reads thus: "In the name of God, Amen. The 31 day of the month of September, in the year of our Lord God, 1496. I, Robert Wulcy, of Ipswich, whole of mind in good memory, make my testament and last will in this wise. First, I bequeath my soul to Almighty God, our Lady Saint Mary, and to all the company of heaven, and my body to be buried in the churchyard of our Lady Saint Mary of Newmarket. Also, I bequeath to the high authorities of St. Nicholas, of Ipswich, 6s. 7d. Also, I bequeath to the painting of the Archangel there, 11s. Item, I will that if Thomas my son be a priest within a year next after my decease,

then I will that he sing for me and my friends by the space of a year, and he for to have for his salary 10 marks ; and if the said Thomas my son be not a priest, then I will that another honest priest sing for me and my friends the term aforesaid, and he to have the salary of 10 marks. Item, I will that Joan, my wife, have all my land and tenements in the parish of St. Nicholas, in Ipswich aforesaid, and my free and bond lands in the parish of St. Stoke, to give and sell. The residue of all my goods not before bequeathed, I give and bequeath to the good disposition of Joan, my wife, Thomas, my son, and Thomas Cady, whom I ordain and make my executors, to dispose of, for me, as they shall think best to please Almighty God, and profit for my soul ; and of this, my testament and last will, I ordain and make Richard Farington supervisor, and he for to have for his labour, 13s. 4d., and if the said Richard deserve more, he for to have more of Joan, my wife. Item, I bequeath to Thomas Cady, my executor aforesaid, 13s. 4d."

Hereby we learn that old Wolsey was sound in the faith and in the observance of the rites of the Christianity of that day ; that he possessed money, land, and tenements ; that himself and Joan had lived to see Thomas keep his 25th birthday, and that their expectation was that their only son would be a priest. Study this old will and you will learn something of the manner in which Wolsey, the younger, was brought up. But measure not old Wolsey's property by the present value of money. 13s. 4d. in this day is the common fee for two small lawyer's letters.

At the date of old Wolsey's will, Thomas was twenty-five and a half years of age. This long and important period of his life—except, of course, the "mewling and puking age"—had been spent in the pursuits of school, college, and tutorships. His progress both at school and college must have been rapid and rare. When but fifteen years of age we hear of him as Bachelor of Arts of Magdalen College, Oxford. The pre-

cocity of this attainment is decided by the circumstance that Wolsey was called "The Boy-Bachelor."

The names which lads at school and youths at college give each other are frequently prophetic. Based on some quality which, although but in germ, the young, by an instinct of the heart, discover in each other—these nicknames often foreshow what manner of man the youth will be. Boy-Bachelor said, concerning Wolsey, "Here is a lad wearing a badge of scholarship at an earlier period than his fellows ; he will be swift in every race, and reach any goal for which he starts before his competitors." In giving names, children are often wiser than their parents. Identify the entries of any parish register with special reference to the Christian names, and you will find cowards with the names of the brave, dwarfs with the names of giants, faces without comeliness with the names of renowned beauties.

The Boy-Bachelor was early made a Fellow of his college, and was appointed head-master to a school connected with that college. Moreover, the senior fellows elected Wolsey their bursar,—an appointment this which indicated the confidence of the heads of the house in his integrity and ability. But of this office Wolsey was soon deprived. It is reported that, without any sanction from the College, he proceeded to appropriate the funds to the completion of the Great Tower of Magdalen, and for this too forward tendency, this disposition to go ahead, he lost the bursarship. The balloon will tug its cords even to breaking as by inflation it becomes fitted to rise.

Among Wolsey's pupils at Magdalen College School were three sons of the then Marquis of Dorset. In the Christmas vacation of 1499 the Marquis invited the schoolmaster to accompany his sons home, and Wolsey spent that festive season in this noble family. The benefice of Lymington was in Lord Dorset's gift, and being at that time void, was offered to

Wolsey by his noble pupils' father. This expresses Lord Dorset's high estimate of Wolsey. It was not until the following October that the schoolmaster really entered on the duties of a parish priest, but in that month we find him instituted Rector of Lymington. The rector is now twenty-nine years of age. Four years have passed since the date of old Wolsey's will. He may be slumbering in the churchyard of our Lady St. Mary of Newmarket, or he may be rejoicing to find that his son Thomas is in a position to earn the ten marks by singing one whole year for his father's soul, and for the souls of his father's deceased friends.

Sail requires ballast ; and Rector Wolsey is now made to take it for his own vessel. When he had been at Lymington but a few days the local magistrate put him in the stocks. Imagine it ; the rector of Lymington in the town stocks ! Wolsey, like a great blubbering boy, says, "It was for nothing at all." And Cavendish believes Wolsey. Gossip says, "It was for disorderly conduct at a fair, where he had drunk to excess." This is not unlikely. If in a riot at all, Wolsey must be a ringleader. And if the learned universities were in that day what they are in this, the art and science of a row could be learned well whence Wolsey had come. Neither must we say, "extremes meet," when sensuality is attributed to an intellectual and learned man. It is a vulgar error that sensuality and intellectuality are never conjoined. The natural history of men of mind will show you a great brain and a wide stomach ; gods in the mind and gods in the belly, pleasure in the library and pleasures at the dining-table. And this may be accounted for. Intelligence is often connected with intense and general nervous sensitiveness, so that the same man is easily and thoroughly aroused by a cook and by a philosopher, by a book and by a dish, by table-talk and by table-viands. I am no apologist for gluttony and wine-bibbing, but I suggest a solution of an apparent discrepancy.

Lymington was not long Wolsey's home. The sight of the stocks, the presence of the unjust justice, the unenviable notoriety which his being "laid by the heels" gave him, the death of his noble patron, the too quiet sphere of a country priest's life, the smallness of his benefice, united to stir his nest. And from that nest he flew. His fellowship, according to the rules of his house, was forfeited when he accepted the living of Lymington. It is said he left his first benefice for the domestic chaplaincy of one of the English archbishops. Whatever interval may have existed, and however that interval was filled, this is certain, that soon after leaving Lymington, Wolsey is resident in Calais, having full and confidential charge of the treasurer's office there. Here Wolsey appears in a new occupation. Professedly he is chaplain to Sir John Nanphant, but really he is treasurer of Calais. Men of might find their hands. Weak men forget that they have ten fingers, although they generally remember their one tongue. Living energetic men are ready for any work which presents itself. The diligent school-boy becomes boy-bachelor, fellow, bursar, schoolmaster, rector, and now a sort of bank-manager.

By his own toil Wolsey relieved the Calais official of all but the emolument and the honour, and hereby set up the ladder by which he gained his future eminence. Through his Calais master's influence, Wolsey is promoted to the service of King Henry VII., and made his chaplain, Wolsey having been deprived of his office in Calais by the retirement of Sir John Nanphant, who was then of great age.

In the royal chaplaincy Wolsey was daily under the eye of the king, in whose favour he rose not less by a superior external deportment than by the development of real talent. The chaplain was not satisfied, moreover, with the work of saying mass in the royal closet. He attended the most active and influential of the Privy-Council, aiding them wherever his services could be made available. The influence which Wolsey

gained by his conduct is seen in the following circumstance : The king had some urgent business with the Emperor Maximilian, who was then in the Low Country of Flanders. Wolsey was proposed to the king as ambassador. The king accepted Wolsey. These facts show the confidence which the king and his Council reposed in the ability of Wolsey, and this confidence was well placed. The ambassador executed his commission with extraordinary despatch and skill. He left London at four P.M. ; reached Gravesend, by passage-boat, at seven ; arrived at Dover early next morning ; was in Calais three hours afterward ; the same night had an interview with the Emperor ; concluded his business the next day ; reached Calais the following morning ; was in Dover by ten, and at Richmond that night. The following morning Wolsey met the king as he came forth from his bed-chamber, and the king checked him because not already on his journey. " Sir," quoth he, " if it may stand with your highness's pleasure, I have already been with the Emperor, and despatched your affairs, I trust to your grace's contention." It seems also that a messenger had been sent after Wolsey, adding an important item to his commission : to this the bold ambassador had already attended. Hereby, in the favour both of King and of Council, Wolsey *worked* his upward way : toil and talent formed at this period of his life his path to honour.

" The king," writes Cavendish, " of his mere motion and gracious consideration, gave him at that time for his diligent and faithful service, the deanery of Lincoln, which at that time was one of the worthiest spiritual promotions that he gave under the degree of a bishopric. And thus from thenceforward he grew more and more into estimation and authority, and after was promoted by the king to be his almoner."

Death enters our palaces. Henry VII. proved this, April 22, 1509, some thirteen months after the collation of Wolsey to the deanery of Lincoln. His son, Henry VIII., succeeded to

the crown, then but eighteen years of age. The Dean of Lincoln, it will be observed, is about twenty years older than the young king.

Leigh Hunt, in that interesting book, *The Town*, devotes a chapter to Wolsey and Whitehall. The chapter immediately following is on Henry VIII. It opens with a comparison between Wolsey and Henry, which is as true as it is witty. "We have said more about Wolsey than we intend to say about Henry VIII. ; for the son of the butcher was a great man, and his master was only a king. Henry, born a prince, became a butcher ; Wolsey, a butcher, became a prince. And we are not playing upon the words as applied to the king ; for Henry was not only a butcher of his wives, he resembled a brother of the trade in its better and more ordinary course. His pleasures were of the same order ; his language was coarse and jovial ; he had the very straddle of a fat butcher as he stands in his doorway. Take any picture or statue of Henry VIII. ; fancy its cap off, and a knife in his girdle, and it seems in the very act of saying, 'What d'ye buy ? What d'ye buy ?' There is even the petty complacency in the mouth after the phrase is uttered ! How formidable is that petty unfeeling mouth in the midst of those wide and wilful cheeks ! Disturb the self-satisfaction of that man ; derange his bile for an instant ; make him suppose that you do not quite think him

'Wisest, discreetest, virtuousest, best,'

and what hope have you from the sentence of that mass of pampered egotism ?"

All this in the young king's character was in the blade when Wolsey first had to do with him ; and Wolsey lived to see the blade spring into the ear, and the ear become filled with corn.

Wolsey had already and often come under the eye of Henry VIII. As chaplain and almoner to his late father,—as former

tutor and present bosom friend to the young Marquis of Dorset, one of Henry's intimate companions,—Wolsey, on the young king's accession, must have been well known to him. Neither could the king fail to observe the ability and energy which distinguished all his procedure.

The chaplain and almoner to the father becomes chaplain and almoner to the son, and in the first year of the eighth Henry's reign, Wolsey is made one of the king's council. Henry's eye guided his hand. The rising favourite receives, as a mark of royal regard, a princely dwelling, with an orchard and gardens—the mansion covering the ground occupied by Salisbury Square and Dorset Street, and the gardens reaching to the banks of the river. To this gift were added the rectory of Torrington, the canonry of the collegiate church at Windsor, and the office of registrar of the Order of the Garter. Wealth attracts wealth. The Archbishop of York appoints Wolsey a prebend of York cathedral, and from thence proceeds to raise him to the deanery of York. Such endowments need a long arm by which to embrace them ; and Pope Julius II. gives this to Wolsey, in a dispensation, by which he permits him to hold benefices to the amount of 2000 marks (£1325) per annum. Introduction to these ecclesiastical offices was professedly for the emolument and not for the duty. The performance of the duties would have required ubiquity and other attributes in harmony. He is a thin-souled man who is willing to take emolument for service without performing the service itself.

Wolsey soon became supreme in the Council, and not less in his influence over the king. Cavendish says, “thus the almoner ruled all them that before ruled him ; such did his policy and wit bring to pass. Who was now in high favour, but master almoner ? Who had all the suit, but master almoner ? And who ruled all under the king, but master almoner ?”

We have now to see Wolsey enter on the charge of affairs

of State, as Lord High Chancellor of England, Prime Minister, and herein arbiter of Europe. Let us measure and count the steps by which he gained this eminence.

In the year 1512, Henry, espousing the cause of Julius II. against Lewis XII., invaded France in person. Strype says that Wolsey urged this war. Be this as it may, Wolsey was on this enterprise appointed by the king commissary to the army. It has occurred to all that the commissary is an officer who provides victuals and other necessities for an army. Those who call this commissary a butcher's son, have not informed us whether a precocious insight into old Wolsey's calling qualified the son for the task of victualling the army. Various information, like pieces of fabric to the housewife, is not to be despised ; it may be useful when and where we least expect. The result of this expedition, like the enterprise itself, fed Wolsey's mill with grist. The king and his ally, Maximilian, were successful in the war, and having laid siege to Tournay, taken the city, and claimed full sovereignty, Henry proceeded to appoint Wolsey to the bishopric. So far as installation was concerned, this see was vacant ; but so far as appointment was concerned, the see was occupied,—a successor to the bishop recently removed having been appointed. Wolsey's acceptance of this see was as contrary to ecclesiastical law, as it was opposed to justice. But involved in the bishopric was an income, an abbacy, and the governorship of the city ; and Wolsey seems to have obeyed either pope or king, as his obedience secured reward. How hard it must be for those who have dealings with ungodly princes, to be faithful in the discharge of religious trusts ! “Surely thou dost set them in slippery places !”

Having pleased his royal master while in France, and the see of Lincoln becoming vacant, Wolsey, now Dean of Lincoln, was appointed to that bishopric. And, as though death itself had become Wolsey's friend, the Archbishop of York died in

the same year, and the new-made bishop of Lincoln is advanced to that archbishopric.

Now it is that the subject of our lecture comes to reside at Whitehall. A palace, covering with its various premises the ground from Scotland Yard to Parliament Street, and from the river-side to St. James's Park, had been the residence of the Archbishop of York some two centuries and a half before it became Wolsey's home. It was then called York Place. It seems that Wolsey greatly enlarged and improved it during his tenancy, that it was of sufficient magnificence to become to Henry as Naboth's vineyard to Ahab, and that it remained in the possession of the English Crown from the twentieth year of Henry until destroyed by fire in the reign of James II.

Thus, in five years of Henry VIII.'s reign, the royal chaplain and almoner reached the second ecclesiastical position in the kingdom ; not second in York's estimation, however, for he struggled hard against the laws of all usage, to take precedence of Canterbury.

The eye of the Archbishop is now fixed on a cardinal's hat, and hawk-like, whatever Wolsey at this period looked upon with the determination to possess, became his easy prey. In 1515, Leo X. advanced Wolsey to the rank of cardinal, an honour which Wolsey acknowledged by a most pompous installation, conducted in Westminster Abbey.

Verily, so far as pace and distance are concerned, this Boy-Bachelor has run well. Observe what he has attained ! He farms the bishoprics of Bath, Worcester, and Hereford ; he is Bishop of Winchester and St. Albans ; he holds sundry court appointments ; he is Archbishop of York ; and he is cardinal ;—but now he starts for a yet more forward goal.

An eminent writer on these times states : “ Wolsey pushed his advantages, and not contented with secret influences, was determined to chase from office those to whom the public had looked with respect, as the ministers of the Crown, and openly

to engross all power in his own person. He observed to the king, that while he intrusted his affairs to his father's counsellors, he had the advantage of employing men of wisdom and experience ; *but* men who owed not their promotion to his own personal favour, and who scarcely thought themselves accountable to him for the exercise of their authority ; that by the factions, and cabals, and jealousies which prevailed among them, they more obstructed the advancement of his affairs, than they promoted it by the knowledge which age and practice had conferred upon them ; that while he thought proper to pass his time in those pleasures to which his age and royal fortune invited him, and in those studies which would in time enable him to sway the sceptre with absolute authority, his best system of government would be to intrust his authority into the hands of *some one person*, who was the creature of his will, and who could entertain no view but that of promoting his service ; and that if the minister had also the same relish for pleasure as himself, and the same taste for literature, he could more easily, at intervals, account to him for his own conduct, and introduce his master gradually into the knowledge of public business, and thus, without tedious restraint or application, initiate him in the science of government." This representation is doubtless true. Cavendish says, "*Wolsey found means* with the king that he was made Chancellor of England." So that, although writers of equal claim to authority in general affirm and deny the insinuations which Lord Herbert's words contain, and although in listening to them we hear opposite opinions, we incline to the side on which Wolsey's biographer throws his weight. Without doubt Wolsey did, by these representations, obtain for himself the Great Seal of England, and by the same means became Prime Minister.

In the authority and power which the chancellorship involved, any man might find satisfaction for the deepest and most fervent ambitious thirst. In Wolsey's case,—president of the

royal chapels, visitor of all royal hospitals and colleges, patron of all livings in gift of the crown, conservator of all public charities, guardian of infants, idiots, and lunatics, prolocutor in the House of Lords, president in the Privy-Council and judge in the Court of Chancery,—the modest cancellarius of the Romans had become more like the emperor himself than the emperor's scribe. Describing the powers of the chancellor as an equity judge, Wolsey is reported to have said, "The king ought of his royal dignity and prerogative to mitigate the rigour of the law, where conscience hath the most force ; therefore, in his royal place of equal justice, *he hath constitute a chancellor*, an officer to execute justice with clemency, where conscience is opposed by the rigour of the law. And therefore the Court of Chancery hath been heretofore commonly called the Court of Conscience, because it has jurisdiction to command the high ministers of the common law to spare execution and judgment where conscience hath most effect." Lord Campbell thus comments on these words of Wolsey : " He must have been considerably more arbitrary than a Turkish kadi, who considers himself bound by a text of the Koran in point ; and we are not to be surprised when we are told that he chose to exercise his equitable authority over everything which could be a matter of judicial inquiry."

From henceforth reigns in England nominally Henry VIII., but really Wolsey I. ; and so far as England exercised influence over the affairs of Europe, the English chancellor reigns also in France, Germany, and in the states of the Pope. Strype, in his *Ecclesiastical Memorials*, observes, " All the great affairs of State were managed mainly by Wolsey ; the king's servants abroad taking their instructions from him, with his diligent and constant letters to them, upon their accounts given him of the management of their offices ; naming him first in their addresses to the Court, and then naming the Privy-Council after him thus : ' To my Lord Cardinal's Grace and the Privy-Council.' "

If we were speaking of the times of Wolsey, it would be right to detail his foreign policy. But we must not confuse the biography of Wolsey with the history of his day. Thus much we may say, over Francis I. Wolsey exercised such power, that Henry once said to the chancellor, "I plainly discover that you will govern both Francis and me." He did govern both Francis and Henry ; both Charles V. and the contemporary popes.

But the chancellor now appears in a new character, that of *Church reformer*. The Cardinal had already been made legate to the Pope. "The powers of this commission were of the highest sort. He might summon the primate to his convocation ; he had authority to superintend, and even to correct, anything which he esteemed irregular within the jurisdiction of any see in England ; he could appoint all officers in the spiritual courts, and present to all ecclesiastical benefices ; constitute masters of faculties and masters of ceremonies to advance his dignity ; and exercise a visitatorial power over all monasteries and colleges within the king's dominions." Beside this legatine authority, Wolsey was sustained by certain bulls which the projects of his active mind required. He could *reform* as well as visit monasteries, and at his discretion could suspend during any one year the working of any pontifical law in England. Thus was Wolsey Pope in England. And his authority and power were not left unemployed. So disgraceful were the manners of the clergy, that complaints of their oppressions, extortions, frauds, and immoralities grew long and loud ; and the legate saw that so dissolute a priesthood would soon bring the church to ruin. To reform the clergy, Wolsey established in England a Court of Inquisition, to which the entire priesthood was amenable, and by which charges against the priests, whether trivial or serious, were investigated, and punishment of proved offenders sternly inflicted. This court Wolsey worked with power and success.

In the midst of this career of Church Reform, Pope Leo x. died, and Wolsey looked wistfully and hopefully in the direction of the Papal Chair. But the aspiring Cardinal was ashamed of his hope. Those with whom the election lay evidently considered Wolsey too active and enterprising to sit in the Chair of St. Peter, and the cardinals declared themselves moved by the Holy Ghost to elect a man of a different character. So far as the exercise of power is concerned, however, the Papal Chair would have added nothing to Wolsey's influence. His biographer referring to this very time states :—" Thus in great honour, triumph, and glory he reigned a long season, ruling all things within this realm appertaining unto the king, by his wisdom, and also all other weighty matters of foreign regions with which the king had any occasion to intermeddle. All ambassadors of foreign potentates were always despatched by his discretion, to whom they had always access for their despatch." As an illustration of Wolsey's influence this fact may be mentioned, that in a treaty between Charles v. and Henry, Wolsey is made judge and arbiter of all differences, the power being moreover conferred on him of " excommunicating the first who should infringe the contract."

Here Wolsey culminates. He is now in the meridian of his glory. Before we proceed to mark his decline, let us stay a little at this culminating point ; or to change the figure, and use another's words, let us tarry and look upon his " full-blown dignity."

Born in 1471, consecrated a bishop, 1513, an archbishop, 1514, made cardinal, 1515, and chancellor the same year, endowed with unlimited legatine power, 1519,—Wolsey reached in the forty-eighth year of his age the highest position in England which any man, save the king, could occupy. Chief judge of law and equity, prime political minister, head of the Church in England, arbiter of disputes between the European powers,—Wolsey's cup of earthly honour was full to running over. It is impossible to estimate Wolsey's *wealth*. It is

reported to have been equal to the revenues of the crown. He had a large share of the income of the Church. Foreign princes endowed him with costly gifts and royal annuities. And through the channel of every office which Wolsey held, riches poured into his treasury in a deep, wide, ever-flowing stream. His wealth may to some extent be estimated by his manner of life. In constant attendance on his person was a great number of noblemen and gentlemen, high in rank and rich in estate ; with no small number of the tallest yeomen the realm could supply. Over his household a dean was his steward ; a knight his treasurer ; an esquire his comptroller. Then came his cofferer, marshals, ushers, grooms, almoner. In his hall-kitchen he had two clerks, a clerk-comptroller, a surveyor of the dresser, a clerk of the spicery, cooks and cooks' labourers, scullery yeomen and silver-scullery yeomen, yeomen of the pastry and under-pastry yeomen. In his own kitchen was his master-cook—a gentleman clad in satin and adorned with a chain of gold—with his grooms and labourers and waiting-children. Then in the larder, in the scalding-house, in the scullery, in the buttery, in the pantry, in the ewery, in the cellar, in the chaundry, in the wafery, in the wardrobe of beds, in the bakehouse, in the woodyard, in the garner, in the garden, in the stable, in the almesrie, and at the gate,—there were yeomen, and grooms, and pages, and gentlemen, and masters, and purveyors, and labourers, and porters, and clerks, and men for whose infinitesimal services no tongue on earth could invent a name. Then in his chapel was a dean, a sub-dean, a repeater of the choir, a gospeller, a pisteller, twelve singing-priests, twelve singing-children, sixteen singing-men, a yeoman and two grooms of the vestry. About his person were his high chamberlain, his vice-chamberlain, twenty gentlemen-ushers and waiters, cup-bearers, carvers, sewers (servers), in all, forty gentlemen ; besides fifty-four yeomen as ushers and grooms. He had sixteen doctors and chaplains to say daily mass, beside a priest

as his almoner, a clerk of his closet, two secretaries, two clerks of his signet, and four learned counsellors, besides two cross-bearers, and two pillar-bearers.

But Wolsey was chancellor, and he had about him in the Chancery Court the clerk of the crown, a riding-clerk, a clerk of the hanaper (treasury), a chafer of wax, clerk of the check, four running footmen, an herald-at-arms, and a sergeant-at-arms. But I have forgotten his physician, apothecary, minstrels, keeper of his tents, armourer, barge-master, surveyor, and auditor.

One of his gentlemen-ushers, from whom I have taken these particulars, at the end of his full description saith : “ And whensoever we shall see any more such subjects within this realm, that shall maintain any such estate and household, I am content to be advanced above him in honour and estimation. Therefore, here I make an end of this household, whereof the number was about the sum of five hundred persons according to his checker-roll.”

But Wolsey's grandeur was not confined to the number and order of his household. He was clothed either in fine scarlet cloth or in crimson satin ; he wore a similar pillion on his head, and a tippet of fine sables about his neck. When he came out of his privy-chamber in the morning, the great seal and the cardinal's hat were carried before him. At his chamber of presence he was joined by his noblemen and gentlemen. When he went to Westminster Hall, two crosses of silver, two pillars of silver, and a mace of gilt, met him at his presence-chamber, and preceded him until he came to his hall-door. There a mule waited for him trapped with crimson velvet and gilt. And with his cardinal's hat, great seal, cross-bearers, pillar-bearers, footmen with gilt pole-axes, he proceeded to Westminster Hall. When Wolsey repaired to the Court, and when he left the country on any political embassy, the pomp and splendour of the procession were increased a hundredfold.

The limits of this lecture do not allow any description of the banquets which Wolsey gave, but it may suffice to say, that the king for his recreation repaired divers times in every year to the Cardinal's house. And Cavendish says : " Such pleasures were then devised for the king's comfort and consolation as might be invented, or by man's wit devised. The banquets were set forth with masks and mummeries in so gorgeous a sort, and in so costly a manner, that it was a heaven to behold." One thing is certain, these entertainments were sufficiently splendid to excite the jealousy, and to awaken the rivalry even of the king, who really said :—

" What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion ! And what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him ! How in the name of thrift
Does he rake it together ?"

But Wolsey's dignity is " full-blown." Henceforth the colour fades, the leaves flag and separate until the flower lies broken, sere and dead upon the ground.

In the fifth year of Wolsey's chancellorship, 1520, an event occurred which, in the eye of many persons, casts a long, deep shadow on the character of Wolsey ; I refer to the execution of the Duke of Buckingham on the charge of high treason. By some historians this event is ascribed to Wolsey's malice. Others assert that the Duke was guilty, that he was fairly dealt with, and that Wolsey had no hand in the matter. The general impression seems to have been, however, that the Cardinal was the means of the Duke's ruin. It is reported that when the Emperor Charles v. heard of the execution, he said : " The butcher's dog has killed the fairest hart in England." Certainly Wolsey's reputation suffered by the event.

Taxation has never gained popular favour for a minister of the crown ; and Wolsey at this period multiplied his enemies by two measures :—1. By proposing, in a convocation of clergy, that they should pay the king annually, for five years, a sum

equal to a tenth of their incomes ; if foreigners, a twentieth. 2. By requiring from the Commons a bill assessing a tax of ten per cent. on certain incomes for the same term. The clergy reluctantly consented. The Commons resolutely refused ; and only granted half the minister's request, although Wolsey went twice to the House of Commons to press the measure. The reduced grant was, however, unsatisfactory to the people ; and the city of London—awake on money matters three centuries ago, and not asleep even yet—sent a deputation to Wolsey, and begged him to reconsider the measure. Among other representations the merchants said : “ To make us swear will expose us to commit perjury.” Wolsey's reply was ready : “ The dread of committing perjury is at least a sign of grace ; but you should give the king some proof of your loyalty. You see what costly armies are preparing for France and Scotland ; and these he cannot maintain unless you give him assistance, and we know that you can afford to do it very well. On Saturday next I will, therefore, send a person to receive estimates of your means ; and let such of you as have more credit than property come privately to me, and I will take care that he shall not be injured.” Thus Wolsey chastised them with whips ; but he meant to scourge them with scorpions. He had other occupation, however, before he found leisure for this unpopular work.

The death of Adrian gave Wolsey another opportunity of aspiring to the papal crown. But again the Cardinal was disappointed. Wolsey did not, however, lack occupation. War with Scotland, war with France, and incessant disturbances of the balance of European power, occupied mind and heart and hands, and involved the chancellor in incessant toil.

In a new character, moreover, our busy cardinal now appears—that of *Church defender*.

Luther has already sprung into notice and power. His books against indulgences and other errors of the Church of

Rome come into Henry's hands. The king, urged by Wolsey, writes to refute Luther's doctrines. The Cardinal causes the book to be presented, richly bound, to Pope Leo x. Leo styles Henry, Defender of the Faith. The king cannot defend the faith. And the Cardinal, rushing to the rescue, issues a commission to all the bishops in England, requiring them, by a general visitation, to order all books, written or printed, containing Luther's errors, to be brought in to the bishop of the diocese. All abbots, priors, governors of religious houses, deans, rectors, vicars, curates, were required to see to the execution of this commission; and the people, by notice given to them in every church at mass time, were required within fifteen days, and under penalty of excommunication, to deliver up such writings. Wolsey wrought his hardest to crush Luther and his doctrines. But the reformer's notions could not be destroyed. The leaven was already in the meal, and the process could not be arrested. The light of the morning had dawned, and no creature-power could keep back the day.

But now, see Wolsey chastise the nation with scorpions. The wars of Henry with France had grown unpopular; especially as the ordinary revenues of the State failed to meet the heavy expenditure. Fresh preparations for war were now made, and to meet the expense a most odious impost, under the name of a benevolence, was added to burdens already heavy beyond endurance. "Commissioners were issued to all the shires, requiring the sixth part of every layman's, and the fourth part of every churchman's plate and coin, to be delivered for the king's use." The city refused to obey. Riot became general in the country. Wolsey could not again talk over the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. The Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk could not quell the tumult in the provinces. The disturbed state of the country becomes known to the king, the king calls his council, and protests against the tax. Wolsey recalls the commission, the captured rebels are pardoned, and

the chancellor learns that there is a limit to fiscal impositions, even on the most loyal and submissive people.

In the midst of this general dissatisfaction with Wolsey's measures, he went into France to confer with Francis on the affairs of the pope. Clement VII. then wore the tiara, and Rome having been sacked by Charles V., the Pope was the Emperor's prisoner. A thousand servants, eighty wagons laden with baggage and treasure, many peers and prelates, accompanied Wolsey on this expedition. And he exacted from Francis the homage that was due only between sovereign and sovereign.

In the midst of his political career, we have to turn aside, and to see the chancellor act as church reformer and church defender. Turn aside again, and behold him *patron of science and literature*.

In 1523, the Court was residing at Abingdon, and the heads of houses came over from Oxford to pay their respects. The king does not seem to have been concerned about their affairs. But the queen and Wolsey were induced to visit the learned city. On the occasion of this visit, Wolsey proposed the foundation of certain public lectures, and the revision of the University Statutes. And soon after Wolsey carried forward his suggestions, breaking up a monastery near Oxford, and with the funds building Christ Church College after his own design. Cambridge soon followed Oxford in inviting Wolsey's patronage, and over both Universities he obtained a legislative power for life. Although the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were the *chief* sphere of Wolsey's exertions for the growth and extension of literature, his exertions in this cause were not confined to these seats of learning. The College of Physicians founded 1518, was indebted to Wolsey's influence. He established a grammar school at Ipswich, after the fashion of the public schools at Eton and Winchester. And being in the duties of the Chancery Court frequently annoyed with the

ignorance of men professing to be learned in the law, Wolsey projected an institution for legal studies. His more private influence was, moreover, exerted on behalf of individuals devoted to literature.

But I must turn from the bright side of Wolsey's history. On every hand enemies to Wolsey had multiplied. The nobility were jealous of his elevation, especially because he was of plebeian origin. His equity as judge enraged many who imagined, on his elevation to the judgment-seat, that he would administer the laws in favour of the wealthy. His ecclesiastical pluralities and his exertions in church reform, alienated him from the great body of the clergy. The people hated him for the rigid and heavy taxation he enforced. Indeed, a true friend to Wolsey could now scarcely be found. Look at the facts again. Foreign princes now bought or sold him as their interest required, despising him in their heart. The English people counted him an insolent oppressor. The clergy were envious of his power, and enraged by his efforts for reform. Many in power at the universities counted him an insolent invader. The House of Commons had been insulted by him, and could not forget the affront. The nobility remembered Buckingham's death, and in heart loathed the butcher's son. The Council regarded him as a despot over them, and were jealous of his influence with the king. And now the king's attachment to a favourite of twenty years is beginning to subside.

The last display of Wolsey's grandeur was at Hampton Court, where he entertained an embassy from France; some fourscore persons highest in the French court. The particulars of this gorgeous banquet are detailed in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*. In rooms hung with cloth of gold, and yet more precious tapestry, furnished, moreover, with embroidered carpets, and sideboards of cypress, loaded with vessels of gold; "a service was brought up in such order and abundance, both

costly and full of subtleties, with such a pleasant noise of divers instruments of music, that the Frenchmen, as it seemed, were rapt into a heavenly paradise." How true to the life are these added words: "Then as nothing, either health, wealth, or pleasure, can always endure, so ended this triumphant banquet, the which in the morning seemed to all the beholders but as a fantastical dream."

What remains to be told of Wolsey's life finds a meet preface in Shakspeare's prologue to his *HENRY VIII.* :—

"I come no more to make you laugh ; things now
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe
May here find truth too.

Think ye see

The very persons of our noble story
As they were living ; think you see them great
And followed with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends ; then in a moment see
How soon this mightiness meets misery !
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day."

The king had long cherished a secret love for Anne Boleyn, and sought divorce from his faithful wife Katharine. The matter was disclosed by Henry to Wolsey, who is said, on his knees, to have endeavoured to dissuade the king from his purpose. The ground on which Henry professed to seek divorce was, that as Katharine was his brother's widow, his marriage with her was illegal. Pope, cardinal, and kings had declared it valid, and it is most likely Henry would have been still satisfied if Katharine had retained her youthful beauty, and

Anne Boleyn had not crossed his path. Wolsey at length consented to take the matter in hand. He asked counsel of men learned in civil and Divine law. He then required, by commission, the opinion of the English bishops ; next he applied to all the universities in Christendom ; then he sought from the Pope advice and judgment ; and lastly, he obtained a legation and commission from the Pope to hear and determine on the case,—Cardinal Campeggio and himself forming the commission. This commission sat. The king and queen came into court. Katharine behaves herself right nobly, refusing to have her cause tried in that court ; refusing to remain in that court, or to appear in any other. The court still sits, and counsel on both sides argue the case. No decision is reached. Session after session, and day after day pass, and still the cause is undecided. The king sends for Wolsey, and upbraids him with the delay. Wolsey leaves the king, but in two hours is sent for again, and required to repair to the queen, and advise her to surrender the matter into the king's hands. Wolsey and the other cardinal proceed to the queen. Katharine indignantly rejects the proposition. At length it is expected that judgment will be given by the cardinals in the court. The court sits. The king attends to hear the judgment. The proceedings are read over, and Henry's counsel demand judgment. Cardinal Campeggio refuses to give judgment, and adjourns the court again, referring the case to the Pope. The court is now dissolved. High words pass between the Duke of Suffolk and Wolsey ; the former in the king's name, upbraiding the cardinals, and the latter defending Campeggio and himself. The king is now in hot displeasure with Wolsey, and the court seize this opportunity of increasing his ire toward the object of their hate. The Pope receives the request of the court, and asks time for deliberation. The king sends an embassy to request immediate decision. Campeggio returns to Rome. And henceforth the king avoids Wolsey,

except on one occasion, when he was heard to say, plucking out of his bosom a letter, and showing it to Wolsey, "How can that be ; is not this your own hand ?"

The court was adjourned, July 1529. Wolsey sat in the Chancery Court the first day of the following Michaelmas Term, the 9th of October, after which he never sat there more. The king suspected that Wolsey caused the delay in his suit ; and it would seem a letter of Wolsey's falling into his hands, confirmed Henry's suspicions. Wolsey was placed in a difficult position. To decide for the king would offend Katharine, the Emperor, and the bulk of the people, while it would annul a decree of the Church. To decide for Katharine would make Henry Wolsey's deadly foe. The policy of the Cardinal was in prolonging the trial, and delaying the verdict, Wolsey hoping that some circumstance would arise by which he would be relieved of responsibility. But he was the victim of his delay. He saw that if he decided for either party he must be tossed by one horn of the dilemma ; and in avoiding this, he was thrown and gored by both.

The Great Seal was taken from Wolsey, October 19, 1529, and he was ordered to retire to Esher, and wait the King's pleasure. Hear him say :

"Nay, then, farewell !

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness :
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more."

A bill of impeachment, charging Wolsey with treason, is now drawn up. This bill, containing forty-eight articles, is carried through the Lords. The Commons, among whom Wolsey had more friends, and a great friend in Thomas Cromwell, rejected this bill. The Cardinal is now indicted for having used his legatine commission without the king's authority. In hope of

mercy, Wolsey, innocent of this charge, pleads guilty. The court pronounces him out of the protection of the law, declares his lands, goods, and chattels forfeited, and his person at the mercy of the king, who immediately seizes all Wolsey's property, including Whitehall.

In retirement, and in comparative penury, and retaining only the diocese of Winchester, Wolsey tarried at Esher, a country house of the bishopric of Winchester. He received frequent messages from the king ; and at length, after a serious illness, induced by his calamities, Henry pardoned Wolsey, made presents to him of the value of £6000, and with other marks of royal favour, restored him to the See of York. Wolsey's residence near the court was found inconvenient to those who wished completely to harden Henry's heart against him, and the archbishop was required to repair to York. He arrives at Cawood Castle, and having repaired and improved the palace, Wolsey arranged for his installation. By courtesy, hospitality, charity, usefulness, and benevolence, Wolsey won the hearts of nobility and clergy, of rich and of poor. A day for the installation having been fixed, presents of trappings for the ceremony, and of viands for the banquet, came pouring in from all quarters. Men of all ranks vied with each other in showing their respect for the archbishop. The day of the week fixed for the ceremony was Monday. Wolsey had reached the Friday ; the consecration mass was on the lips of the priest ; Wolsey all but stood at the altar ; the mitre was almost on his brow ; and while sitting at dinner, HE IS ARRESTED FOR HIGH TREASON.

Amid the lamentations of many, Wolsey is immediately removed to Sheffield Park, into the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury. There he tarried a fortnight, being treated more as a guest than a prisoner. While there he was attacked by serious illness, and when yet suffering from a most painful disorder, a message came to conduct him to London. In two

days he reached Leicester Abbey, so weakened, that he could scarcely sit his mule. The abbot and his convent gave Wolsey a most honourable reception. But Wolsey evidently felt he should soon pass whither their attentions could not avail. "Father Abbot," said he, "I am come here to lay my bones among you." He arrived on the night of a Saturday, and was immediately assisted to bed. He grew worse through the Sunday and Monday. On the morning of Tuesday, Kingston, the constable of the Tower, in whose custody he was, came to him. In a copious and energetic address to Kingston, in which he sent messages to the king, and expressed his opinion freely on the king's affairs and affairs of state, these sentences occurred: "I see the matter against me, how it is framed; but if I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. Howbeit, this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains I have had to do him service, only to satisfy his vain pleasure, not regarding my godly duty. Farewell! I can no more, but wish all things to have good success. My time draweth on fast. I may not tarry with you. And forget not what I have said, and charged you withal; for when I am dead ye shall peradventure remember my words much better." These last words were long in utterance; his tongue now fails; his eyes are set; the abbot "anneals" him; the guard is summoned to witness the scene; Wolsey was—Wolsey is not. By six the next morning all that is mortal of Wolsey sleeps under the Lady Chapel of Leicester Abbey.

These, briefly told, are the principal facts in Wolsey's history. None can deny that he was a man of uncommon power; ready in perception; keen in discernment (especially of character); calm in judgment; comprehensive, constructive, foreseeing. With numerous and varied powers; with facility of adaptation to business and to pleasure, to politics and to religion, to things of every sphere, and to men of every class;

learned, polished, dignified, commanding ; active, industrious, persevering, eloquent, and capable of pleasing ; there was a "breadth of character" in Wolsey with which we do not often meet. He had, it is true, the advantages of a good early education ; but then he was, what some men are not, susceptible of its influences. "Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." Wolsey had, moreover, the patronage of nobility, and then of royalty ; but this patronage was given not in order to develop ability, but for capacity previously displayed ; it was awarded and continued, not to make Wolsey great, but because he had already become great. He *gained* his degree ; he *merited* his fellowship ; he was *worthy* in the eyes of his college to be bursar ; he had *qualified* himself for the mastership of Magdalen College School ; he gained, by his ability as tutor, the patronage of Lord Dorset ; Sir John Nanphant became his friend, because Wolsey was his able *locum tenens* ; Warham and Fox, in Henry VII.'s council, took him by the hand, because they saw he could help them ; by despatch and skill in business he first gained *royal* favour ; by his talents in business he became necessary to Henry VIII. ; he was courted by foreign powers, because of his diplomatic skill ; and generally, we may say, Wolsey was not elevated by royal favour without talent ; but by talent he gained royal favour, and through a long period, by talent he kept it.

The times of Wolsey show that as a statesman he was in some of his policy decidedly in advance of his age. And to his character as a judge, let Lord Campbell testify : "Unfortunately, none of his decisions have come down to us ; but it seems to be generally allowed, that his elevation to the judgment-seat, by proving the extent of his capacity, seemed to exalt his personal character ; that no chancellor ever discovered greater impartiality ; that he showed much discrimination and shrewdness in discussing the principles of law and equity ; and that a

strict administration of justice took place during his enjoyment of this high office."

But let us look at the principles which formed Wolsey's character, and at the springs of Wolsey's conduct. "It is difficult," writes Sir James Mackintosh, "to form a calm estimate of a man to whose memory the writers of the two ecclesiastical factions are alike unfriendly ; the Catholics, for some sacrifices by a minister, to the favourite objects of an imperious sovereign ; the Protestants, for the unwillingness of a cardinal to renounce the Church, and break altogether with the Pope." As an illustration of this statement, listen to the following witness. Fox, Bishop of Winchester, writes of Wolsey : "There was in him an incomparable knowledge both of Divine and human things, and was in special favour both with the King and his holiness the Pope, which he had hitherto made use of with such circumspection, that he had obtained throughout the world the greatest praise and most ample fame." Now, hear Luther. Writing to Henry about Wolsey, he says, "A monster, and the public hate of God and men ; and that plague of your kingdom." Lord Herbert saith, "It is impossible to draw his picture who hath several countenances."

These are specimens of the contradictory opinions which Protestants and Papists, political foes and political friends, express concerning Wolsey. One cries Angelic, the other exclaims Devilish.

It does not appear, however, that Wolsey had any religious principle. His own confession on his death-bed is proof of this. And on one point all agree, in attributing to Wolsey excessive, unlawful ambition. His gentleman-usher, partial to his master, writes concerning him, "I assure you, in his time of authority and glory, he was the haughtiest man in all his proceedings that then lived, having more respect to the worldly honour of his person than he had to his spiritual profession."

The folly and the danger of unlawful ambition is the great

lesson to be learned from Wolsey's life. Our great poet thought this. Hence, in one scene he makes Wolsey say—

“ I have ventured
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.”

And in another scene—

“ When I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee.
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee :
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not ;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's—
Thy God's—and truth's ; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.”

Ambition is not in itself evil. It is a constitutional thirst of our nature, and is lawful when it does not seek gratification at the sacrifice of our neighbour's welfare, or at the cost of virtue and religion in the individual concerned.

Wolsey followed after supremacy in the council of his sovereign, and supremacy in the Church. Say that the election of the first of these objects was not in itself wrong. But herein Wolsey erred. He did not

“Hasten to the goal of fame between the posts of duty.”

Wolsey crossed the course when he ought to have compassed

it. The following facts prove this. When Wolsey was made cardinal, his hat was sent by a common messenger in a common bag. Wolsey hearing of this, stopped the messenger on his road, covered him with costly apparel, and conveyed the hat with as much pomp to the high altar of Westminster Abbey, as though it were the living Pope himself. Then, when Campeggio arrived, Wolsey, hearing that his retinue was mean, sent forward to the Cardinal mules and gorgeous trappings to increase his procession, and to swell his pomp. To use Leigh Hunt's words, Wolsey knew well "how to cook up a raw material of dignity for the public relish." In this latter case Wolsey's cookery was spoiled. Among other things, Wolsey sent forward a quantity of scarlet cloth with which to cover the cardinal's baggage. The people were deluded into the idea that these covered trunks contained presents to the king. In solemn pomp the procession moves through Cheapside. The people gape with wonder at these scarlet-clad coffers. But the mules become restive, the trunks are thrown to the ground, the scarlet cloth is unfastened, and the beggary of the cardinal's baggage is the derision of all. Wolsey's ambition was unlawful in the use of ostentatious artifice and lying show.

In *intrigue*, Wolsey's ambition was exercised. Without appearing to do it, he certainly undermined Chancellor Warham that he might himself carry the seal. He promised the French king his support when he was conspiring against him by similar overtures to the Emperor. He endeavoured by bribes to corrupt the Scottish nobles, and to withdraw their allegiance from their king. He attempted to purchase the votes of the cardinals for his own election to the popedom. He promised friendship to France when he intended war, and he formed leagues with Germany which he never meant to keep. In all this great skill is shown, but the immorality is detestable. Like the chess-bishop, Wolsey in his foreign policy always moves obliquely. Hereby he sought satisfaction for his ambition.

And Wolsey, to those whose favour seemed important to his welfare, was a low and sordid *man-pleaser*. In this respect Ignatius Loyola was in contrast with Wolsey as an angel to a man, and Hildebrand and St. Bernard were above him as gods. In pleasing the great, Wolsey put forth his ambition. The vice that shines in this is as dark as the talent is bright. And Wolsey had no regard to the rights of others in his attainment of wealth. But we must not linger.

In one word, Wolsey's self, by Wolsey's ambition, was increased beyond all proportion and elevated above its sphere. If he acted for the king in treating with the other European powers, it was to exalt his sovereign and *himself*. His home government was for his own country and for *himself*. His ecclesiastical reforming and defending was for his church and for *himself*. Wolsey was not a patriot. Wolsey was no citizen of the world. He had no notion of a kingdom of truth and love. No social affection animated him ; no religious idea led him ; no godly emotion impelled him.

Many of what men generally call great crimes are not usually ascribed to Wolsey. Buckingham's death is a blot. His broken celibacy is a blot. His rapacity of wealth and his cunning are blots. But the glaring stain on Wolsey's character is unlawful ambition ; because most of his other faults may be traced to this rampant passion. He was too pliant to the mighty that he might rise by the mighty. He was sometimes insolent to his inferiors that they might feel they were inferiors. He grew careless of the multitude when he saw the masses could neither elevate nor sustain him. He assumed undue importance, that his name might be honoured and that his will might be law. He was rapacious of wealth, that no dwelling might be like his dwelling, and no home like his home. *Wolsey's goal was Wolsey* ; Wolsey first—Wolsey last—Wolsey everything. And in running to this goal he quitted the posts of duty. The eternal law of love—love to one's neighbour,

love to God—Wolsey every day and in every act transgressed. And Wolsey paid the penalty. Joined to his idol self, God and men left him to suffer alone.

Often before his fall he was made to say—

“Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new opened : Oh how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes’ favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.”

Would to God, in hours of such wretchedness, and especially in his last hour of woe, some one had been near him to direct him to Jesus Christ ! In vain had been his chapel, its officers and furniture—his dean and sub-dean—his repeater of the choir—his gospeller and pisteller—his singing priests and singing children—his rich and numerous copes—his golden candlesticks—his sumptuous crosses—his daily mass ; useless in his last hour were abbey and monks, confessor and abbot, extreme unction and mass. Wolsey needed Christ. O Christ !

“Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ?
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ?
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ?
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff’d bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart.”

Christ looks towards cleansed millions for the reply, and they answer for Him, “He is able ; able to save to the uttermost ; we speak in righteousness ; He is mighty to save.”

Contrasts are useful in the exhibition of character. Let us take advantage of them here.

Some three thousand and half a thousand years ago, there lived in the land of Canaan a shepherd-boy. At the time to which I now refer he was seventeen years of age. He was the

youngest of ten, and was specially loved of his father, because he was the child of his old age. Now this lad on distinct occasions dreamed two dreams, which, though different in their elements, had evidently one import. In the first instance he was binding sheaves with his brethren, in the same field, when lo ! his sheaf stood upright, and the sheaves of his brethren bowed down to it. Then he saw the sun and moon and stars do him homage. In all simplicity of heart the dreamer told this to his father and to his brethren. Even his father was angry, and his brethren were mad with envy. Determined to get rid of him, his brothers sold him to a passing caravan of merchants, by whom he was taken to Egypt, and again sold to an officer in the army of Egypt's king. In the service of that Egyptian captain the lad so prospers that he becomes steward of his master's house. Now so it was that this young man attracted the eye of his master's wife. And to some young men—perhaps to such a character as Wolsey—the lawless affection of this woman would have appeared a tempting path to honour. Did not the bending sheaves appear in close perspective, and did not the sun and moon and stars now shine before him ? But he said, “How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God ?” The innocent are occasionally connected with circumstances which indicate guilt. And this young man was charged by his seducer with the very crime against which he protested. He is condemned on the charge, and is immured in a dungeon. But “his light rose in obscurity, and his darkness became as the noon-day.” The living conscience that kept him from evil in prosperity, sustained him in a right path in adversity. And treading with firm step and upright gait the path of righteousness, this young man at length realizes the dream by which was awakened his youthful ambition. Joseph did

“Hasten to the goal of fame between the posts of duty.”

The difference between Joseph and Wolsey is here ; the former would do no wickedness to exalt himself ; the latter did not scruple to commit sin. When the former was in trouble he could sustain his calamity ; but the latter, wounded in spirit, could not endure his sorrow. The light of Wolsey is put out—quenched in utter darkness ; the light of Joseph broke forth as the morning, and now shines in eternal day.

And since Joseph's day—in Wolsey's own day—I find material for a similar contrast. About the time that Wolsey attained his B.A. degree, there might be seen in Germany, in the woods of Mansfeld, a little fair-haired boy, gathering fagots with his mother. By the time Wolsey is schoolmaster at Oxford, this lad has found his way to Erfurt, and is studying classics and divinity ; the writings of heathen and of Christians, and especially the Book of God. Through circumstances too numerous to be now mentioned, and by the time that Wolsey holds the great seal of England, this man stands before Europe the avowed and active enemy of papal indulgences, of the popedom, and of the most glaring corruptions of the then Church. Neither threats nor bribes ; neither bulls from the papal chair, nor the voice of applauding multitudes divert him from his purpose. With certain doctrines on his lip and on his pen, this miner's son goes forth, shaking Europe to its foundation. In this mere outline you immediately recognise Martin Luther. The difference between Luther and Wolsey lies here. Luther toiled for the people, and for God and Christ in the people ; Wolsey laboured for himself and for all other objects as they found shrine and temple for himself. Luther obeyed his conscience ; Wolsey gave heed to passion. Luther asked what is right ; Wolsey inquired what is expedient for myself. Luther was led on by the light of a Divine idea ; Wolsey was attracted by the glimmer of an *ignis fatuus*. Both being dead, yet speak. Luther, in the triumph of his principles,

saith, "Follow me;" and Wolsey cries, "Mark but my fall and that that ruined me." Luther did

"Hasten to the goal of fame between the posts of duty,"

and Luther lives in endless renown. Wolsey crossed the course, and Wolsey sinks in deserved contempt.

Luther's course admits explanation. When in the monastery of which he was a member, he found a copy of the Bible. This he studied with amazing assiduity. By means of the Scriptures he became familiar with One cradled in a manger—a carpenter's son—who had a glorious kingdom in prospect, but who in gaining it was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." The Heir to this empire might have displayed his power so ostentatiously that the world would have wondered after him; but it was *right* that he should bear the contempt of men, and he endured the cross. He might have supplied his wants by miracle; but it was *right* that he should suffer hunger, and he did endure the pain of need. He might by the voice of the common people have been made a king; but it *was right* that he should come up as a tender plant, and he did neither strive nor cry. When arrested for crucifixion he might have defended himself by twelve legions of angels; but it *was right* he should die at the hands of wicked men, and he resigned himself as a lamb to the slaughter. Verily it was from Jesus Christ that Luther learned to run for his goal between the posts of duty. Had Wolsey known the same Master, how different his course, how different his end!

Young men and brethren! Be ambitious; seek to excel; aim at elevation; endeavour to rise. I would bid your emulation awake. AIM AT BEING FIRST-RATE IN EVERYTHING. Why should you be servants if you can be masters? Why remain subordinates if you can be principals? Why remain second in anything if you can be first? The possession of the ability to move forward and upward is a call of Providence to

advance. But subordinate your emulation to the law of God. This is as much your policy as your duty. Jealousy will hinder you. Envy will impede you. Any malevolent affection will obstruct you. And all acts of immorality and ungodliness will prove as so many stumbling-blocks in your path. Lies will not help you, not even white lies. Defrauding will not help you, not even that which passes current in business. Monopoly will not help you. But punctuality will assist you, order and regularity. Versatility of attainment will help you, and thoroughness. Education will help you, and the live and let-live principle ; the doing to another as you would he should do to you. In one word, pure religion will assist you. Religion includes all I have suggested, but it embraces much more. I do not say that cant and hypocrisy and formalism will help you. These are not religion. By religion I mean intelligent, loving, earnest obedience in all things to God, to God as he is declared in Christ. That in a lawful ambition must help you. Herein you are guided by an omniscient Eye ; you are sustained by an almighty arm ; you are comforted and cheered by infinite Love. I repeat : REAL RELIGION WILL HELP YOU.

The *Times*, of December 18th, in a leader upon the West Riding election, says, " Whether a pious footman advertises for a place, or a pious candidate for a seat, the public is equally disposed to suspect something wrong. It is concluded, that the man has no other recommendation to offer, and that he is palming himself upon the conscientious, in the hope that some poor soul may think to win heaven by putting up with a very bad servant." Again, " Experience, therefore, has taught us to regard the pious candidate as a contemptible impostor ; and a wide induction has confirmed that belief." This paper, I am aware, proceeds on the dispositions and suspicions, on the hopes and experiences of its public, we say of *its* public, that is, the more wealthy portion of the middle classes. It is not a leader, but a close follower of a certain portion of the people.

Yet, as the weathercock when out of order does not answer to the wind, so the *Times* has in this case mistaken even *its own public*. The public *can* distinguish hypocrisy from sincerity, sham from reality, and they do *not* conclude that a candidate for any office, if he profess piety, has nothing else to offer. But if he have nothing more, is piety—involving intelligence, integrity, diligence, and the fear of God—nothing? Christian young men, in houses of business, I beseech you, commend your religion by manifesting its happy influence on the ability and energy with which you pursue your daily calling. I commit to you the refutation of this error of the *Times*.

Be it your ambition, to be in your whole position equal to the capacity and opportunity with which God has endowed you. Run your fastest. Run your farthest. Rise to your highest, and rise at your best speed. But run between the posts of duty, and rise submissive to the will of God.

SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, BART.

A STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN.

BY

THE REV. THOMAS BINNEY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Lecture has grown into a book. I greatly regret this, especially on account of the appearance it will have in comparison with the rest of the series. It will look like an assumption on my part, the thought of which is very painful to me. The plain fact is this : when I agreed to give a Lecture, it did not occur to me that it would have to be printed. I only thought of standing up and speaking for an hour or so, and I meant principally to have referred to the religious aspect of Sir Fowell Buxton's character. When, however, printing was understood to be included in the engagement, I set myself to go far more fully and minutely into the whole subject. I collected and arranged all the materials, and wrote, pretty much as it now stands, what makes the first twenty of the following pages, previous to the delivery of the Lecture. Since then I have written the rest ; and, as the subject kept growing upon myself in interest and attractiveness, as I found it affording opportunities for touching on many things important to young men, and as the necessity was past for writing only as much as could be publicly read in a reasonable time, I kept on writing ; and, as I sent away to the printer the copy as it grew, I was really not aware of the quantity I wrote. I must also acknowledge, that as I felt the subject to be of a sort fairly to admit of an experiment,—which many have long thought ought to be made,—namely, that of an attempt to combine, in books intended for the religious benefit either of the working classes, or of respectable educated young men, something of the ease and freedom, not to say lightness or grace, of popular literature, with the inculcation of serious moral lessons, the enforcement of religious habits, and the explanation of evangelical ideas and of the nature of the spiritual life, I was willing to *try* whether the thing could be done, or whether I could do it. As to the extent to which this has run, I can only add, that as I am conscious of having really laboured to make the book at once attractive and useful, and have found it a *pleasant* labour, both from the nature of the subject and my interest in young men, and as I believe that those for whom I have thus laboured will kindly receive and value the gift, if they and I are satisfied to bear between us the burden of this long discourse, I do not think that any one else has a right to complain.

T. B.

SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, BART.

TOWARDS the close of the last century, about the year 1798, as it was drawing nigh to the Easter holidays, a respectable widow lady, neatly appalled as a member of the Society of Friends—or with just, perhaps, a shade or two less than what was required by professional strictness—might have been seen on her way from London to Greenwich, where she had two or three of her sons at school. One of them was a lad of some twelve years of age. He was bold and impetuous ; rather of a violent and “ domineering disposition ;” he had been fatherless from his sixth year, and his mother had “ allowed him to assume, at home, the position and airs of the master of the house ;” “ his brothers and sisters had to yield him obedience ;” he felt himself rather encouraged “ to play the little tyrant,” and was not very reluctant to try the character. During the Christmas holidays previous to the time we refer to, “ Master Fowell had been angry, and had struck his sister’s governess ;” and, to punish this outbreak, Master Fowell had been threatened with being left at school when his brothers should return home at Easter. Circumstances, however, led the mother to think she had better not carry the threat into effect, and so she went down to Greenwich to see the boy, and settle the matter with him. She received an answer combining in it something of heroism and something of hardihood ; the latter, however, so predominating, that “ she left him, resolutely, to his punishment.” The boy did not stay very long at school

after this. He never made much progress there. He got other boys to do his exercises ; and at fifteen returned home, and stayed at home, doing nothing but what he pleased ; and what *did* please him was riding and shooting and boating, reading for amusement, or anything but work. He had good expectations of property, but some of these were blasted ; and at two-and-twenty, with a wife and child, he would have given anything “ for a situation of £100 a year, if he had had to work twelve hours a day for it.” Now, let the principal points of that picture be attentively observed and kept firmly in remembrance, and then turn with me to another.

We will come down to within four years of the present time—to February 1845. Imagine yourselves standing before the residence of a country gentleman ; a hall, with its lawn, and fields, and old trees ; with its garden, and park, and woodlands ; and all the other signs of the worldly wealth and the respectable social standing of its possessor. We will draw nigh, and enter, and observe. The owner of this fair domain appears to be the head of a numerous household. Sons and daughters, children and grandchildren, have sprung from him. Many of them are here. Everything in the house indicates substance, elegance, refinement ; everything about its inmates education, talents, accomplishments, piety. But where are we now ? Hush ! Tread softly ; we have approached and are entering the chamber of a dying man ! The master of the mansion is nigh to his last hour, and all things seem to say to us, “ *Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright : for the end of that man is peace.*” He is resigned, calm, hopeful, triumphant. He utters expressions of the most spiritual nature, indicating his familiar acquaintance with the truths of evangelical religion, and his deep experience of vital godliness. But his family have gathered about his bed. He has fallen asleep. All is over ! What a deep, sacred silence has succeeded those last, lingering indications of life !—a silence broken at length by the brother

of the dead ; a man publicly distinguished and extensively venerated for wisdom, devotion, piety, and goodness. His voice, tremulous with emotion, yet rising into clearness and force as he gives utterance to his calm joy, grateful admiration, and firm faith, conveys to us these thrilling words of truth and love : “ Never was death more still, and solemn, and gentle ! This chamber presents one of the fairest pictures that ever met the eye ! *Such an expression of intellectual power and refinement—of love to God and man*—I have never before seen in any human countenance.”

But now, connect with this which is passing within, the knowledge and indications of what is passing without, and include in the picture, or combine rather with it, in your recollections, subsequent events. The illness and death of this man are matters of national interest. He is spoken of in the newspapers, of both city and country, as one who had passed a public life of great usefulness and distinction ; whose condition excites constant inquiries and wide-spread sympathy, and whose death is tremblingly anticipated as a blow that will reverberate through half the world. His funeral, though as private as possible, is like the gathering of a clan, or the meeting and mourning of many tribes. His memory is to be honoured by a public monument. The husband of the Queen heads the subscription. Numbers throughout the land, of all ranks, join willingly in the work. Multitudes from afar ; rescued and liberated bondsmen, with hearts bearing on them the name, heaving and beating at the remembrance of their advocate and benefactor—bring together pence and halfpence from so many hands that £450 are sent over by *them* ! Fifty thousand persons, exclusive of those in this country, subscribe to this monument. And at length it is raised—raised in Westminster Abbey ; the highest distinction this that can be conferred on man ; the greatest and richest honour, that the first and greatest nation in the world has it in its power to pay to science, to arms, to genius,

or to virtue ! There he stands ; the raw, rude boy of 1798, transformed into the noble, intellectual, patriotic public man—the devout and pious Christian—whose loss, in 1845, is mourned alike at the equator and at the Indies ! The lad, who was content to depend on the help of others for his learning, and who seemed at one time to care for nothing but vagrant and volatile enjoyment,—*he* grew into this good, great, and heroic man ; and he stands there in his place, in the noblest edifice of the empire, among poets, politicians, and philanthropists, elevated to the rank and sharing the immortality of those various forms of beneficence or greatness, that have adorned the land and done honour to human nature !

Such are the two pictures presented by Sir Fowell Buxton, to the thoughtful and reflective reader, at the beginning and the close of life ; and the object I have in view to-night is, to show you, how the one picture grew and changed into the other. You are to mark the beginning and the advance of this process ; its cause or occasion, its elements and auxiliaries, or anything else of importance connected with it ; and then, you are to lay to heart the lessons that it teaches, and to reduce to practice these lessons in your lives.

There are *three questions* to be asked respecting Sir Fowell Buxton,—to each of which the printed book¹ lying before us affords full, satisfactory, and suggestive replies ; but which I can do nothing with to-night, except to direct you, by a few hints how to reply to, by reading and studying the book for yourselves.

The three points, then, to be investigated respecting Sir Fowell Buxton, you will find to turn upon what he *did* ;—on what he *was* to be capable of doing it ;—and on *how he came to be* what he was ? That is to say, What were the things which constituted his outward, visible life,—which men saw,

¹ *The Life of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart.* By his Son, Charles Buxton, Esq.

and could judge of and appreciate ? What were those inward elements—those sources of power and strength, of either head or heart—which were the vital mainsprings of his active being ? And then, again, the last question, How was it that his mind was awakened ? What gave it its direction, determined its orbit, influenced its movements ? How much had he originally in himself ? How much, and what did he owe to circumstances, to the influence of others, to luck, to accident, to fortune, or to God ?

I wish to say a few things to help you to a solution of these inquiries.

I. The first question respects what Sir Fowell Buxton *did*—what was visible to the world, and might be “seen and read of all men.” I shall attempt a very brief enumeration of the facts of his public life.

What did Sir Fowell Buxton *do* ? Why, in the first place, he got married. He married in 1807, just when he came of age ; he was about six weeks beyond twenty-one. In 1808, he had both wife and child, but he had nothing to do. He had, as I before hinted, failed to inherit large Irish property, which he once counted upon ; and now, though not in positive want, was yet anxious for employment, and, as has been said, would have been glad of a clerk’s place of £100 a year. He thought of turning Blackwell Hall factor ; and revolved, probably, many other plans. However, he was brought into contact with his uncles, the Hanburys, and, after an interview or two, he was received as a clerk at a salary, with the promise of a partnership at the end of three years. In 1811, when his probation expired, he obtained that partnership ; he retained it to the end of his life ; and, in consequence mainly of his suggestions and superintendence, the business of the firm so increased as to produce to the members of it large profits. Sir Fowell Buxton became possessed of considerable property, the greater portion of it, I imagine, so directly the result of his

own exertions, that it may be said of him—what you young men should remember is a great and honourable secular testimony—that, in respect to his wealth and worldly advancement as a man of business, if not the absolute *founder*, he was at least *the builder up* of his own fortune. Unquestionably, *the greatest* thing that can be said of a man is, “that he had no father ; that he sprang from nothing, and made himself ; that he was born mud, and died marble ;” but the next best thing is, that *having* something, he made it more ; *being given* the fulcrum—the standing-point for his energies—he invented his machines and wrought his engines, till he made conquests and gained territory that gave lustre to the paternal name, which lent him at first its own for his beginnings.

The Greenwich schoolboy, then, is now the man of business in Spitalfields, with plenty on his hands daily in the city, and a family constantly increasing at home. He is interested and active, however, in religious and benevolent societies,—in the instruction of the poor, and the relief of the destitute,—till, in 1816, when he had attained his thirtieth year, an event occurred which marked him out for public life far beyond the precincts of Spitalfields, and was the immediate occasion of his entrance upon it. This was a speech which he delivered at a meeting held for the relief of the Spitalfields weavers, and presided over by the Lord Mayor. The effect of this speech was extraordinary. I have no doubt its delivery told on the audience, not only from the fulness and character of its information and facts, but from the commanding person of the speaker, his rich voice, benignant countenance, and pathetic tones. Without these accessories, however, simply as a speech reported in the newspapers, the impression of it was deep and extensive. It was republished by opposite political parties. It was circulated extensively. It was a principal means of producing a splendid royal benefaction ; and it called forth from Mr. Wilberforce a letter to the speaker, hailing him as

an acquisition for the support and advocacy of every good cause, and anticipating and urging his appearance in Parliament as the appropriate sphere of his talents and influence.

In 1817, he published a work on Prison Discipline. Six editions of it were sold the first year. It gave depth and extent to that sympathy with the subject which many already felt, and greatly elevated the writer's reputation. It was referred to in Parliament by the most illustrious speakers, and in the most glowing terms. It was translated into other tongues. It produced fruit in Ireland, in France, in Turkey, and India, besides its immediate results among ourselves. It is a fine thing this !—a Spitalfields brewer, a man busily engaged in seeing to business and making his fortune ; drawn, on the one hand, by relative attractions, and meeting, on the other, his full proportion of domestic care ;—at the age of thirty producing a book, which instantaneously affected the largest hearts and the loftiest minds in different nations ; *told* in the councils of state and the closets of kings ; aroused the zeal and guided the activity of the philanthropic ; excited the admiration and called forth the eulogy of distinguished philosophers and eloquent patriots ; and produced immediate *practical* results, not only in England and on the Continent, but in those distant oriental regions, the oldest inhabited by man, and that new western world, in which society is appearing in its latest developments !

In 1818, he entered Parliament. He had a seat in that assembly till 1837. During these nineteen years, he pursued his own special objects, and took comparatively little part in general politics. The great cause to which he was devoted was the emancipation of the slaves in the British colonies. He was selected by Wilberforce to succeed to the leadership of that great movement. He accepted the trust, with a deep sense of its responsibility and sacredness ; he gave to it his strength and time, his intellect and heart, his days and nights, his enthusiasm

and devotion ; he discharged it with conscientious faithfulness, with unflinching zeal, with eminent ability, and by God's blessing, with ultimate success. For ten years,—from the year 1823, when he made his first memorable motion on the subject, to the year 1833, when it was taken up by Government and finally settled,—it was the grand object, the absorbing pursuit ; its service and advocacy the predominant and ruling passion, of his life. To those of you who are not old enough (and few of those whom I address are so) to have any *personal* remembrance of the earlier stages, and of the battle and war that marked the culmination and the close of the anti-slavery struggle, much of the volume before us will have great interest ; some parts of it stirring the soul like the incidents of a tragedy, and others carrying it away as with the excitement of a romance ; and yet this one book is *but one* of what are written, or what might be written, on this subject.

The anti-slavery cause, however, though the principal, was not the exclusive object of Sir Fowell Buxton's exertions. Prison discipline ; the criminal law, especially as relating to capital punishments ; the cause of the Hottentots in South Africa ; the Mauritius slave-trade ; the condition, treatment, rights, and claims of the aboriginal inhabitants of our various colonies ; these, with frequent matters of special, temporary interest connected with the slaves or slave-owners, and every sort of kindred subject, occupied the attention and commanded the services of Sir Fowell Buxton while in Parliament. In that assembly—with all its imperfections the first in the world for knowledge and ability ; the most difficult to win, the hardest to subdue ; the keenest in its perception of ignorance and pretence ; the plainest in its demonstrations of inattention or contempt ; the most stringent in its demands for something worth hearing if the man is to *continue* to be heard ; and the most just, generally, in the long run, to unequivocal proofs of fulness and power,—in that assembly, Sir Fowell Buxton soon took a dis-

tinguished place. He always commanded attention and respect, however his views might provoke opposition. He was the leader or the colleague of some of its noblest and mightiest men ; and along with them, and even personally, he wielded an influence which made itself felt not only in the obedience of followers, but ultimately, on the councillors of the sovereign, the laws of the realm, and the dissolution and re-construction of a state of society, in the upholding of which a powerful, active, and determined class had, as they imagined, all their hopes and interests involved. It is not surprising, that such a man, when at length he lost his election, should immediately have been invited to represent, and should have received offers of support from, TWENTY-SEVEN other places !

When Sir Fowell Buxton left Parliament and retired into private life, his thoughts still turned to, and fondly lingered on his favourite objects. His last great subject of interest was a plan for the suppression of the slave-trade, and the civilisation of Africa. To promote this, he devoted much time and great labour to the collection of information, and then to the production of a volume entitled *The Slave-Trade and its Remedy*. Out of these thoughts and utterances, in connexion with the aid and enterprise of associates, sprang the Niger expedition ; the equipment and despatch of three vessels to the coast of Africa, with (all must acknowledge) the purest and noblest intentions, however unfortunate and disastrous the result. The failure of this last great scheme of our magnanimous philanthropist, strong and magnanimous as he was, affected him much, and told doubtless on his once athletic and iron frame. His health had been visibly declining for some time, but with the Niger expedition his public life closed and determined.

It remains only further to be stated, that, during the whole of Sir Fowell Buxton's career, he was the personal friend and public advocate of many great RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS. The

Bible Society, Church Missions, City Missions, and kindred confederacies, had at once his influence, his eloquence, his purse, and his prayers. He had intimate friendships with spiritual Christians of different sects, though the most numerous and close were, of course, in his own church and among his own kindred. He was venerated and beloved as an eminently devout and holy man, by those who knew him best. He was stigmatized as a fanatic and a saint by those who could find nothing against him but what "concerned the law of his God." At length, worn out by public labour, but laden with honours, and ripe in goodness, distinguished by title, which his sovereign, the fountain of earthly rank, spontaneously conferred, and still more by the hand and grace of the King of kings, at the comparatively early age of fifty-nine, our illustrious philanthropist was called to his repose. His life, in all respects, was eminently prosperous, useful, and happy. He was blessed in relation to both worlds ; in the concerns alike of his spiritual interests and public career. He, who "gave him power to get wealth," who surrounded him with friends and family, and made his home as a paradise about him ; who gave him success in most of his works for his generation and his race ; sustained him to the last by spiritual influences and religious faith, so that the closing scene was one of radiant hope and tranquil triumph ! Thus aided, honoured, and blessed, Sir Fowell Buxton purposed and worked, and lived and died ; and *when* he died, it was felt by numbers of all classes, of various churches, and of many lands, that "A PRINCE AND A GREAT MAN HAD FALLEN IN ISRAEL."

II. This brief and rapid review, meagre and imperfect as it is, of what Sir Fowell actually *did*, brings us to the other questions which we proposed respecting him. What *was* he, who did all this as to his *inward self* ? What were the constituent elements of his mind and character ? What were the

interior sources, intellectual, moral, or emotional ; of that kind and degree of outward and visible action which we have surveyed ? And *how came he to be this ? Whence* was that inward man that underlay and animated the outward ? How much of him was elementary and inherent—born with the latter—and slumbering, from the first, in his rude material ? How much of him was added or superinduced by subsequent event or Divine donation ? By what means, circumstances, agents, plans, were the life and faculties of this inward man evoked, developed, strengthened, sustained ? These and similar questions will present themselves to reflective observers in respect to Sir Fowell Buxton, as, indeed, such inquiries naturally do in relation to all kindred cases, and it is from the replies to these questions, and from your careful study of the book by which the materials of such replies are furnished, that my hope springs of you young men deriving great and lasting good from your contemplation of the subject of the present lecture.

What Sir Fowell Buxton was, and how he came to be what he was, we shall not pursue as separate inquiries. A brief connected series of observations may be so constructed as to include and combine what will furnish a reply to both questions at once. Observe, then, how the case stands. To put it in all its completeness before you may involve an anticipation of one or two points not yet strictly in court, nor properly belonging to what Buxton *did*. Still we are disposed to include them in the statement of the question, by finishing off with them the portrait of the man. Mark, then, the combination of phenomena in front of us. A somewhat rude, thoughtless, idle lad, of desultory habits, without any stirring within him of the aspiration of genius, or of high intellectual and literary tastes, who had nothing remarkable about him as a schoolboy, who read as a youth only for amusement, and lived apparently only for his horses, his guns, and dogs ; who, at

nineteen or twenty, lost property he had expected to inherit ; and at twenty-two, was a husband and a father, but without employment and wanting money ; *this lad* grows up, in after life, after passing through that pecuniary pinch of his early manhood, not only into a man of wealth and influence, but into an author, a legislator, and a saint ; into a person distinguished by intellectual vigour, whose writings displayed ample knowledge, high culture, forcible argument, eloquence, and pathos ; into a public speaker of commanding power, parliamentary reputation, and substantial popularity ; into a public man of influence and weight not to be withstood, filling a place in the eye of the nation, and doing a work in the politics of the world ; into a character, moreover, distinguished by holy and spiritual qualities, as well as by such as were intellectual, moral, social, philanthropic ; that was as much distinguished by its grace and beauty as by its strength and massiveness, as condescending and gentle as it was majestic, and which, while exposed perpetually to the dust and dirt of this earthly life—the choking and contaminating influences of the world—ever seemed to be surrounded by the atmosphere, to be basking in the sun-light, refreshed by the breezes, and coloured with the hues of heaven. *How was it, we ask, that all this came about ?* That the man was what he was *at all* ? and that he continued to be it to the end ?

Let us see.

I. In the first place, he was distinguished by *power*. His determinations were supreme and regal. His purpose, once fixed, was inflexible. His perseverance in action, his independence and self-trust, his capacity for courageous and continued labour, were as great and remarkable as the pertinacity, force, and decision of his will. For all this—constituting the predominant elements of his character, and some of the prime sources of his success—he was indebted

to his parents, especially to his mother ;—indebted to them on grounds partaking at once of necessity and virtue ; of fixed, settled law, and of free, moral intention. His father died when he was six years old ; he was a man of sense and goodness, of temperate and healthy habits ; of pure life and benevolent instincts ; and he gave to his son, by God's blessing, and by his own and his wife's virtue, a vigorous constitution, a well-knit and firmly compacted body, however loose or unwieldy it might look at first. Sir Fowell Buxton inherited from his parents the great and incalculable blessing of a sound, healthy, physical structure ; a robust and muscular frame ; and with that (my philosophical and religious creed alike teach) many important elements of character, as to temperament, disposition, moral instincts, tastes, tendencies ; aspirations ready to be awakened ; capacities and powers having within them a native impulsive force towards the good and the better rather than the bad. The truth embodied in these remarks is a truth, the doubts and dogmas of certain good men notwithstanding. It is one to which a false delicacy—a delicacy rather diseased than healthy, rather prurient than pure—prevents allusion to be plainly made. I have no doubt about universal human depravity, in the sense of the universal, natural destitution of godliness ; but as to the constitutional condition of individuals, in respect to many original tastes and impulses of a moral nature, there are vast differences between men, and among them all kinds and degrees of depravity ; and the great point is, that this is owing to the intellectual, moral, and physical condition of fathers and mothers. The transmission to children of intellectual, moral, and physical tendencies is a great fact ; it is one to which the attention of the young should be turned, instead of its being tacitly or openly tabooed, for it is one in which they are directly interested. According as they practically act in relation to it, they may injure or benefit the coming generation, may make the fulfilment of their duties as parents facile

or difficult, and the feelings with which they shall regard their offspring as dew to the heart, or as a serpent to the soul. It is of vast advantage to be born of healthy and virtuous parents ; it is a further advantage to be the children of those whose intellect has been thoroughly disciplined and developed ; a further still, to be surrounded in infancy and early childhood with such guiding and elevating home influences as tend to inspire pure tastes and high aspirations, and to create or strengthen repugnance to whatever is low, sensual, or false ; and, last of all, it is a blessing and an advantage, utterly incalculable, to have for a mother a woman of sense, superiority, and goodness, with force of character, with talents and cleverness, of solid information, with tact, temper, patience, and skill fitted to train and mould the mind, to implant principles, and awaken a lofty and laudable ambition ; and all this presided over and purified by religious faith, deep piety, and earnest devotion. These are the mothers that the Church and the world alike want. The destinies of the race depend more on its future mothers than on anything else ; that is to say, on the sort of women that young girls and young ladies are to be made into, or into which they will make themselves ; and the sort of wives that young men will have the sense to prefer, the judgment to select, and the happiness to secure. There is nothing so little thought of by the young, and no single thing that would be in its issues of such moment, as for the one sex to remember that they are born to be the makers of future men, and for the other to feel that what they want in marriage are not merely mates for themselves but mothers for their children. Clever women are of more importance to the world than clever men. I refer, of course, not to illustrious individuals on whom society depends for advance in the arts, in legislation, or in science, who extend the boundaries of knowledge, who receive and pass the torch of genius, perpetuate eloquence, or preserve truth ; I refer to the culture and strength that may distinguish *the general mind*—

the characteristics of the mass of men and women who constitute society, and from whom not only posterity, as a whole, will receive an impress, but among whom the individual hero, too, must be born and bred. On the two suppositions that all men were clever and all women weak, or that all the women were superior and all the men fools, there would be by far the best prospect for the world on the *latter* alternative, both with respect to the general condition of the race, and the appearance of those who should be personally eminent for ability and genius. The mother has most to do with all that awakens the young spirit in its early freshness, and that makes *that child* that is to be “father to the man ;” and she gives, perhaps, more of the impress of her whole being, physical and mental, to the original constitution and capacities of her offspring. Weak men with superior wives have had sons distinguished by very high intellectual ability ; but the greatest men with fools for their portion have seldom been anything but the fathers of fools. The great Lord Bacon was the representative of one that would have been memorable and illustrious but for the gigantic and over-shadowing genius of his son. His father, Sir Nicholas, was twice married : his first wife was a weak woman, and bore nothing but a mean and poor intellectual offspring ; his second wife was distinguished and superior,—a woman of capacity, of strong sense, mental culture, and great energy : *she was the mother of Bacon*. Without denying that there are many exceptions to what we affirm, we still *do* affirm that the facts and phenomena are of such a nature, in relation to this question, as clearly to indicate *the general law*, that men, for the most part, constitutionally,—not only as to their bodies, but as to their intellectual powers, their moral instincts, and their capacity to take a higher or lower polish from external influences,—are very much not only what their remote progenitors in Paradise provided for, but what their immediate fathers and mothers make them.

Still, whatever may be the constitutional capacity of a boy, the turn that he may take, the forms into which the general power may evolve, depend greatly on first impressions and early management ; and here it is that the mother is so important to the future man. Weak, trifling, careless, and selfish mothers will neglect often the finest material ; ignorant of the value of what they hold in their hands, incapable of fashioning it, negligent and perverse, they allow it to remain raw, rude, and unworked, or they give it a wrong and hurtful direction, or they suffer it to shape itself, moved from within by blind impulses which it was their part to have purified and controlled ; or caught by objects and influences from without, which act upon " the flesh " like the atmosphere on the dead. Now I do not mean to say that Sir Fowell Buxton's mother was the wisest and most accomplished woman in the world ; that she had no weakness, or committed no error in the management of her children. It is rather perhaps to be admitted that she went to an extreme in her method of securing *that one thing* which she strongly and pre-eminently desiderated for her son ; but then she succeeded, we must remember that. He turned out the sort of man that she wished to make him. Her desire was, that he should have a strong, vigorous, decided character ; have mental independence, moral courage, an unconquerable will. Her idea of a man was robustness, power, self-trust, general capacity for any achievement he might deem it right to undertake ; united however with candour and benevolence, loving thoughts, sympathy with suffering, and impatience with and hostility to injustice and wrong. She despised whatever was weak, effeminate, and luxurious. She erred somewhat in allowing Fowell, as the eldest son, while yet but a boy, to assume the position of the master of the house, and in requiring his brothers and sisters to obey him. But she peremptorily demanded his obedience herself. Her rules were, in one direction, " little indulgence but much liberty ; " and in another, " implicit obedience, uncondi-

tional submission." Fowell was encouraged to converse with her as an equal, and to form and express his opinions without reserve. The consequence was, that he early acquired the habit of resolutely thinking and acting for himself ; and to this habitual independence and decision, he was accustomed to say that he stood indebted for all the success he had met with in life. But along with this element of power, it was Mrs. Buxton's object to inspire her children with sentiments that would induce self-denial and self-sacrifice, and render them thoughtful for the happiness of others. His father, when filling the office of sheriff, devoted his attention to the condition of the prisoners and the discipline of the jail. His mother talked with him, there can be little doubt, of this circumstance ; it is known that she did of the horrors of the slave-trade and the sufferings of the slave. It is as natural, therefore, in fact, as it is beautiful in itself and encouraging to others, to find him saying to her, in the meridian of his manhood and in the midst of his multitudinous and merciful pursuits, "*I constantly feel, especially in action and exertion for others, the effects of principles early implanted by you in my mind.*" He had a high idea of his mother's character ; her large-mindedness, intellect, courage, disinterestedness, generosity, and general excellence. His love for her was strong, his veneration great ; and mothers who have really earned love and veneration are very seldom defrauded of either. She lived to see him all that she could wish, and far more perhaps than she had once hoped. Time did more than justify the trust and fulfil the prediction, which, when his self-will as a boy was remarked to her, she expressed by saying, "Never mind ; he is self-willed now ; you will see it turn out well in the end."

This, then, is the one great predominating, regal power which characterized Sir F. Buxton's inner life, and made him what he was. He was a man of strong energy, stern purpose, with an indomitable will, and at the same time capable, from his physi-

cal vigour, of long-continued and intense application. His appearance was herculean : his soul large and powerful like his body. Having made up his mind that a thing was possible, and ought to be attempted, he put forth his hand, and never withdrew it, and never flagged. Convinced that he was right, he stood his ground with unflinching and manly courage, and was willing to suffer in his private friendships or public popularity. The basis of all this consisted partly in the original conformation of his body and mind, and partly in the impressions made upon him by his mother ; the habits she encouraged, the principles she implanted, the soul she sought to breathe into him, or to awaken, by the whole of her influence ; and in this she was aided by a singular assistant, whom Buxton used to call his "first tutor." This was the gamekeeper, Abraham Plastow. But Abraham Plastow was no common character, no ordinary "preserver of game," whether the title belongs to serf or sovereign. He was one of those remarkable men who are sometimes to be met with in humble life, who are constitutionally constructed of the very best materials ; composed of the same marble or clay of which the finest specimens of humanity are made ; of whom consist the "Village Hampdens," the "bloodless Cromwells," the "mute, inglorious Miltons" of the poet, pieces and blocks of the raw material of heroic men. Under the auspices and tuition of this gamekeeper, young Buxton acquired the taste for hunting and shooting, and was indebted to him for much of his skill in these accomplishments. But he owed to him better and higher things. Abraham was a thorough and noble *man*. He was a philosopher and a general ; a wise, good, and sagacious friend, who had counsels to give and principles to implant ; a resolute master, too, of his young pupils, who, when they were in the wrong, carried his point and would be obeyed. He could neither read nor write. But his memory was stored with rustic knowledge ; his heart was the seat of integrity and honour ; he was intellectual in his way ;

a great original ; undaunted, fearless ; and with moral courage equal to his animal insensibility to danger. To his constant companionship with such "a guide, philosopher, and friend," in all his out-door occupations and pursuits, young Buxton was greatly indebted for the growth and nurture of that manly robustness of character, and that high-souled superiority to meanness and wrong, of which it was the object of the watchful indoor maternal influence to sow the seeds.

The seeds were sown. They took deep root. There were soon strength and independence enough, rude energy, self-will, with fondness for violent physical exertions, but no indications of intellectual ambition, literary taste, or high personal aspirations and aims. At fifteen, Sir Fowell Buxton was most perilously circumstanced. He had left school, had no tutor, no pursuits but what he was pleased to select for himself ; he had not made great progress in learning ; he was a bad scholar, but a good shot ; his delight was to be in the fields with a horse under him, or with a gun in his hand, and a bird in his eye ; or in a boat, or with his dogs, or reading for amusement, but shirking whatever was of a higher flight. His manners, too, were uncouth ; he was awkward, ungraceful ; had not acquired external polish, nor could enter with ease into elegant society. His friends sometimes would try ridicule to correct his roughness, instead of which it discouraged and annoyed. It was altogether a dangerous experiment. His permitted idleness, his devotion to sport, his want of personal grace and accomplishments, and his friends' and relatives' mode of reproof, were all alike perilous to the lad. He was just at the point where the raw material, of which his character as yet only consisted, might be taken and worked for evil or for good. With all his natural better instincts, and his internal superiority to gross vice, *if* he had fallen into bad hands, had his worser impulses been fostered by the influence of such associates as sporting lads generally meet with, it might have been that even *he*

would have sunk down into all that was debasing ; for others as pure, as manly, and as innocent have thus been corrupted ; “strong men” have been wounded and slain by “the sins of their youth.” His natural force of character was such that it was once said of him, “He never was a child, he was a man in petticoats.” Force and will are not in themselves necessarily virtuous. Many of the most decided and earnest of men have been bad. Strength, power, determination, daring, are all good, if well directed by a soul filled with light from on high, purified from the flesh, and liberated from the downward domination of evil. In themselves they are capable of contrary action, like great natural or scientific forces ; like fire that may comfort or consume ; rain that may fertilize or inundate ; the wheel whose motion may regulate the machinery, or whirl it to atoms ; the powder that may blast and shatter the rock, and thus remove obstacles and advance civilisation, or that may direct the murderous bullet of the assassin, or blow the inhabitants of a city into the air. He who in childhood was never a child, certainly might, in his sixteenth year, have shown that he could be in reckless liberty a man. But he was saved from the dangers that then surrounded him, partly, we admit, by something inherently noble in himself, but principally by a new set of influences from without, which came upon him like light from heaven, revealed him to himself, and revealed to him also a vision of another and a higher world, even in this, than any of which he had yet dreamed. This was the grand turning-point in Sir Fowell Buxton’s life. It was the taking up of the raw material of his inward being into a new loom of elaborate construction, to be worked into a web of finer texture, and to have its colours disposed by delicate hands, into a more splendid and perfect pattern than had yet been designed. It was the giving to his strong general power, a right direction and noble aim. It was this that, more than anything else, shaped and moulded the future man, after he had received that

substantial strength, which fitted him to bear and enabled him to meet, to welcome and reward, the influences and the agents of the mighty change. To this crisis of Sir Fowell Buxton's history, which he ever acknowledged as the point where Providence most conspicuously met him, by bringing him into contact with those to whom, under God, was due from him the greatest debt of gratitude he owed—we now advance, as *the second thing* which contributed to make and keep him what he was.

II. In advancing to this second particular, I should like to explain (which perhaps I ought to have done sooner) my own views of the position I now occupy, and the work I have set myself to do. I am not here exclusively in my official character. We are not a church. We do not meet for worship, though we deem it right to begin by supplicating the Divine blessing. I am not standing up at present to preach the gospel, nor to address you on spiritual and supernatural truth, in the way, at least, in which that should be done in connexion with our Sunday solemnities. There are seasons of which it is your duty to avail yourselves, and places to which you should regularly resort, when and where worship is conducted and instruction given, the *direct* aim of which is the impression on the conscience of Divine things and the nurture in the soul of the Divine life. In Lectures like these, it is rather our object either so to interest the intellect by science, history, literature, or *general* aspects of philosophical and Biblical truth, as to promote amongst you those mental habits, to direct and stimulate those tastes which may be auxiliary to a high religious and moral purpose, or, as in the present case, to investigate a character, or depict the "story of a life," which, while it will include many things bearing on the spiritualities of the next world, will yet derive much of its interest from its having to do with the business and the pleasures of this, with the inci-

dent and enterprise, the fears, affections, hopes, disappointments, the successes, connexions, the secular virtues, and the minor morals, as well as others, which belong to our present, earthly, every-day existence. Many things may be referred to here which are excluded from the pulpit, and many lessons given and many subjects of thought started which it would not do to put into a sermon, but which may be very important, nevertheless, for young men, whom, *in a good sense*, we wish to be “men of the world” as really as we wish them to be *Christians* in the highest and the best. I believe it to be the Divine idea and will that men should make the best of *both* worlds ; that everything belonging to you, your faculties and affections, your powers of varied and vigorous action and of purified and virtuous enjoyment, in relation to the “life that now is,” should all be called forth and should meet their fitting exercise and reward, as well as those deeper capabilities of your being which belong to that “life which is to come.” I shall not hesitate, therefore, to introduce and to request you to mark, learn, remember, and digest many things that may only contain hints and monitions of a purely prudential and secular sort. All men and women are *essentially* the same ; the same great crises await every one and are alike to all ; the same inward awakening, the same outward warfare, the same mysterious, moulding influences springing up in the inner man or coming down from event and circumstance. The same solid, substantial stuff of which the real essence of life consists,—the experience, vicissitudes, duties, dangers of this mortal state,—belongs equally to all ranks and all classes. He who “fashioneth the hearts of men alike,” has given one *essentially* similar, to the Queen on the throne, and the maiden in the meadow,—the one holds the sceptre, and the other handles a rake, but both have within them, *simply as beings and creatures of this life*, what makes them more really one than all that is external can make them two. So, whatever be the

position of any individual portrayed before you ; whatever his birth or patrimony, his education or talents, the theatre of his exertions, or the compass of his fame, the business he transacts, the things he achieves, the society he belongs to, or into which he is introduced, the men and women to whom he becomes attached, or who attach themselves to him, everything in short that affects his character and influences his destiny ; in all these there may be a *principle* lying, a point involved, *common to every one of you with him*. The youth behind the counter, the clerk at the desk, the warehouseman in his room, may all feel themselves on the same ground with the student at his books, the commander in the field, the minister in the senate, or the artist or author, with his chisel, his brush, his palette, or his pen. So also as to the practical philosophy of life. The incidents and events which stir the elements of incipient manhood, which awaken passion, occasion perils, arouse energy, demand prudence, excite, debase, or purify ambition, together with whatever tasks the heart, soul, hand, in the prosecution of man's daily "battle and war ;" all this is substantially the same in peer and peasant, and may be so set forth in the history of those who have moved the world and "stood before kings," as to admonish and instruct the Manchester traveller or London apprentice, the shopman or compositor, the son alike of the porter and the principal, the engineer, the schoolmaster, the carpenter at the bench, or the weaver at the loom. Of course, I consider that you young men, as men, may get much good by looking thoughtfully at the dawn and development of Sir Fowell Buxton's early manhood, though you do not move, and never may move in the same circle that he did ; and that, as those who are to work with head or hands, you may derive many profitable lessons from his life, though you may not *very* confidently anticipate either keeping a carriage or sitting in Parliament. Now observe, it is not so much my intention to draw these practical inferences for you, as to try so to state

facts, and connect or depict circumstances, that you may see the lessons you should learn, and learn them.

We now proceed then to the grand crisis in Sir Fowell Buxton's life. This was his introduction, as a youth, through a boyish friendship with one of its members, to a remarkable and accomplished family. He had become acquainted with John Gurney, the eldest son of John Gurney, Esq., of Earlam Hall, near Norwich. He was invited thither on a visit, and went. He found himself in a new world. Mr. Gurney had eleven children, all of them at this time at home. There were three elder daughters, John, Buxton's friend, then a group of four girls about Buxton's own age, and lastly, three younger boys. The father had for several years been a widower. He was by profession a Friend, but not very strict. His worldly position and long widowhood, his going into society, and his home hospitalities, his connexion with the literary and the fashionable, on the one side, and with "the straitest sect of our religion," on the other, had, altogether a striking effect on the family circle. The members of it were all persons of superior minds, especially the women. One of the elder daughters was already under the influence both of religion and Quakerism ; the others were somewhat gay in their habits ; all were intellectual. Music, dancing, and drawing were among their accomplishments ; but they were zealously devoted to the higher forms of self-culture, and were strenuous in their endeavours to acquire knowledge, and to strengthen their understandings. There would be signs, I should think, in the doings, and dress, and daily life of this extraordinary family, indicative of the two spheres to which they belonged. There might be something present, *or absent*, here and there, about their apparel, that just served to show whence they came, and to give increased interest to what they were. There might be little things, in their modes of address and manners towards each other, startlingly beautiful as "*not of*

the world," while yet, at the same time, that glow and sunlight of earth's gay morning that *is* of the world, sat on their brow and was bright about them. They went a good deal into society, and their power to interest and please would lose nothing, I am persuaded, by the slight tinge of the Quaker element that they might carry with them. At home, all were zealously occupied in self-education. The younger boys, even, sympathized with their sisters, and the whole circle were full of energy in the pursuit of knowledge and the conquest of difficulties. They were alike hearty in their play and work, their amusements and their studies; in the exercise of the accomplishments that adorn life, as in the acquisition of knowledge and the culture and discipline of their best faculties. Sketching and reading in the park, under the shadow of its old trees,—“their custom, often, in an afternoon;”—their excursions on foot,—their long days spent in the woods gathering wild-flowers, which, though in sport they might decorate the bonnet, were intended in earnestness to instruct in botany; their long, dashing rides on horseback; their conversation on an evening in the old hall; their one day dining out with a lord, and their receiving on another the visit of a prince; their being equally at home with an artist in his studio, an author with his book, or an officer at a ball; why, all these things to our raw, rude Devonshire lad, made Earlham Hall a scene of enchantment. Captivated and delighted, however, dazzled and entranced as he unquestionably was, by what he saw in his fair associates, the great point to be observed is, that their mental exercises and intellectual pursuits, their intelligence and taste, their aspirations and aims after self-improvement, were the sources of the influence they exercised over him, and of the manly character of the sympathy they excited. He became a new man. Intellectual tastes and energies were awakened. Studious habits were instantly formed. A course of classical reading commenced. A laudable ambition was enkindled and

sustained, which superseded his fondness for the field and the gun. It was, *intellectually*, “a renewing of the mind ;” “a being born again ;” “a conversion,”—a sudden transition “from death to life and from darkness to light ;” “old things passed away, all things became new.” From the moment that he was subjected to a highly gifted intellectual influence, his whole mental being underwent a change. He proceeded to Earlham a great idle lad, of sporting propensities and desultory habits ; he left it in purpose and pursuits A MAN. He lived longer in that month than he had seemed to do in previous years, or than he could ever do again in the same period, except, indeed, in experiencing another and a higher birth. “I know no blessing,” he says, “of a temporal nature, for which I ought to render so many thanks, as my connexion with the Earlham family. IT HAS GIVEN A COLOUR TO MY LIFE. Its influence was most positive and pregnant with good, at that critical period between school and manhood. They were eager for improvement ; *I caught the infection*. I was resolved to please them, and in the college at Dublin, at a distance from all my friends, and all control, their influence kept me hard at my books, and sweetened the toil they gave. The distinctions I gained (little valuable as distinctions, but valuable, because habits of industry, perseverance, and reflection were necessary to obtain them) were exclusively the result of the animating passion in my mind, to carry back to them the prizes which they prompted and enabled me to win.”

Now you must observe here, that if the boy Buxton had been naturally of a gross, ignoble nature, or if he had contracted low tastes and vicious habits, and had really been at home in vulgar society, this bursting upon him of the refined and elegant, the lofty and the beautiful, would have ruined him. He would have been out of his element, would have felt every ray of intelligence as a detection or a reproach, would have been mortified and abashed, stung and exasperated, or just stupidly

uneasy until he could have stolen away from the companions whose tastes and accomplishments reproved him, and have found more appropriate associates in the stable or the inn. But the new influences operated otherwise, because they were congenial with what lay below in the interior regions of his being, and that only wanted what *they* brought to be developed and displayed. It is to the credit of the lad's own nature that it was worthy to be subjected to such an external test, and that it awoke at the touch, even as a spirit rises at the call of God ; and it is to the credit of the Earlham circle, that they guessed the richness of the rude material submitted to their inspection, perceived or divined its inherent qualities, and instead of treating it with neglect, and leaving it in its rudeness as something not likely to repay the cost of working, strove to refine and shape and fashion it, with a faith and *hope* which their instincts inspired, their reason justified, and time fulfilled. Once thoroughly under the influence of cultivated and lofty souls, Buxton's better nature struggled upwards, and he became conscious that he was born for higher things, and might be something nobler and greater than he had yet dreamed of. The spirit testified within him, "*You* also might do that : 'it is high time to awake out of sleep ;'" and the manly heart purposed and replied, "I might—and *I will*. By His help, without whom I have always been taught nothing is stable and nothing strong, I will plan, and attempt, and persevere, and achieve. I will 'put away childish things' and abandon perilous pleasures, and I will study, and struggle, and work, and climb, till I have done some justice to the nature and faculties given me by God, and can be welcomed as an equal by those whose present superiority to myself awakens at once my regret and my ambition." It was thus that Buxton approached and passed the crisis of his life. The account is pregnant with instruction to young men, as illustrative of those seeds of things that may possibly lie in the very first intimate friendship you

form, in the character of your acquaintance, and your first visit to the family of your friend ; and, if it should be supposed that even at this early stage of his new mental existence, our hero's half-formed thoughts and unintelligible impulses whispered to him, in a sort of inarticulate language, something about becoming worthy of eminent worth, why, the lessons to be learned, of caution and care in respect to those intimacies which may operate so mightily for good or evil, are only the more obvious and the more distinct.

The consequence of this infusion of a new and higher life into Buxton's mind was that he soon and willingly prepared to go to college. He entered Dublin University. When he first began to study with a private tutor, preparatory to this, he found himself behind most of his associates ; but by resolute application and determined perseverance he soon overcame that disadvantage. At college his course was a perpetual triumph. He triumphed over difficulties, he triumphed over others, he triumphed over himself. He took everything every year that it was possible for him to take. There was not a prize, a medal, a certificate, an honour, that he did not obtain. It was the same in a voluntary institution to which he belonged. He received, as a member of the Historical Society, an award of "remarkable thanks," which, though provided for by law, there had never been an opportunity of presenting till he won and had them ! During the years that he was thus occupied, letters were forwarded to his mother in Devonshire, and his friends in Norfolk, announcing his success ; and it is hard to say in whose heart there would be most gladness : in hers, whose maternal care had fostered his young strength ; or in hers, whose magic influence had given it its right direction. It is interesting to observe how invigorating and purifying were his Earlham affections : how playfully, when his last honour had been gained, he begins his letter with a sort of mock mourning over his defeat, lamenting the loss of the certificate and

of the gold medal, and then adding, "What is worse ; to know that my Earham visit, as it was the cause of my idleness, was the cause of my disgrace." Then bursting out—"Think how happy I must be to have to tell you, that my utmost examinationary hopes are realized ; that I have the certificate, and *Valde bene in omnibus* ; and, what is better, that I can ascribe my success to *nothing but my Earham visit !*" It was thus that his friendship with a youth like himself led to such happy results ; introduced him to influences which elevated and transformed his inner self ; awoke his slumbering capacities ; and presented to his reason and his heart *that* which, all through the years of university conflict, he felt to be the inspirer of power within, a star above, and a goal before him !

At the termination of his college course, Sir Fowell Buxton received the highest possible compliment to his character and ability, by being solicited to stand for the university, with the assurance of support, and the certainty of being returned to represent it in Parliament. He took time to consider, which surprised some ; and, after considering, declined, which surprised more. He never, however, regretted his determination ; and there can be no question that it was wise and right. He had lost his expected Irish estates, and his mother, by some unsuccessful speculations, had materially diminished the family property. His worldly losses, while they enhanced the value of a request to represent the university, rendered public life less attractive, and private devotedness to a profession or to business more necessary. He returned to England. He received the hand of Hannah Gurney, and looked round for something to which to put forth his own, that he might labour like a man for himself and her. You have already seen in what manner he succeeded in this, in the sketch formerly given of his visible, outward life. We shall now proceed to a third thing, illustrative of the way in which he came to be what he was ; furnished and fitted to do what he did. I shall conclude

this part, however, of my address with an extract from a letter of Sir Fowell Buxton to one of his sons, referring to the period of his life just reviewed. It is very appropriate ; most characteristic ; and contains some of those noble, manly utterances of his energetic soul, on which I principally rely for the good you are to get out of this lecture.

“ You are now at that period of life in which you must make a turn to the right or the left. You must now give proofs of principle, determination, and strength of mind ; or you must sink into idleness, and acquire the habits and character of a desultory, ineffective young man ; and if once you fall to that point, you will find it no easy matter to rise again.

“ *I am sure that a young man may be very much what he pleases.* In my own case it was so. I left school, where I had learned little or nothing, about the age of fourteen. I spent the next year at home, learning to hunt and shoot. Then it was that the prospect of going to college opened upon me, and such thoughts as I have expressed in this letter occurred to my mind. I made my resolutions, and I acted up to them. I gave up all desultory reading ; I never looked into a novel or a newspaper ; I gave up shooting. During the five years I was in Ireland, I had the liberty of going when I pleased to a capital shooting place. I never went but twice. In short, I considered every hour as precious, and I made everything bend to my determination not to be behind any of my companions, and then *I speedily passed from one species of character to another.* I had been a boy fond of pleasure and idleness, reading only books of unprofitable entertainment ; I became speedily a youth of steady habits of application, and of irresistible resolution. I soon gained the ground I had lost, and I found those things which were difficult, and almost impossible to my idleness, easy enough to my industry ; and *much of my happiness, and ALL MY PROSPERITY IN LIFE, have resulted from the change I made at your age.* If you seriously resolve to be

energetic and industrious, depend upon it you will for your whole life have reason to rejoice that you were wise enough to form and to act upon that determination."

3. In what has been submitted to you, you have seen two things. You have seen a mass of strong force, that might have yielded to bad influences as well as good, yielding itself to the good. So far, however, even this good, as to ultimate action, is only good *potentially*. Buxton in his early youth, and Buxton in his early manhood, alike consist of *general energy*; only that, in the latter case, his intellectual development by university discipline has vastly increased his sum of power,—power, remember, which may yet be used, so far as it is mere power, for good or evil. Trained and educated ability can do far more than that which is equal in degree, but untaught; its increased capacity, however, simply as such, may be wrongly directed, and come in the end to be capacity for mischief. You are next to see, then, in the course and progress of Sir Fowell Buxton, how his general power was not only subjected to a discipline that increased it, but how he himself voluntarily took it, *when thus increased*, and sedulously bent it to a specific preparation for a specific course, and that course lofty and laudable.

Though he once had thoughts of going to the bar, he became, as you know, a man of business. Having passed the Rubicon, and taken his course, he was out and out, fully and thoroughly, what he professed to be. He entered with all his characteristic energy into "his station and its duties." Whatever he did, he did at the time "with all his might." *When* in business, business, very properly, was *in him*. For the hour or the day that it required his attention, he "gave himself wholly to it." Every bit of him, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot—brain and hands—skill and strength,—when he had to work, *did* work: and sometimes he was at it from early

morning till late at night. But this was not frequent, or the necessity for it became less and less. At the same time, then, that he was thus often occupied during the day, he was finding opportunity, morning or evening, for devotion to books. It was not possible that one who had actually been asked to represent a learned university in Parliament—asked, as no empty compliment, but in serious earnestness—by men, as he acknowledged to himself, “of thought and education, honour and principle, his companions and competitors, who had known him and observed him for years,” it was not possible but that he should be alive to the thought of the possibility, at least, of the House of Commons being his destination. He was willing, therefore, to avail himself of all the advantages he had previously enjoyed, and to put himself through a designed and elaborate preparation for public life. Without neglecting any duties at Spitalfields, he studied hard to fit himself for St. Stephen’s. He read extensively in English literature ; he digested Blackstone, and got some considerable inkling of law ; he went through Montesquieu, and meditated on its general principles as a science ; he studied political economy and kindred subjects ; and thus by the diligent improvement of “the intervals of business,” he laboured to acquire so much, and such varied, though related, knowledge, that if ever called to go into Parliament, he might not have to refuse from conscious unfitness—have his qualifications to seek at the moment—or all his life have to cram and read for subjects as they rose.

His maxims of study were like himself. The *principle* that pervades them may be applied by you, not only to studies of a literary sort, but to anything in business that demands force and fixedness of attention. They were these : “Never to begin a book without finishing it ;” “never to consider a book finished till it is mastered ;” and “to study everything *with a whole mind*.” Now I want you to remember that this “whole-mindedness” was one of the most remarkable things about Sir

Fowell Buxton, and one of the great secrets of his success in life. Whatever he thought worth doing at all, he thought worth doing well. He was hearty, earnest, fixed, *united* ; his whole soul, as it were, was knit and compressed together, and bent and concentrated on the point before him. He could be attracted for the time by nothing else. He was equally thus in his business and at his books. "I could brew," he says, "one hour, do mathematics the next, and shoot the next, and *each with my whole soul.*" The reading of such a man was not something between waking and sleeping, or thinking and dreaming ; the reception of impressions made one moment, to be obliterated the next ; but a great and resolute work—a battle and a victory. The subject studied by the whole mind was taken up by the whole mind. All the faculties apprehended and had it ; it was their common property, and was passed with facility from one to another as a familiar thing—the memory suggesting it to the reason—the reason handing it to the fancy—the fancy throwing it to the passions,—till it came out in language from the lips, plain or polished, cut by logic or coloured by imagery, as might best serve the purpose of its possessor. By this mental *entireness*,—this throwing of himself in all the strength and bulk of his whole being right down upon his subject,—he thoroughly mastered it. It was henceforth his. It was hard work, however, remember. He owed nothing to "genius" in anything he did, and nothing to "inspiration" in anything he uttered. He had no faith in either for public men ; and he knew that he had neither to trust to, himself. He never trusted to them ; or if ever he did, he was ashamed of the presumption. He early obtained and encouraged the belief, that he could do *as well as others*, if he gave *double the time* and labour to the attempt ! A very modest, but a very safe and salutary persuasion ! It was thus he worked and laboured in London, when first settled in business there, that his natural energy, increased in force and in

capacity for action by his college studies, might become charged, so to speak, with all those elements that would make it a genial and beneficial power. Whether he really knew it or not, there was that in him which might affect many, and he was taking sedulously such a course, that out of him might come, at a future day, light to illumine, instead of lightning to destroy.

Whatever you may think, there is much in all this to suggest what is useful and practical to you. It is not necessary to go to college to have within you disciplined and pliable force. It is true that a thorough university education gives a man an inestimable advantage ; still, many of you have had advantages at school fully sufficient to fit you for life, and to put you in possession of the power of vigorous self-culture. It is this, after all, that in the long-run makes the greatest differences between man and man. Neither school nor college is intended or fitted to finish the education. The discipline of both is not so much designed to give to any one actual knowledge, to set him up on a stock of ideas, as to impart power ; to draw out and exercise the faculties, to sharpen and brace them,—to make them at once firm and nimble, vigorous and elastic ; and thus to prepare him for future acquisitions. Your classics and mathematics, your arithmetic and grammar, are not so much intended to give you a fulness or variety of knowledge, as to give you the capacity to get it for yourselves ; and in proportion to the extent and severity of the discipline through which an individual has passed, it is supposed that he will be able to select it wisely, to acquire it quickly, to retain it firmly, to use it rightly—and to do all this ; and to do it in relation to trade and business—to buying and selling, as well as other things,—better than those who have not had educational advantages, or who left study when they were at school. Sir Fowell Buxton stuck to business, and brought to bear upon it the cultivated force of a thoroughly developed and disciplined understanding ; but he

found time also to preserve and enlarge his acquaintance with books : and neither interfered with or injured the other. He was thus fitting himself for a *possible* position in which he might be placed ; but had he never attained that, he was adding to his resources of self-enjoyment, and increasing his ability to serve and please. There are many of you, who, as far as the *principle* goes, may do likewise. You have had care and culture bestowed upon you, that would enable you, in your place, to follow the example. Let the idle and the frivolous frequent theatres¹ and be found in casinos ;—do *you* study to be diligent in business in the hours of labour,—those that are your own, devote manfully to self-culture—to all that will give respectability to character, capacitate for future social usefulness, or enlarge your power in those particular branches of business, and those immediate forms of duty, which God in his providence has made yours. Think of Buxton, brewing away there, like a man who felt that he had his family to keep, and yet reading and thinking like one who would “intermeddle with all knowledge.” There he is doing this *at your age*. Two-and-twenty, three-and-twenty, four-and-twenty, and so on up to thirty and two-and-thirty, when he entered Parliament. Energy and education—two things in him meeting together and making a third—voluntary and devoted self-equipment for the prospective duties of a possible responsibility. Why, there are many of you that may look forward, and that *are* looking forward, to as great a rise, in your circumstances, as going into Parliament was in his ;—you should never forget that it not only becomes you to prepare and fit yourselves for all that may be included in that advancement, but that to *be* prepared for it, will be just the thing that will make it yours. In matters of trade ; in the rise of a man from the door to the desk, from

¹ The author has particular reasons for saying that the view he takes of the great objection to the theatre may be seen in a lecture by him on the subject, delivered many years ago, but still to be had, he believes, at either *The Pulpit* or *Penny Pulpit* Office.

the counter as a servant to the counting-house as a partner ; it is just the same as in war or politics, gaining a command or governing the House—*the tools will come to the hand that can handle them.*

4. As in the youth Buxton, rude force was transformed and elevated into disciplined capacity ; so in the man, as we have now seen, that capacity was further fitted for ultimate action, by being furnished with the materials of a useful and patriotic public career. That career, however, might have shaped itself in many ways ; his general preparation for it might have been available, whatever the objects to which he became devoted. But he became devoted to a particular class of things ; a certain course was emphatically *his* ; and the next point, therefore, with us, comes to be : *How was it* that his general energy, capacity, and preparation for Parliamentary life, all happened, to take *that course* ?—How far was he independently prompted from within, by original and spontaneous impulses ; how far affected and influenced from without, by events or agents that consciously or unconsciously, mapped for him his mission and shaped his path ? Something of each of these things, more or less, determines the doings and the destiny of us all.

We have heard, you know, a great deal for some years past about “heroes” and “hero-worship.” The term “hero” has become a sort of stereotyped phrase for any distinguished or noticeable person ; one, that is to say, who is either such a “doer” as to draw attention by his acts, or such a “thinker” as to be the cause of thinkings and doings in others. Now, there are two theories about the birth and parentage of the “great man,”—how your “hero” comes to be produced, the things that determine his advent, and that make him what he is. A glance at this matter will by no means be out of place here. One writer, then, says that “the history of the world is the history of its great men ;” another, that “great men are

the representatives of their age." The difference between the statements comes to this : that in the one case the great man makes the age, and in the other the age makes the great man. In one case an individual mind impresses itself on its generation, moulds it, makes it what it is, or is in itself what future generations will come to be ; in the other case, the characteristic spirit of a period, the predominating general mind pervading society at a particular crisis, is concentrated and rendered visible in an individual, finds thus embodiment and utterance, and *in him*, as an image of itself, holds up and shows itself to all coming time. I really think there is some truth in both these representations. Some men have more of the one element in them, some of the other ; no one can be made exclusively of either. He who is most strongly "a thing apart," a man a-head of his age by his inward aspirations, or above it by his power and his achievements, must have derived something from it and possess something in common with it, to be able to impress or influence it all ; and he who does anything worthy of remembrance, and is held as a hero by his generation and his class (at least if he is so held by other classes and other times), will always be found to have something about him in which he is superior to those very people, his sympathy with whom and his representation of whose form and image as in a mirror, constitute his specific claim to distinction. The first-class hero,—he whom you would designate in the city "A 1,"—is of course the man who solitarily originates some great idea, who enunciates it, perhaps to a listless or jeering generation, but who goes on working away at his testimony or purpose till the leaven spreads and the mass is leavened. *He*, however, may die long before this result has come to pass ; but in the passage and the progress towards it many are the opportunities for the appearance of heroes of the second and third degrees, that is, of those who are born to an inheritance of thought and feeling already existing and in the course of progress, but who,

while thus indebted to others for an idea or an aim, receive it with deeper sympathy and pursue it with intenser earnestness than the mass of their contemporaries, enlist in consequence more in the pursuit, revive believers or make converts, and so carry forward the cause and the community that the truth is at last universally admitted, or the thing proposed is consented to and done. When this result is fully arrived at, the heroic element in respect to that thing has ceased. It has become the common property of the race, a familiar and ordinary matter ; and to think this, to approve that, or to know the other—to think, to approve, or to know which might, at one time, have been to endanger life, to forfeit or to found a reputation—may be no more accounted of than those accomplishments which are common now but which once were frequently wanting both in lord barons and lord bishops.

Now, it is no disparagement to Sir Fowell Buxton to say, that so far as we claim for him a degree of greatness, or the epithet “great,” we are quite content that, though unquestionably in his sphere *a leader*, he shall yet be regarded as one of the *following*, rather than of the *originating class* of heroic men. He was not the father or founder of the cause he served ; but he served it as few others comparatively did, and had much to do in giving it depth, diffusion, popularity, success. I know not, indeed, that he would have been its parent had it not been born into the world before him, nor how far his unaided meditations or spontaneous impulses would have created for themselves original forms of utterance or action ; it is enough to acknowledge that he was the man of his day, his class, and his connexions. He imbibed a spirit, and sympathized in an enterprise which was produced and projected by other minds. He was surrounded by fountains of feeling and thought in his providential position, which were all adapted to awaken and sustain those particular purposes which he formed and executed as a public man. But his inherent

sympathies with suffering were strong ; his instinctive hostility to fraud and injustice had the firmness of a principle and the force of a passion. His resolution and magnanimity ; his very real, though unimpetuous, enthusiasm ; his resolute will ; his deep feeling, intense, calm, unruffled, not expended like that of some in hysteric agitations, or evaporated in eloquent speech, but flowing on, full, silent, strong in its quietness, like the dew that falls on the fields, or the sap that rises in the trees ; these things all made him capable of serving *any* cause which he might take up, and predisposed him to select those that he adopted. Still, it was as the adopter and the carrier-out of things rather than as their originator, that Sir Fowell Buxton is to be described. He imbibed and represented the spirit of the class to which he belonged, which came, indeed, and very materially through him, to be the spirit of the age ; he took up and interpreted the mind of the times ; that which at first existed in a minority he and his associates made general ; he began with others, but he got sometimes first ; he advanced upon them ; he advanced upon himself ; he was looked to as a leader as well as a colleague, and had to strive occasionally to draw others along, or to stand still till they overtook him. But this was not always the case ; nor was he ever so far before them as to distance his compeers. He was sometimes, indeed, quickened and stimulated by voices at his side, and had to spring up and stretch onward, taking advantage of their zeal and forwardness. Once or twice he was even regarded as behind his age.

One truth is then, that Sir Fowell Buxton threw his force into channels already opened by his times ; and another truth is, that his doing that was the result of influences which had their source in his natural and acquired connexions, in his religious and sectarian associations, but most of all, which sprang up pure, benign, omnipotent, within the sacred enclosure of his domestic life. I am obliged to turn again to the grand lesson

which the book before us holds up to every young man, *the mighty and moulding influence which those intimacies which he forms with others may exert over him*. They not only affected Sir Fowell Buxton's personal happiness, character, and habits, but they determined his whole course, coloured his entire being, made him what he was as a public man, sustained and strengthened his zeal and philanthropy, and presented to his mind those who, *next to God*, at once inspired his efforts and rewarded them.

Sir Fowell Buxton was the son of a Quakeress, who early instilled into his mind hostility to the slave-trade, and pity for the slave. The Gurney family were, by descent, "Friends," though at the time of Sir Fowell's introduction to them they mixed pretty freely with the world. In spite of this, however, from their parentage and education, their intercourse with ministers and members of the Society, and the essential congeniality between the minds and impulses of intelligent and ardent young women and the humane and benevolent spirit of Quakerism, it could not but have happened that the inmates of Earlham Hall must have had amongst them forms of opinion, sympathies and aspirations, that would be to Buxton's soul as water to the seed sown by his mother. Though Buxton, by his father's side, belonged to the Church of England, it is evident from his Dublin letters that his Quaker connexions had already obtained such power over him as to infuse doubts into his mind about the propriety of bearing arms and the lawfulness of taking an oath. Before he settled in London his religious feelings had acquired great strength, and, as we shall see, derived nourishment alike from the Friends' Meeting and the Established Church ; the consequence was that he was led into intercourse with good men of different denominations, and received some characteristic impulse from all. Evangelical Churchism interested him in missions and in Bible societies, and fell in with the primary teaching of his parent ; while, as

half a Quaker by birth, and a little more by breeding, and still more by friendship and marriage, he was brought into connexion with William Allen, and men of that stamp, got interested in schools and benevolent institutions, and was exposed to all that would foster sympathy with suffering humanity, with the cause of the poor, the prisoner, and the slave. His father, indeed, as I formerly mentioned, had, when sheriff of the county, paid particular attention to the condition of the jails, a circumstance which I supposed would not be forgotten in the maternal attempts to breathe a benevolent soul into the son ; but Mrs. Fry, that son's sister-in-law, became conspicuous for her philanthropy in that direction ; and there can be no doubt that her example had its effect in strengthening and quickening his thoughts and purposes, and impelling his mind towards prison discipline and the criminal law. Then there was Joseph John Gurney, one of the Earlham boys, who grew up into a devout and distinguished man, a person of excellent parts and finished education, an eminent Christian and philanthropist, a minister among the Friends, and himself the friend of every pious and good work. From the specimens of his letters given in the *Life*, it is very evident that Buxton had in him a guide, a counsellor, a colleague, and a judge ; one who stood by ready to aid by purse or pen, looking on, watching the combat, sympathizing with his relative in his discouragements and his success, wafting to him words of admonition or praise, and thus exerting an influence of which it was as honourable to be the subject as the source. The known tendencies of Sir Fowell Buxton induced Mr. Wilberforce, when he invited him into Parliament, to anticipate from him appropriate aid ; the friendship of such a man would give power and fixedness to his previous purposes ; while these again, associated with his proved ability for Parliamentary business, determined the choice of the retiring veteran, and led him to devolve on the rising advocate the management and leadership of the great cause. Lushing-

ton, Macaulay, Brougham, Mackintosh, and other names of the living and the dead, might be mentioned as those of public individuals who, with Buxton, mutually acted on and influenced each other. But the most powerful, the most constraining, the holiest and best of the external impulses that touched and moved Sir Fowell Buxton, that to which he yielded with constant delight, and the source of whose potency lay in its pure and heavenly gentleness in conjunction with the stirrings of his human love, was what came upon him in his own domestic circle, and from the more gifted of his family connexions. Of several of his "sweet sisters" he speaks in terms of high respect ; but for Priscilla Gurney, one of the gay Earlham group, who, like Mrs. Fry, gave up the world, devoted herself to God, and became a female minister among the Friends, his love and admiration are almost boundless. He speaks of her intellect as of the first order ; of her eloquence as uncommon, almost unparalleled ; of her character as the combination of illustrious virtues. She died in 1821. During her illness she repeatedly sent for Buxton, "urging him to make the cause and condition of the slaves *the first object of his life*." Her last act, or nearly her last, was an attempt to reiterate the solemn charge ; she almost expired in the ineffectual effort ; she could only indicate, in two or three feeble, broken words, what became the most sacred memory of the dead, and was cherished as her parting legacy by the living. It is distinctly stated, that it was one of the things to which he often referred, as preparing his mind for accepting the advocacy of the anti-slavery cause. He never, I believe, lost the impression, nor failed to be influenced and sustained by it. If it had been possible for him to have grown lukewarm or careless in the work which he had doubtless promised her to pursue, the spirit of the departed Priscilla Gurney would have seemed to confront him, to reprove and stimulate his flagging zeal.

Other and dearer individuals might be mentioned, as agents

in those animating home-influences to which, in the present case, the world has come to be so deeply indebted, and which is worthy of the distinct notice we are taking of it, from its supposed rareness in the domestic experience of great men. Men of what is denominated genius, are represented as generally unhappy at home. It has been somewhere said, that not a philosopher in fifty, not a single poet in a hundred, ever marries like a man of sense. Nature, in themselves, is supposed to be against them ; and in others often what is—*not* nature. Fortunately for Buxton, he was neither of the first two things just mentioned (or not in any transcendent degree), and he *was* the third. Altogether, he was eminently favoured in his fortunes. He had much in his own personal circumstances, in his parentage and education, in his thriving business, his advancement in the world, in his successful and honoured public career, to satisfy the ordinary longings of humanity in relation to “the life that now is ;” but still more was he happy and blessed in that one element, which outweighs and surpasses every other, and without which, to men like him, all the rest are as mere chaff ; he had entire, perfect complacency, an exultant and manly pride, in her who was to be ever and unalterably with him. Solaced by this, he was conscious of a buoyancy to which nothing was a burden. The living presence, and the direct power to stimulate and repay, of all that was as much the object of respect and confidence as affection,—encouraged and aided his exertions by intelligence,—sanctified them by devotion,—and shared and rewarded them by intellectual participation and sympathetic praise. It is true, he lived and worked (as we shall see presently) “under his great Taskmaster’s eye.” By the thought of *His* “weighing” and “pondering” his steps, was he primarily moved, and by the solace of his Spirit tranquillized and upheld. Fearing God, he feared nothing else ; realizing *his* judgment, he was raised superior to human opinion ; and to be “approved of Him,” he was faith-

ful to the great public trust which the Supreme Disposer had made his. Still, in considering, as at present, the immediate *external* and *secondary* influences which made or sustained Sir Fowell Buxton, it is but just to the nature that God has given us,—to the benignant forces of our common humanity, to testify to the power of intelligent connexions in moulding for the world its great men. To Buxton, *his family circle* was the world, so far as judge or audience was concerned. In their sight he acted ; to them he spoke ; their sympathy was enough, their suffrages sufficient. With them, and with the consciousness of right on his side, he could face anything ; sustain attacks, bear abuse, lose popularity, offend friends. Had *they* forsaken him, he would have suspected himself ; it would have been impossible for him, in such circumstances, really to believe that he could *be* right. His soul was a reflection of the light and hues of the heaven that was over him ; and he lived under it so joyously, and looked up to it so often ; and thought within himself that no spot on earth was canopied like that on which his hearth stood, and that no eye could rest anywhere on what surpassed the scene which surrounded *him*, and which sparkled and shone with the looks and smiles of a circle radiant with intelligence and goodness ! It is no disparagement to Sir Fowell Buxton that the Gurney family “coloured his life ;” or that his private affections so assisted to make him and keep him what he was. It is a fine thing—a beautiful and holy sight in this sad, dislocated world—that of a great-souled, heroic man, in a severe public conflict, refreshed and helped by the descent upon him of the soft but invigorating dew of the domestic charities.

5. The tenor of these remarks naturally leads us to the last thing to be noticed about Sir Fowell Buxton, so far as the phenomena, or visible manifestations, of his character are concerned. We have spoken generally of its force, and we have

shown you how that force was moulded and fashioned into a great, useful, working power. After what has just been said, you will be prepared for our next statement—namely, That there was in Sir Fowell Buxton a remarkable combination of strength and tenderness ; of the massive and the beautiful. I can do nothing, I find, but merely hint at some of the illustrations of this, referring you to the volume for the fuller statement.

As to Sir Fowell Buxton's firmness of purpose and force of character, we have already frequently referred to them as facts : proofs of that inherent power they indicate, you will find plentifully scattered through the book. Why, just look at the title-page ; you see the man in the motto that stands there, and the impression, too, of his family respecting him. "*The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is ENERGY—INVINCIBLE DETERMINATION ; a purpose once fixed, and then DEATH or VICTORY. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world ; and NO TALENTS, NO CIRCUMSTANCES, NO OPPORTUNITIES, WILL MAKE A TWO-LEGGED CREATURE A MAN WITHOUT IT.*" There ; write that upon your souls, young men. Let it be a text on which you may preach to yourselves ; and take care to pay the preacher the best compliment that preachers can receive ; let your conduct, by embodying the text, do credit to the sermon. In going through the "Life" of Sir Fowell Buxton, you will see how strongly this energy was possessed by him, and what he did by it. Take a few examples :—When he was a mere boy it began to appear. Told to deliver a message to a pig-driver, away he went, by field or road, through mud and mire, guessing his way, as best he could, by the footmarks of the herd, till he overtook the man and fulfilled his mission. Look how resolutely he gave up every idle and desultory habit, when he awoke to duty and determined to be a scholar. Urged to

play at billiards for a little recreation by his college companions, he would not touch cue or ball, however persuaded, *because he had purposed with himself that he would not*. When he became a partner in Hanbury's concern, he saw that everything wanted reformation, and he resolved upon reform. One old stager was rather refractory ; he could not fall in with new notions and revolutionary disturbance. "Meet me," said Buxton, in the office to-morrow morning at six o'clock." When they met, he simply said, "Be so good as hand me your set of books ; I intend in future to take charge of them myself." Opposition was at an end. The seat of power and the force of ruling will were recognised and acknowledged, and order and obedience became matters of course. Only once, some long time afterwards, did the same individual betray a little of his original restiveness ; but it was quelled in a moment by Buxton's very quietly saying, "I think you had better meet me to-morrow morning at six o'clock !"

The whole course of his preparation for Parliamentary life illustrated his vigour and perseverance. In the progress of his public measures he was sometimes put to severe trials, in having to follow his personal judgment, and to adhere to his own purposes, in spite of the opposition, or, what was far worse, the earnest entreaty of his colleagues and friends. One of the finest moral pictures—the resistance of the individual against united numbers—the victory of personal conviction, self-trust, adherence to the sense of obligation and right, over every sort of influence that could be brought to bear on inferior affections, may be seen in Sir Fowell Buxton's behaviour in the House of Commons on a night when, in spite of all that his friends could urge, he was determined to push his point to a division. His unalterable purpose looked like dead, downright obstinacy, as the most rational firmness always does when it seems a reproach, or is an inconvenience, to others. Some of Buxton's friends blamed the "obstinacy ;" but *the minister* said, "*It had settled*

the question." It is a happy thing when events justify what is adhered to under a painful sense of personal responsibility, though even disappointment would not destroy the complacency of a rationally decided man.

The difference between Foster's wise *man*, and his stupid, gravitating "big stone," is, that one *arrives* at his result, thinks it out, and knows what he is after ; the other merely takes a thing into his head. There is false firmness, remember, as well as true ; or rather there is wrong-headedness as well as right. Be careful, therefore, so to cultivate your understandings, and to have such intelligent and intelligible grounds to go upon in your efforts after the virtue now recommended, that you may never be placed in the condition of the fool, who is said to be "wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason."

The *promptitude* with which Sir Fowell Buxton acted was sometimes as conspicuous as his perseverance and constancy. Once, at the opening of Parliament, when, contrary to expectation, no allusion was made in the King's speech to the subject of slavery, he went directly from the House of Lords to the Commons, and gave immediate notice of a motion. He was presently joined by some of his friends, who assured him it was all right, everything would be done though nothing was said ; only they besought that nothing should be attempted on their side. "What ! not even to give notice of a motion ?" "By no means ; certainly not." "*But it's done*," replied Buxton ; and so it was : and thus by the promptitude of a determined and resolute will, an idea had become a *fact*—a thing accomplished—the mere suggestion of which, as an idea, surprised and startled the minds of others. A strong, massive, man-of-war-like soul, driving onwards in its way, like a floating fortress, right down upon its object, to the peril or alarm of smaller craft, had need to be well piloted to be safe ; and had need,

too, to have other excellencies to be loved. That Buxton had these I propose to show.

He was a strong, rock-like man, and to some, I can imagine, he might occasionally seem stern and forbidding. To those, however, who were habitually near him, he was embodied gentleness. The marble column stood in a garden, was surrounded with verdure, was crowned with flowers ; plants of the loveliest hue, with tendrils of delicate texture, wound themselves about it, found in it affinity, and drew from it nourishment. Like the rock struck by the prophet, he could send forth, from his inner self, living water, sparkling as the glance of a child, clear as purity of heart, sweet as goodness and love ! From his physical stature (he was six feet four) he was called by his schoolfellows “ Elephant Buxton ; ” but it used to be remarked of him, that along with the animal’s gigantic bulk he possessed and displayed its characteristic gentleness. You will notice, in perusing the volume, numberless proofs of the qualities I refer to ; some of them, indeed, indicating or illustrating other virtues. We are concerned, at present, however, exclusively with those I have now mentioned.

All I can do here is to intimate the facts that sustain the statements just made. Not to mention his filial respect and tenderness, look for a moment at his fraternal affection. He lost two brothers. His conduct to the one, and his admiration of the other, alike evince his goodness of heart. The first was a wild wayward lad. He went to sea, was taken ill in India, returned a wreck, reached England just in time to get ashore—to enter an hospital—and to die. The eagerness with which Buxton hastened down to the poor youth ; his deep love, his intelligent religious teaching, his tenderness and tears, are affecting in the highest degree. Then, the effect of his conduct and the influence of his character on all that were about him, may be noticed with advantage. He was the stay and strengthener of his mother in her sorrow ; his sister could

spare time from her own grief to express her admiration of his manly deportment and many virtues. He was a young man, mind, of twenty-five. At an age when many are thoughtless and vain, light in their deportment and selfish in their pleasures, he was the support of his whole family in their affliction, and moved among its members like a father in wisdom, a patriarch in authority, and a woman in his love.

The other brother died some years later, in happier circumstances, with maturer faith and brighter aspirations ; though the first died not without penitence nor without hope. Sir Fowell Buxton had the highest opinion of the talents, disposition, and piety of the elder brother. His references to him glow with love. His early fate was long mourned. His death seems to have been felt like a dark cloud veiling for a while the sun, and casting a cold shadow on the earth ; but the remembered character of the dead, and the Christian faith of the living, inspired the assurance that the side of the cloud next the sky was bright as burnished silver. Happy are the brothers that so live, that when one is snatched by death from the other, the expressions uttered in the service at the grave can be intelligently felt to be “spirit and life,” instead of being dreaded as a falsehood or a form !¹

Then there is the deep and exquisite feeling with which Sir Fowell Buxton regarded Priscilla Gurney, and other members of that circle. Observe, too, his interest in young people, his sympathy with them in their pleasures, his participation of their amusements, his anxiety to see them happy, his readiness to ride or shoot with them in a morning, and to suggest to them words for their charades at night. *But his delight in children !* This is always the indication of a genial nature, a pure, unworn, and unselfish heart “Never,” says Lavater,

¹ Sir Fowell Buxton twice refers to the comfort he felt in hearing the words of the burial-service, as he understood them to express the persuasion of survivors with respect to the actual bliss of the departed.

“make that man your friend who hates bread, music, or the laugh of a child.” Certainly to *hate* any of these would be very bad.

I think I could even explain the philosophy of the first. There may be something of insensibility to the second, without amounting to positive dislike, that may not materially affect the character—as in the case of our friend before us ; but, if the gleeful, leaping laugh of childhood is distasteful to a man, especially if he hates it, or hates to hear it, believe Lavater, and have nothing to do with him. Depend upon it, he is either thoroughly without a soul, or he has so soiled and blackened it by sin, that the sound issuing from young and innocent lips pierces to his heart like the constrained remembrance of a forfeited inheritance. You may be sure he has got about him no common guilt. To him, in a worse sense than the poet meant it, the beautiful but melancholy verse applies :—

“ I remember, I remember
The poplars straight and high ;
I used to think their spiry tops
Were close against the sky.

This was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know *I'm farther off from heaven*
Than when I was a boy !”

Sir Fowell Buxton delighted in children, and they, with their instinctive perception of those that like them, delighted in *him*. He used to walk with them, and talk to them, and try to turn their attention to God in his works. He was fond of pointing out the skill that was displayed in the packing of a bud, and of drawing other interesting lessons from flowers. On this account his little nephews and nieces (bless their young hearts !) when they saw the snowdrops and violets in the early spring, used to welcome them as “ *Uncle Buxton's Sermons.*”

I hardly dare approach, and yet I must touch—I will try to do so with a very gentle hand—other forms of our friend's affections. That of the deepest and tenderest is delicately veiled, and properly so, for,

“Not easily forgiven

Are those who, setting wide the doors that bar
The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
Let in the day.”

Yet enough is seen, and to that we may allude without impropriety, to show Sir Fowell Buxton's buoyant delight, his irrepressible joy, at the thought of that which constituted his richest and most endeared possession, the source of influences the most powerful in personal character and public achievement. How profound his respect, how vast his appreciation, how tender and playful some of his utterances, what a depth of meaning in some apparently jocund words! But we pass on. His paternal character would seem to have been beautiful. Only think of the leader of a section of the House of Commons,—the man bending under the weight of public business, absorbed by interests the most momentous, and fighting with difficulties that demanded, and had nights and days of anxiety and labour,—think of him coming along the Strand from some parliamentary committee, stepping into a shop to purchase a picture, hiding it when he got home among the torn-up letters and envelopes in his basket, that when his little children should rummage amongst them or turn them out he might hear their exultation at discovering the treasure and join in a joy that would ring like the news of a nursery California! He was lying one day very fatigued and tired on a sofa; one of his sons was lying on another; their eyes were alike just open, though each supposed the other to be asleep. Presently the great giant-like man—the man that swayed the Senate, was looked up to by thousands as a leader, and who seemed born for authority and command—slowly and quietly rose

up from his position, trod softly and stealthily across the room, placed a chair, lifted the feet of the young sleeper, as they seemed to be hanging uneasily from the sofa, laid them gently on the chair, and then crept back again as carefully as he had gone, and lay down to his own repose ! All had been seen, though he thought not so. It would never have been mentioned, it might not have been remembered by him, had it only been a thing known to the father. It was the irresistible impulse, the gushing out of irrepressible affection. I dare say he turned away from the lad with a glow at his heart and a prayer upon his tongue—a prayer whose answer he had already, though unconsciously, secured ; for the impression of that act on the heart of the son must have given such sacredness to the wishes of the father as could not fail, I should think, to have done more for the youth's virtue than any mere preceptive teaching could have secured.

The same traits appear in his letters about his children, and in his correspondence with them. He is always anxious, indeed, about their possessing a strong, decided character ; but he betrays constantly not only the strength but the tenderness of his own. Little things indicate character more than great ones. How much there is in his promising the boys half-a-crown for the repetition of some poetry, and then, if visitors—grown-up people—happened to be present, asking them to rehearse something, and *handing to each of them a half-crown too !* Or in his playful letters to his little children ; his asking after the dogs and ducks,—and his description of a pony that liked porter, with the sly addition, “ *he prefers ours !* ” Why, there's poetry in all this. Buxton, indeed, did not write poetry ; but what was far better, he acted it, lived it, by his practical combination of the beautiful with the true. I wish I could tell you all about the friendship which seems to have subsisted between him and his eldest daughter. She was rather older than his other children, in consequence of the deaths of those that

came between them, and hence she sprang up into his companion and friend. She acted as his secretary ; read with him, wrote for him ; entered into his objects with hereditary enthusiasm ; discussed with him the merits of men and measures ; went with him at times to the House, and looked down upon him from the ventilator like a guardian angel. On the 1st of August, 1834, the day of Negro Emancipation,—Priscilla Buxton, herself emancipated from a filial service, which she had ever felt to be “ perfect freedom,” was married at Northrepps, to one of her father’s Parliamentary and personal friends. The feelings of that father, you may naturally suppose, were raised that day to the highest pitch, and deepened into profoundest intensity, by the mixture of emotions of which he was the subject. He could not but think of those swarthy thousands, far off in other lands, whom he had come almost to regard as his children, who, that day, were to awake and find themselves *free* men ;—and then, there was the endeared daughter at his side, who had stood there for so many years, whom with his own hand, he was to give up to be bound for life,—but bound by fetters welcomed by them both ! At four o’clock he writes to a friend—“ The bride is just gone ; everything has passed off to admiration, and *there is not a slave in the British Colonies !*” What a glorious mingling of two classes of emotion, each sufficient of itself to fill the soul ! How different from the noble lady, at the time of the Reform agitation, whose daughter was dying, and who exclaimed to a friend, “ Really, my dear, what with the danger of my poor child and my fears about the Bill, I am positively quite distracted !” Some time after the 1st of August, Buxton wrote to another friend : “ I surrendered my vocation, and *next* to Macaulay, *my best human helper in it*, on the same day.” How his soul must have shown itself—what drops must have accompanied the parting paternal benediction—on that memorable day !

“Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven.
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross, refined and clear,—
A tear so limpid and so meek
It would not stain an angel's cheek,—
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head.”

But the two circumstances which, to my mind, most forcibly show the deep feeling which was united with strength in Sir Fowell Buxton, are the following :—He found exquisite enjoyment in the quiet of the country ; it was delicious to him after the agitations of a session. With his well-used pocket-Bible in his hand, he used to walk out, like Isaac, meditating in the fields at eventide ; and he did this that he might enjoy, as he said, quietly and alone, what he called the “ Divine silence ” of the scene ! Carlyle says that the Germans have a proverb to this effect : “ Speech is silvern ; silence is golden.” Buxton was capable of understanding this. That “ Divine silence ” descended softly on his soul, like the dew on the flowers ; and I believe, for my part, that dew falling upon flowers never fell on anything more soft than what that silence fell upon in him. The other incident was, that when a number of letters were brought in to him one morning in the month of September 1834, which he knew by the colonial post-marks would contain tidings respecting the events of the 1st of August, he took them up, sealed as they were, and walked out into the woods alone, his large heart beating with mingled apprehension and hope. There, with no eye to witness his emotion, he opened his letters with silent awe, and his lips to God in vocal praise. His feelings were far too intense and sacred to be permitted in their expression to have auditors or observers.

Such was Sir Fowell Buxton, as his character and course unfold themselves to me in the details and intimations of the volume before us. In expressing my opinions, I am not con-

scious of having said anything but what is borne out by positive facts. All that I have uttered has been a running commentary, not on eulogies written about him, but on things that he did, which are substantially himself, the embodiment to us of what he was. I knew him only as a public man. I had no personal acquaintance with him whatever. I once wrote to him to present a petition to Parliament, and I once spoke at a small meeting in the lower room in this hall, when he was in the chair, and I remember amusing him by quoting from Froude's *Remains*, which had just been published, a passage, which I handed him the volume to look at.¹ To me this book is Buxton. It may be in your hands as well as mine, you can judge of the man as well as I, take and test whatever I have said, or have yet to say ; I am quite easy as to the result. There he stands, a fine specimen of true manhood. With no pretensions to genius, no brilliant parts, no creative imagination, no gusts or flashes of inspired eloquence, nothing to trust to, that without study, effort, or preparation, might surprise himself and take others by storm. He is simply a person of strong natural good sense, of sound and vigorous understanding, of firm purpose, laborious diligence, high culture, of great aims in life, of singular excellence of character, with clear head, large heart, pure habits, simple tastes, combining, as we have seen, tenderness with power, winning love as well as commanding respect. He was humane, munificent, kind to his humble neighbours, considerate, approachable. So far he might be "known and read of all men ;" an honest, upright, virtuous man, true to his trust, true to himself, honouring and using his right hand, having faith in work, hard work, believing in that as the grand source and secret of success ; but, while wielding it well and right nobly, and as if he had time for

¹ "I cannot get over my prejudice against the niggers ; every one I meet seems to me like an incarnation of the whole Anti-Slavery Society, and FOWELL BUXTON at their head."

nothing else, cultivating all that was beautiful and attractive, or displaying it as if by an inherent law. These things, I repeat, might have been seen by the ordinary observers of this worldly life. But we are now to see "greater things than these." We are to be permitted to look at the "inward man," to examine the Divine and supernatural source of what he was, that which underlay all that was visible, that was deeper than instinct, and higher than nature, that gave strength to strength and beauty to beauty, and that infused into his motives, affections, and acts, that element which makes virtue holiness, and man God-like.

III. Having traced the *natural history*, so to speak, of Sir Fowell Buxton *as a man*, described the original capabilities of the substance of which he was made, and seen the progress of the cutting, moulding, and polishing, so far as external influences and human agencies were concerned, and the action of those portions of his nature which lay nearest to the surface of the outward life, till he appeared before us a somewhat finished and well-proportioned specimen of humanity, useful in his public course and attractive in his private character,—we are now to advance to the examination of the depth and working of that *spiritual element* which, as we have hinted, makes the grand difference between a merely *virtuous* and a truly *religious* man ; between goodness, *as the offspring of natural disposition* or social culture, and goodness *as including a holy principle*, and being essentially a Divine result. I might have included this in the last division of the lecture, as one of the things that made Sir Fowell Buxton what he was, but I look upon it as of such great importance in itself, and I regard him as so pre-eminently illustrating its influence, so conspicuously showing how it may be the "chief corner-stone" in the basis of character, and may give the last touch and finish to its adornments, and how possible it is for those who *will*, to be "diligent in

business" and yet "filled with the Spirit," "men of the world" and yet "temples of God," that I choose to separate it entirely from other things, and to devote this division of the lecture to it.

It is a great distinction with me, *the distinction between VIRTUE and HOLINESS* ; one, which I think you young men will do well to understand. I can give men full credit for a great deal that is noble and beautiful, and yet consistently charge them with a great crime, and speak of them as placed in a most perilous position. It is not at all necessary, in order to show the importance of the Gospel, or the unfitness of men for the future enjoyment of heavenly bliss, to make out that they are literally "desperately wicked," vicious, depraved, abominable, and "to every good work reprobate." By no means. I admit the excellence, and I admire the virtues of many a natural or unconverted man. Such an individual may be pure, truthful, upright, benevolent, beneficent, a model, indeed, for many of far higher pretensions. But the point is, that a man may be all this without thinking of God, without even believing in him ; his excellence, however great, may be altogether "of the earth, earthy ;" it may spring from sources which lie within the limits of mere social morality, and it may be confined therefore to the rewards which flow from it in the world to which it belongs. There is nothing severe or uncharitable in saying, that something far more than this is needed to the perfection of a being who possesses essentially a religious nature ; who sustains relations to a personal God ; who is born under an obligation to all Divine virtues as well as secular ; and who, as a spirit, has to come one day into direct contact with the Infinite Spirit, and to a condition of existence exclusively spiritual.

Without the possession of religious faith ; without the exercise of love to and delight in God, character is imperfect ; without an inward harmony of thought and will, affection and

preference, between man's soul and the Divine source of it, there can be no cordial correspondence between them, and no fitness for their dwelling together. The virtuous man is not excluded from heaven because of his virtues ; he is incapable of heaven by an inherent defect. In spite of all that is in him and about him, of the just and good, the pure and beautiful, it is possible for him to be destitute of devotion, *disloyal* as regards the supreme government and the Divine law, and utterly "without God in the world." With the glow and blush of his many virtues upon him, and while justly the object of social respect, or the idol of popular admiration ; he may be guilty of the most serious crime, by trampling upon all spiritual obligations ; and he may be placed—by no capricious or arbitrary act, but just by the operation of the essential laws of his spiritual being—in a position pregnant with alarm and peril. Two men may stand before us very much alike in all that appears to the eye of the observer : they may do precisely the same things, as to their outward form, and have the same aspect of social goodness ; and yet the one shall act from the impulses of *a life* which has no existence in the other at all. The one shall do everything "*unto God* ;" the other man may never think of Him as obligation or end. The one shall maintain intercourse with Christ as the object of love and the source of assistance ; the other may be either ignorant or infidel—careless concerning, or rejecting his redemption. Both may appear equally useful and attractive to the world, in the aspect presented to it of their world-life ; and, so far as the *world* is concerned, both *are* beautiful and both good ; but, in consequence of the essential difference between them—the presence in the one, and the absence in the other, of a religious, spiritual, divine life—the excellence of the first comes to be *holiness* ; that of the second remains *virtue*. The one, as a spirit, out of the body, would find himself in harmony with the persons and the duties, the avocations and pleasures, of a perfectly

holy and divine world ; the other, in the midst of it, would be surrounded by all that was uncongenial and foreign, distasteful and repulsive. He could no more live in it than a man in water, though that water were "clear as crystal ;" or "the fish of the sea" on "the dry land," though that land were Paradise itself ; bright with the verdure of the virgin earth, smiled upon by the sky of an infant world.

Virtue is very important for earth, and very beautiful, even by itself ; but it is neither the attainment of *the divine* in man, nor the complete preparation for his ultimate destiny. It is not the realization of God's original idea of him, nor of what he was intended to be as *redeemed*. Then again, the means and agencies by which humanity, considered as sinful and needing to be saved—as requiring to be renewed, regenerated, and sanctified—is to be delivered from guilt and "born to God ;" these, properly understood, constitute the peculiarities of the evangelical dispensation, and give to the gospel its appropriate attributes. In proportion as they are justly apprehended and felt—"believed in by the heart," "confessed by the mouth," experienced in their power, and lived upon and relished as the "daily manna" of the inward life—man comes to be *Christian* man : the spirit within him is in its right state ; is united to God by the faith of Christ ; brought into a condition of harmony with the one, through the redeeming work of the other. He now lives in the flesh, or in this mortal and materialized state, in such a sense, that "Christ lives *in him* ;" he has that "shed abroad," or "formed," in "his heart," which prompts him to discharge the duties of earth from motives drawn from the upper world ; ever to act "as seeing Him that is invisible ;" and, while "denying ungodliness and worldly lusts," and living "soberly and righteously" among men, "following after" and "thinking" much of all that is "lovely and of good report," because in these things there is "virtue," and from them "praise ;" yet, all the time, he is primarily moved by the great

thoughts which belong to the future, the infinite, and eternal ; which cluster about the anticipated advent, and teach him to prepare for the day of the Lord ; *waiting for " the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."*

Now, I wish you to understand that Sir Fowell Buxton was, in the sense of these statements—so far as *the principle* pervading them is concerned—a religious man. He was an earnest, evangelical Christian ; and one of the great uses of the book before us, as it seems to me, is, to show the possibility of a man's combining a very laborious outward life—a life of business, trade, politics—with one of deep and eminent spirituality. Men busily occupied in the affairs of the world, behind the counter or the desk, " in chambers," or at " the house," often imagine, or perhaps complain, that they have no time to attend to spiritual subjects, or for the discharge of religious acts. If reminded of David as a soldier writing his psalms, or Daniel at court directing a kingdom and yet keeping daily his hours of prayer, they can discover reasons, in their peculiar aids as inspired men, to render their example inapplicable to *them*. Here, however, is a man of our day, and one ever active, and all alive, in his worldly duties ; not *said* to have been attentive to devout communings with his own spirit and to earnest and holy walking with God, but *proved* to have been so, by papers bearing the stamp of sincerity, and indicating at once the reality of his religion and the constancy of his efforts to preserve it by culture and to evince it by consistency.

In sketching the outline of Sir Fowell Buxton's religious life, and in trying to give you a clear and distinct idea respecting it, I think it will be well to put it before you in separate parts. Each will be best seen by itself ; the combination of all will complete the picture. Let us notice, then—**FIRST**, the rise and progress of religion within him, till it acquired fixedness and supremacy : **SECOND**, the means by which it was preserved and nourished, strengthened and increased : **THIRD**, the

modes of its manifestation ; how it found its own direct utterance, or incidentally displayed its presence, power, purity, or depth : FOURTH, and *lastly*, let us inquire whether there was anything about him, and what, out of harmony, or supposed to be out of harmony, with its professions when living ; or, still more, with the tone and tenor of these private papers published since his decease. I shall not make any extended application to you, after doing all this. I want you to *see* the lessons in the picture itself as it proceeds, and to watch for them as they come ; for, if I can paint it faithfully, come they will, with every new colour, every stroke of the pencil, every change of position, and every ray of light.

1. In looking at Sir Fowell Buxton's religious history, I think you should by no means leave out of view the *possibility* of very early impressions and impulses that may not have been without their secret effect. I do not know how far the Friends, in consistency with their peculiar principles of speaking and praying only when moved by the Divine Spirit, discourage or draw the minds of children in respect to positive religious acts ; nor how far Buxton's mother might conduct the religious training of her son on the Quaker model. I have no doubt that methods were employed both to imbue his mind with the seeds of holy thought as they are contained in the "Scriptures of Truth," and to draw forth the religious faculty itself, through means of varied and appropriate influences. As I believe, also, that the redemption of Christ was the redemption of humanity ; that in consequence of it we are born under mercy, and "beloved of God ;" that we are placed by grace in instant contact with spiritual influences, to which we ought to attribute whatever constitutes a conscious good, that struggles with the lusts of our worsen nature ; so, I doubt not that, in the early childhood and youth of our friend, God touched him often in paternal tenderness, sought to draw and attach him to Himself, that his infant spirit might love holiness, and his young heart hate

sin. Who shall say that this is always without effect ? It is thus that He, whose will it is "that not any of his little ones should perish," aids the opening of the conscience and the reason ; concurs with the training and teaching of parents ; and through means of truth presented from without, and by intuitional perceptions of the right within, is *Himself* "the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." You should be stimulated and encouraged by every spiritual desire you feel ; every movement of the will against evil ; everything like a hunger of the heart after good. These things cannot be from nothing, for that is impotent ; they cannot be from yourselves, "ye being evil," for that would be absurd ; they cannot be from beneath, for that is impossible ; they can come from nowhere but from God above, and they ought to be precious to you as proofs of his gracious presence in your souls, and tokens of his paternal interference in your favour. Somehow or other, many young persons have got a fearful and paralysing impression upon them that God is, *from the first*, their natural enemy ; they have no animating conceptions of his Fatherhood, no confidence that his wishes are actually on their side. Everything within you, that has anything about it inclining you to the right, falsifies the persuasion. *That* is God, "speaking to you as to children ;" his grace seeking to draw you to himself. Very early that voice may be heard, and the ear and the soul inclined towards it ; though the period may be long before the life of the spirit, freed from the clouds and fogs of the flesh, rises in strength and clearness in the character, and manifests its reality by indubitable proofs. I have no doubt that many an instance of apparent sudden and visible conversion is the maturity only of a process which has long been advancing within. As a youth, Buxton was distinguished for truthfulness. When an usher, at Greenwich, charged him with some fault, which he denied, Dr. Burney instantly said, "I have never known the boy tell a falsehood, and I will not disbelieve him

now." Several little things indicate a superiority to what was debasing. I do not think he was ever corrupted by any of those low and vicious habits that are sometimes contracted early in life. Nor do I doubt that this was in part owing, not only to a sense of honour and propriety, but to feelings having something in them of religiousness, conferred, perhaps, in answer to a mother's prayers, guarded and nourished by occasional earnest supplications of his own. Happy is the youth who has not to look back on a time like this with the painful consciousness that the early dew of the heart has been exhaled by the heats of passion, or brushed off by contact with the world, that "*he has cast off fear, and restrained prayer before God!*"

In 1806, however, when Buxton was twenty years of age, Providence began more conspicuously to quicken and develop his spiritual nature. He was travelling in Scotland with his Earlham friends ; and in the course of the journey he purchased a Bible, with the express determination to read a portion of it *every day*. He commenced and continued the exercise. It became one of the fixed habits of his life. Its immediate effect upon him is thus stated :—"Formerly I read generally rather as a duty than a pleasure, but now I read the Scriptures with great interest, and, I must say, happiness." Again, "I am sure that some of the happiest hours that I spend are while I am reading our Bible, which is as great a favourite as a book can be. I never before felt so assured that the only means of being happy is from seeking the assistance of a superior Being, or so inclined to endeavour to submit myself to the direction of principle." Now, it is to be admitted that the phraseology of these extracts is vague and general, and indicates no distinct perception of evangelical doctrine, or any spiritual appreciation of the Gospel, properly so called. But he has got into the right track. He is a daily and serious reader of the Word ; he is sitting at the feet of the Divine Teacher ; he is "following on to know the Lord." A young man who is thus occupied may reason-

ably be expected to become constantly wiser and better, to have light increased and truth revealed, till his mind, opened and expanded by their influence, shall apprehend and approve "the things that are excellent ;" and, "being taught of God," shall arrive at the full "acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ."

The next event in the order of means, and of gracious providential arrangement, was in 1811, when he was recommended by two clerical friends to attend the ministry of the Rev. Josiah Pratt. Mr. Pratt was a pious evangelical clergyman of the school of the Newtons, Simeons, and Cecils of former days. Under his teaching, Sir Fowell Buxton's mind speedily opened to the intelligent reception of the truth. He obtained far more clear, deep, and enlarged conceptions of it than he had previously received. The insufficiency of our own righteousness, the importance of faith in the atoning sacrifice, and of the influences of the sanctifying Spirit, the need of being "saved," and the *way* to be saved—as held and taught by the best expounders of the apostolic testimony, with every other related truth—were exhibited and enforced, I imagine, with such power, richness, and fervour, as, by God's blessing, materially to affect the mind and heart of our Christian inquirer ; to give fulness to his knowledge, and impulse to his piety. Mark the advantage of "hearing the word," as well as of reading it ; the importance to be attached to a spiritual instructor, and an evangelical ministry ; the advantage, it may be added, of young men having such associates as may lead or direct them to suitable teachers ; and the blessed results that may follow from a word of advice and counsel. The gratitude of the pupil, in the case before us, led him almost to overrate his obligations to the instructor. Sir Fowell Buxton went so far as to say, in a letter to Mr. Pratt, that, "whatever he had done in his life for Africa, the seeds of it were sown in his heart at Wheeler Chapel." This statement, if it means

“Africans,” and includes the slaves in the West Indies, I regard as one of those instances of exaggeration to which the mind is prone in speaking of those who have first strongly affected it. The *seeds* of his doings had been sown before, by other circumstances and other hands ; though they were watered, doubtless, by Mr. Pratt, and sprang up under his ministry. If the statement was limited to *Africa*, and referred to his interest in *missions*, and his anxieties respecting the spiritual benefit, as well as the temporal freedom and elevation of its inhabitants, it may be more correct. But, in either case, it teaches a lesson worthy of remembrance.

The last and perfecting event, that which gave fixedness and maturity to Sir Fowell Buxton's religion, which brought it out as life in the experience, as well as light and knowledge in the intellect, was an alarming illness with which he was visited in 1813. I do not mean that he had not, subjectively, experienced something of religion before, or that the spiritual life now only *began*. The process had been gradually advancing for years. The light had early and long been “as the morning spread upon the mountains,” and had struggled and increased against mist and darkness. Life had been stirring and augmenting within him, like the growth and ripening of the infant in the womb ; it was now to be developed in a higher form, and to become a thing both of distincter consciousness and of richer manifestation. The account given of this event is deeply interesting, and the frequent references to it by the father justify fully the statement of the son,—that the period of its occurrence was that, “from which may be dated that *ascendency* of religion over his mind, which gave shape and colouring to the whole of his after life.” The points I would direct you to observe are, the sight which he obtained of the utter insufficiency of his own virtue ; his glad reception of the Christian atonement ; with the happy persuasion and high assurance of his interest in it. The effect, too, of the whole

process in deepening his sense of personal sinfulness, and filling him with shame as well as joy, is very significant. It is thus, often, that men are never half aware of the magnitude of their guilt till it is removed ; they only learn the extent of their criminality by the extent of their obligations to the grace that saves them. It is well that it is so. "Who knoweth the power of thine anger?" Alas ! if known, "the spirit would fail before it," and the souls which God has made. "*After* that I was turned, I repented ; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh."

When Sir Fowell Buxton first felt himself unwell, he actually "prayed that he might have a dangerous illness, provided that illness might bring him nearer to God." Such a prayer partakes, perhaps, of infirmity, though God may overlook that in his condescension to our weakness. We ought "to draw nigh to God" without being forced to it, and without waiting to be driven. The *mercies* of God should lead us to repentance. The prayer, however, was heard in both its parts ; its petition and its proviso. He *had* the illness, imminently dangerous, and he *was* drawn nigher to God ; drawn, indeed, so nigh, so lovingly, that he never wished to leave his side, and never wandered more ! When the disorder assumed an alarming appearance, he spent nearly an hour in most fervent prayer. He had been perplexed with doubts ; his prayer was, to have them removed. The next day he found them not only entirely removed, but replaced by a certain degree of conviction totally different from anything he had before experienced. "It would be difficult to express," he says, "the satisfaction and joy which I derived from this alteration. 'Now know I that my Redeemer liveth,' was the sentiment uppermost in my mind, and in the merits of that Redeemer I felt a confidence that made me look on the prospect of death with perfect indifference. No one action of my life presented itself with any sort of consolation. I knew that by myself I

stood justly condemned ; but I felt released from the penalties of sin by the blood of our sacrifice. In *Him* was all my trust."

Such was the culmination of Sir Fowell Buxton's religious life. It was now, as an inward principle, established and fixed ; as a progressive awakening, it had come to "open vision ;" as the struggling progress of the soul towards God, it had "advanced even to his seat ;" as an experience, subjectively, of all that he had been for years learning to understand, it was "Christ formed in his heart the hope of glory,"—oneness, incorporation, vital and conscious union with the Lord. From this time "the life that he lived in the flesh, he lived by the faith of the Son of God, who loved him and gave himself for him," and "*Christ* lived in *him*." Depend upon it, young men, there is rationality and philosophy in all this. Thus was illustrated and embodied in an individual all that we advanced in the introductory remarks to this section. "He became a partaker of a Divine nature." He had *that* within him which so affected all he did from henceforth—affected it consciously and by purpose—that the same act was a different thing in him from what it could be in one who had it not. His virtue became holiness ; the man godly. May every one of you be so "transformed by the renewing of your minds," that you too may know by experience what it is God's blessed, holy, and perfect will that you should be and do ; that which you will find to be your "reasonable" or rational service !

2. With respect to the modes by which, in Sir Fowell Buxton, the religious life was nourished and sustained, you will do well to notice the following things :—

He was a constant and devout reader of the Scriptures. His Bible appears ever to have been to him as the countenance of a loving and beloved friend. He speaks of its perusal as a thing delightful and interesting in the highest degree, considered simply as an exercise of the mind ; somewhat result-

less, indeed, if unattended with prayer, but with that becoming to him invariably the source of light and influence which purified his reason and stimulated his activity. His Bible, in the marks of his pen or pencil, bore manifest proofs of his diligent use of it. There are two ways in which you young men may read the Scriptures. You may read them devotionally, that is, with a view simply to the serious impression of the truth on the soul, and the preservation of a harmony between the book and it. This is to be done by a daily portion. This does not need to be long, nor does the engagement require long time, nor so much the exercise of the intellect on the *trains* of divine thought, as the attention of the heart to the *results* of its argument, or the opening of it to the reception of the details and utterances—often brief and broken, but always suggestive—of the inward experience of its holy men. Then there is the more *intellectual* reading of the Scriptures. You may often spend hours at a time in the reading of the Bible in the same way as you would read another book. Go through at one sitting one or two of the Old Testament historical tracts, or a Gospel, or an Epistle ; read with a map before you, and trace or find out as you proceed, the course of a journey, or where a battle was fought, or a miracle done, or a king crowned, or an individual born or buried, or favoured with a Divine vision, and so forth. Compare the accounts of two or more Gospels, compare the Acts and the Epistles, and make out the particulars of the missionary travels and voyages of St. Paul, the times when his letters were written, the places where they were penned, the sort of people to whom they were severally addressed, as to their previous state, habits, religion, refinement. Use or refer to a Paragraph Bible. Get one or two works that will throw some light on the customs and antiquities of the Jews, the Hebrew poetry, and kindred subjects. Take an Epistle, analyse it, divide it for yourselves into distinct parts, according to what appears to you the division of its subjects, or the order, advance,

and breaks in the argument ; mark what it establishes in the way of doctrinal truth, illustrates as experience, or inculcates as consistent practical duty. Make out a list of the miracles or the parables of Jesus ; collect, from his letters, the prayers of Paul ; find out the prophecies referred to in the New Testament, or the quotations contained in it from the Old. These, and various other ways of employing a whole evening now and then in the *study* of the Bible, you will find to be exercises as interesting as they are useful ; as easy, too, in a little time, as they are instructive, and as beneficial to faith, feeling, and piety, as they are invigorating to the understanding. In both these ways there are indications in the *Life* that Sir Fowell Buxton read the Bible. His reading was habitual, earnest, prayerful. He found time for it as a duty, delighted in it as a joy, and lived by it as food, refreshment, and rest.

Another thing was, not only his attendance on the means of grace, in the form of public worship and ministerial teaching, but his manner of attendance. At one time he was much in the habit of attending at the Friends' Meeting-House, and, I suspect, had a liking to the last to many of the habits and preferences of that people. His remarkable power of concentrating his attention, and precipitating, so to speak, his whole mind, and keeping it fixed, upon any subject, enabled him to derive benefit from, and to feel edified by, repeated occasions of "silent waiting." But it is to be remembered that he used to read, carefully and devoutly beforehand, some portion of Scripture : having got that into his head, it was ready to be laid upon the heart, and to be personally applied by inward reflection, if no instruction came to him from without ; and oft, I doubt not, those hours which he spent in "stillness" and "quietness" in the Quakers' Meeting-House were to him like the "Divine silence" of the country. He conversed with God and with himself. "*While he mused the fire burned,*" and if he did not, like the psalmist, immediately "speak with his

tongue," he was made more fit both for speaking and acting as a good man, when he should return to the duties of daily life. In the same spirit of serious forethought, intelligent and devout preparation, I conceive of him as attending Mr. Pratt's ministry, and habitually the worship and communion of the Church. There is a great deal in being in harmony with what you have to do, or with what you go anywhere to listen to or enjoy. You learn more from a discourse on any subject with which you have already some acquaintance ; and you experience satisfaction and delight, and receive and retain impressions of pleasure, in proportion as you have an inward sympathy with anything you read, see, or hear. This law of your nature is applicable to religion and religious engagements. You can do much to promote in yourselves, and to seek from God, that "preparation of heart" for your public Sabbath worship, which being possessed, you will find that neither the day nor the duty can be felt as "a weariness." It makes every prayer instructive as a sermon, and a true sermon, though ineloquent, subduing as devotion and sweet as song. Many a poor discourse is rich to them whose hearts are right, and many a good one appears bad from causes existing only in the hearer. Blessed are they who so seek spiritual preparation for "going into the house of God," and who, having "premeditated," so "draw nigh with reverence and godly fear," that, instead of "offering the sacrifice of fools," they "present their very bodies as living sacrifices, holy and acceptable," and find both that "in God's light they see light," and that, in thus "waiting upon him," while *other* "youths may weary," and *other* "young men utterly fall," they "rise up on wings as eagles, can run and not be weary, and walk and not faint !"

Another means of spiritual improvement, employed by Sir Fowell Buxton, was the frequent use of the *pen*, in connexion with his private religious exercises. He often thus conversed with himself. He wrote down reviews of the past and antici-

pations of the future. He tried to ascertain the condition of his soul. Speaking in figures we may say of him—some of the figures are borrowed from himself—that thus, as a spiritual merchant, he “took stock,” looked into his accounts, went over the doings of the year, noticed the items, and balanced the amount of profit and loss. As a pilot, he made his observations, threw the lead, consulted the chart, and calculated his course. As a traveller, he marked his progress, ascertained his position, and took notice of any new scenery that opened upon him. As a physician, he examined into the state of his “soul’s health,” acknowledged soundness or detected disease; probed wounds or applied stimulants, required exercise or prescribed rest, saw the necessity for any change in the habits of the inward man; how he was famished, or how fed; where he must abstain, with what he could be regaled; noting and recording symptoms and circumstances, and forming a judgment on the whole case. Of these papers, several are contained in the volume before us. He often thus closed one year and began another; and he appears always to have distinguished the anniversary of his illness by special exercises of this sort. Under date, December 25, 1813—the year in which that memorable illness occurred—there is a highly characteristic record of the manner in which he kept that Christmas day.¹ And there is another paper,² dated January 1, 1830, extremely interesting from the number of texts and passages of Scripture, which are collected and arranged, and *turned into prayers*. There is a list too now and then given of “works laid out” for, or to be commenced in the course of an anticipated year, always, I think, accompanied with the acknowledgment of Him in whose strength they were to be attempted, with references to the motives whence they were to flow, and indications of the spirit in which they would be done. Without meaning to encourage very frequent spiritual self-anatomy,

¹ Page 47.² Page 242.

which is in danger of becoming a morbid thing, the act itself symptomatic of disease, and terminating often in nothing, or worse ; and without recommending you to be constantly putting down what you will do, writing purposes, prescribing motives, or mapping your course of action ; I must still say, that an intelligent and thoughtful young man will find it useful both to search into himself and to lay out the future, as Sir Fowell Buxton may be seen doing. Some people, indeed, offend rather than edify by their private disclosures ; he, never. Others spend life in planning how to live ; his plans were brief in their visible record when once formed within ; and then, being formed, they were not so much written of as *fulfilled* ; the things were not *thought about*, but *done* !

The last, great, powerful, and principal means, by which Sir Fowell Buxton appears to have nourished and enriched his piety, was PRAYER. He seems to have been a man of earnest and habitual devotion. He cultivated the spirit of prayer by thoughtfulness ; by reading what was adapted to quicken and feed it ; by writing, at times, his requests before God ; and by very frequent vocal utterance. While an active, engaged, busy public man—necessarily careful for and “cumbered” with many things—he found time, or made it, for prayer. He was calmer and brighter for it ; better and stronger. He lived and moved in it ; in it he found the light of his spiritual being ; through it the support of his religious life. He wrote prayers in connection with his purposes of action ; in the prospect of the year ; in the anticipation of special events. When he anticipated an improvement in his worldly circumstances, he prayed ; when he wrote his books, he prayed ; when he was collecting materials, and preparing his speeches, and fighting the “good fight” in the House of Commons, he did all with prayer. He prayed in his family—and that, too, with serious preparation and forethought—that his topics might be selected and arranged, his spirit calm, his manner becoming, the service comprehensive,

serious, instructive. For his work, his friends, his family, his children—for the latter on great and important occasions, or at particular crises in their course—prayers would seem to have been often offered, and sometimes written. He could not get on without prayer. He so habitually contemplated his public engagements as “working the work of God,” as the discharge of a service to which he was “called,”—which was allotted to him from above,—which had in itself the Divine approbation, and made necessary for him Divine aid ; that he was drawn to prayer in it as by a natural law ; to him, there was that about his great public service, that made prayer equally appropriate and necessary ; that drew him to it as by the force of a sympathy, and impelled him by considerations connected with success. Throughout life, as a part of his religion itself, in circumstances of sorrow and of joy, when “his heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord,” or his spirit broken and crushed by disasters, he prayed. The necessity to his soul of the hal-
lowed exercise, seemed to increase as his day declined. He found it to be strength in weakness, light in darkness, life in death. Through it, “though the outward man perished, the inward man was renewed day by day.” Like his divine Lord, as he drew near his last sufferings and was entering into them, he again and again prayed. “Being in an agony he prayed more fervently.” He sometimes “rose in the night,” and spent considerable time in this exercise ; with earnest utterance, as he expressed it, “praying hard :” like Jacob wrestling with the angel at Peniel, till the day broke, and he passed onward, having obtained the blessing.

“Prayer is the Christian’s vital breath,

The Christian’s native air,

His watchword at the gates of death :

He enters heaven by prayer.”

Sir Fowell Buxton’s spirit and habit of prayer arose very much from the child-like simplicity of his religion ; and from

his power strongly to realize the absent and the distant, and therefore the spiritual and invisible, which, as a natural attribute of his mind, became faith when inspired by piety. After he became fixed and happy in his persuasion of the enjoyment of the Divine favour through Christ, he never encouraged any perplexing doubts, or suffered himself to be seduced into the region of theological difficulties. The fact is, he had not time for the study of theology as a science, though he neither wanted taste nor power for recondite speculation. He was *religious*; he was not a theologian: his inward life was religion in the heart, far more than a body of divinity in the intellect. The consequence was, that he prayed like a child, believed as a child, trusted as a child: he asked, *expecting* an answer: no more doubting that he would have one than an obedient and beloved boy preferring a request to his father's power, or his mother's love, for something which he knows they are ready to grant. He troubled not himself about the objections to prayer arising from the perfections and purposes of God, or to the possibility of a particular Providence, and to special Divine interferences in reply to supplication, arising from the fixed and general laws of the Divine government. He was taught to pray by a faith higher than philosophy, and impelled to it by an instinct stronger than reasoning. A logic of the heart suffered not the logic of the schools to be heard; or for a moment listened to, if it were. His spiritual convictions partook of the nature of intuition. His inward eye was opened, and he *saw*. Where others groped and were in doubt, he "handled" and "felt," and was a bright, cheerful child of the day. What he had to do, he considered, was not to explain to himself, or to allow others to question, *how* God could aid or answer; but to "ask in faith," leaving the rest to Divine fidelity and Divine power. Hence, he was "careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, he made his requests known unto God; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, kept

his heart and mind by Jesus Christ." "He was in the constant habit," says his son, "of communicating his cares to his heavenly Father." "Prayer," said he himself, "is throwing up the heart to God continually. Not always using words, but casting up the thoughts to Him. *Everything leads me to prayer*, and I ALWAYS FIND IT ANSWERED, both *in little and great things*." "I often wonder at the slow progress I have made of late years in religion, but *in this one respect I feel a difference*: I see the hand of a directing Providence in the events of life, the lesser as well as the greater: and this is of great importance to me; for the belief that our actions, if attempted aright, are guided and directed by superior wisdom, is to me one of the greatest inducements to prayer; and I do think that the little trials I have met with have materially contributed to produce with me a habit of prayer." Sir Fowell's natural qualities of mind and heart, which, disciplined by education and directed by principle, led to his power and activity in work, were *taken up* by his religion, and, through the grace and Spirit of God, which we do not forget, and which he never forgot, did, spiritually, great and good service to himself. He was a thoroughly earnest man; had the simplicity and directness that characterize sound and vigorous minds, when absorbed and possessed by a ruling passion; he was capable of so realizing the sufferings of others, as to look upon them, feel them, ache under them, and thus to regard no labour as onerous, and no cost or self-denial painful, by which they might be mitigated. *Nature* was in all this, as well as grace; original power, as well as superadded and supernatural influences. But these qualities became ancillary to his own progress in spiritual things; to his perception of the Divine and his intercourse with God, even as they assisted him in his sympathy with humanity and his efforts for mankind. This is well put by his biographer, in the following suggestive and striking statement: "Long before that period, to which he at least referred his

first real acquaintance with the truths of Christianity, the peculiar features of his disposition had been cast in strong and permanent relief ; and *the religious acts of his mind are deeply stamped with the fashion of its native character.* It possessed one element which beyond all others gave shape to the development of his religious principles. This was his power of realizing the conceptions of his mind and imagination with scarcely less force and vividness than that which realized external objects. Thus he grasped the idea of a future state, not with a mere passive belief, but with a strong effective conviction as *a matter of fact* of startling plainness, and which gave him to a remarkable degree a consciousness of the hollow vanity of all earthly pleasures and interests." There is added to this, as accounting for his habit of prayer, and the direct and simple faith with which he prayed, the following statement :—" But what chiefly marked his religious character, was the absolute child-like confidence with which he clung to the guiding hand of his heavenly Father, wherever his path might lie. There was, in fact, no event in his life which he did not attribute to his immediate direction." Of this faith, prayer was the habitual utterance ; and by this habitual utterance faith itself was preserved in exercise and "increased in might." "It took hold of God's strength," and reposed lovingly beneath his Fatherhood. That God and Father "saw it in secret and rewarded it openly : " "heard" it "in heaven," and honoured it on earth !

Such was our friend as a man of prayer. Now I really believe, if you young men will study the facts which make up this portrait, and look at the personal embodiment of religion in this actual history of a living man, it will do far more to defend you against sceptical and metaphysical difficulties about prayer, than any reasoning addressed to the understanding ; and far more to convince you of the truth and divinity of our holy faith, than arguments and evidences of another kind. Let me

entreat you to pray as an act of faith,—in obedience to Divine injunction and promise, as the appropriate expression of the religious instinct against which all objections are vain, however unanswerable, instead of thinking that you must first meet satisfactorily infidel objections. You might as well imagine that in natural things, an infant should abstain from the breast till it understands the subject of atmospheric pressure ; or you yourselves from food till you perfectly comprehend the process of nutrition ; or every one of us from noble impulses of the heart till we consult the miserable scruples of the head. Spiritually, you may as well imagine that you are to understand the Infinite before you will worship, or expect God to give to you an “account of his matters” before you will obey. Why, you need the mysterious to worship at all. You cannot adore where you fully comprehend. Instead of thinking that “where mystery begins religion ends,” you should rather feel that without mystery there can actually be no religion at all. Not only, therefore, do not “restrain prayer before God,” but “stir up yourselves to take hold of Him.” Depend upon it, that is true, in all ages, of devout men, which is stated respecting the ancient Church,—“*They called upon God, and He answered them.*” Sir Fowell Buxton enjoyed with some of his intimate friends—friends equally as Christians and politicians—the solace and strength of social prayer. They met at the residence of one of them, near “the House,” when the debates permitted ; took tea together ; read a portion of Scripture, and prayed. They then returned to their duties, with no feeling, rely upon it, diminished, that was requisite for them, in their worldly conflicts, to quit themselves like men.” The following fact will appropriately conclude this particular :—

After the conclusion of the American war of Independence, the delegates of the States assembled for the purpose of adjusting the Constitution of the Republic. After many days, during which little or no progress was made, and in which,

elated by their victory, and their then novel condition of independence, they forgot the acknowledgment which was due to Him who had led them to triumph ; in the midst of their perplexities, the celebrated Franklin—a man but slightly imbued with the spirit of true Christianity, but who had a profound philosophical reverence for God—stood up in Congress, and gave utterance to the following remarkable language. Referring to the spirit of prayer that characterized them during the eight years' conflict, and in which they had become remiss, he said :—

“And have we now forgotten the powerful Friend ? Or do we imagine that we no longer need His assistance ? I have lived a long time ; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth—that GOD GOVERNS IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN ; and, if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid ? We have been assured in the Sacred Writings, that, ‘Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.’ I FIRMLY BELIEVE THIS ; and I also believe that, without his concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel : we shall be divided by our little partial local interests,—our projects will be confounded,—and ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages ; and, what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, and conquest.”

The historian records, that, from this moment, a spirit of sobriety and judgment fell upon the delegates ; that forthwith, as if oil had been poured upon the waves, their deliberations became harmonious, and that, within a reasonable space, they completed the Constitution.

3. The third particular was, to explain the manner in which the religious life demonstrated itself in Sir Fowell Buxton. I

feel, however, it will be necessary to do very little here, as much that has been said partakes obviously of a twofold character. Many of those things by which his religion was advanced were, at the same time, things by which it was shown. One or two points may be glanced at for a moment.

To those who knew him best, the religious life must have appeared as the spirit and spring of the worldly life ; that which gave vigour to its movements, elevation to its aims, sanctity to its motives. The whole phenomena that appeared in the outward man must have been a revelation, to those who understood it, of his inward being ; not merely of natural strength, of mental vigour, of moral sympathies—but of all, animated and purified by religious faith. We can often only look on “the outward appearance,” and can know nothing more of a man. We have no means of judging beyond what we see. We may discern in it virtue ; but those who can look deeper may see that it springs from a Divine source, and is alive with a spirit that makes it holiness. It was thus that Sir Fowell Buxton would appear to some. When he seemed to the world only to be humane, benevolent, patriotic, he might be known to be influenced by those feelings which made all these things religious. “*He that in these things serveth Christ, is acceptable to God and approved of men.*” It is possible for these two results to be separated. In the thoroughly Christian man they are combined. He may be “approved of men,” because of the act—the outward form ; he is “acceptable to God,” because of the motive—the inward principle ; but, in such a case, the outward form is the embodiment and clothing of the principle. In so far, therefore, as all that our friend did, had in it any intensiveness, purity, or force, *which it could not have had without his religion*, so far his worldly life was a constant utterance and incarnation of the Divine.

As to more specifically religious acts. There is his conduct during the illness of his two brothers, and the sentiments to

which he gives indulgence and expression at their death. There is his deportment when visited with domestic calamity, the successive removal, in a very short period, of four children. There is the hue of his familiar letters ; there is the tone of his correspondence with his friends ; there is the religious solicitude he expresses towards some, the encouragement administered to others ; here there is reproof, there persuasion. Then, there was the maintenance of family prayer. The service was conducted neither as a form, nor *with* a form ; though, with the latter, there may be as much piety in the duty as without it. Still, his mode of conducting it showed the strength and maturity of his, for it impressed observers with a deep conviction of his earnestness and faith. Still further, there were his Sunday evening services when in the country, his having his hall or parlour thrown open to the neighbours,—the villagers being invited to attend the worship,—his reading the Scriptures, and by a plain familiar exposition, “causing the people to understand the meaning.” This might not be very regular, it might not be canonical, it might not even be legal—for Churchmen in this respect have not the same liberty with Dissenters—but such thoughts never troubled Sir Fowell Buxton. He believed that any one who understood Christianity might teach it to others who knew it not ; that his capacity and position conferred ability and gave influence which he might exercise and use for God ; that, in what he did, he was only acting out his principles and his professions ; and that if, in doing so, he was out of harmony with anything on earth—with political enactments or ecclesiastical law—he was *in* harmony with a higher system of obligation and duty than either, with the mind of God, with the Divine government, and with the spirit and order of that “holy church” of which all true believers consist, which has its members in every denomination, and is *thus* spread “throughout all the world.” He was in harmony with Him who rebuked his apostles for for-

bidding one to cast out devils who "followed not with *them*," who himself preached to the poor, though some rudely asked for his authority ; and "of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." These Sunday evening services were but another expression of that spirit which displayed itself in the support and advocacy of Bible and Missionary Societies ; which prompted him laboriously to master their reports, that he might intelligently take part in their anniversaries ; and that led him to identify himself with the constitution and actings of the "City Mission," as, for many years, its treasurer and chairman. In the same way, all his kindness, benevolence, philanthropy ; his cheerfulness, tenderness, and truth ; the sympathizing heart, the relieving hand ; his moral principles and social amenities ; the substantial materials and the minute adornments of the structure of his character ; were all things by which, and through which, the light that was in him shone forth, or in which there was the Divine element as well as the natural ; gracious communications, as well as disposition, culture, and habit.

4. The last thing we proposed to advert to was, to inquire—and well we may, perhaps, after the representations we have gathered and given—whether there was anything about Sir Fowell Buxton, and what, inconsistent with the religious professions he made in his lifetime, or with the character of the documents published since his death ?

Two or three times Sir Fowell Buxton was blamed in respect to his public life ; but there was nothing in the accusations that would materially affect our present inquiry. He was blamed for acceding to the compensation and apprenticeship clauses of the Slavery Emancipation Act. I can only say, without going into reasons, that I conceive he did what not only admitted of defence but of justification. I think he was right. He was greatly censured for being, as it was thought, behind a more advanced section of abolitionists, in not sympathizing with them, and trying to put an end to the

apprenticeship before it would legally expire. To this it may be replied, he was open to evidence, though he stood firm, at first, to the bargain the nation had made with the colonies ; that he listened and read, admitted the force of the representations made, and aided his accusers to achieve success. With respect to the Niger Expedition, it is enough to say, it was a great misfortune, but not a fault.

I know not that it is necessary to notice the charge against him of unsound Churchmanship, for even those that made it would hardly, I suppose, consider that it went to the root of his religion and made that unsound. There is a great lesson, indeed, conveyed to us poor mortals, both in the fact that Buxton was abused for his opinion and vote on the Irish Church question, and by the circumstance of one of his friends labouring to establish his Church-of-Englandism or to excuse and account for its deficiencies. When our friend differed from some of his own on a church question, the cry was, "Buxton cuts me to the heart ; I never read such *hollow, weak, flashy, unsatisfactory* speeches in my life." "And this," says Buxton himself, "but represents the general impression among the Evangelicals." It is very sad that we cannot differ from one another without anger, or that my brother cannot take a position different from mine without immediately losing, in my eyes, all the ability I used to admire in him. It is like the case of one of my colleagues in this Lecture, who was not long ago regarded as distinguished both by talents and worth, but who, having acknowledged that he sees differently from his friends, and, to be consistent, acts on that perception, is now spoken of in many quarters as if he had neither virtue nor parts. It is very hard to accord to others the liberty we claim, and exceedingly so if they exercise that liberty in such a way as would impose on us disagreeable duties. It is the same everywhere, among all parties and in all men. It is human nature with its self-love

offended and hurt, and reluctant to the task of forgiving, justifying, or refuting the offender. As to Sir Fowell Buxton, he was something far greater than either good Churchman or good Dissenter, he was A GOOD MAN ; a loving, liberal, large-hearted, thorough Christian man ; a noble, simple, true man. He loved the Church of England, no question about it ; admired her Liturgy and enjoyed her services, as I do, and perhaps believed in the allowableness of her episcopal constitution. But he looked at the principles in which all the good agree, rather than to the things in which churches differ. He was far more affected by true *work*, by whomsoever done, than by modes and forms ; in fact, he had a good deal of the Quaker in some of his preferences, and could not possibly care for or sympathize with much of "the mint, anise, and cumin," which is as sacred in the eyes of some as the dust of Jerusalem was dear to the Jew. He hears a clergyman preach a good sermon ; "It would not have disgraced," he says, "Goat Lane,"—that was the Quakers' Meeting at Norwich. "I have heard," he continues, "those there that would not have disgraced a cathedral." Some of them, I dare say, from his "sweet sister," Priscilla Gurney. After giving an account of what he calls "a remarkably comfortable Sunday," spent well in private, happily in public, with one of Mr. Pratt's best sermons and a delightful communion service, he thus concludes : "You will hardly believe that I had a kind of longing for Norwich Meeting. In the shape of religious service, a Friends' meeting-house, with Joseph and Priscilla for teachers, is the most congenial to my mind, more so, I think, than anything else." "For ornament, for display of wealth, for music," he writes from Rome, "for, in short, *a scene*, fifty to one on St. Peter's Cathedral against the Friends' meeting-house at Plaistow ; for worship in spirit and in truth, fifty to one on Plaistow Meeting against St. Peter's and all its glories." The liberality for which some would apologize, is to me the proof

of a genial nature and of good *Christianity-ship* ; of a sound understanding, a sound heart, and a sound creed.

I am not sure whether I ought to notice the teetotal objection. His business as a brewer is thought to be against him. No Christian, it is supposed, could continue in such a trade. As I do not myself consider the teetotal theory true, nor its practices binding,—though I acknowledge and rejoice in the good it has wrought,—I can, of course, believe in the lawfulness of Sir Fowell Buxton's business. Everything lawful can be defended : I could defend, therefore, his making porter, just as I could defend his going into Parliament. At the same time, I am willing to concede that such very large concerns have their temptations ; that they may involve such a necessity for the possession and maintenance of so much public-house property, as can hardly be a happy subject of contemplation ; that they are symptoms of a state of society, and may possibly operate as encouragements to it, which one would willingly see improved ; and, in short, that they, and nothing like them, will exist in the millennium. Still, while admitting all this, I do believe that Sir Fowell Buxton would not willingly have supported a system which was worked in any way inconsistent with public morals. Besides, one who entered into the business forty years ago, before teetotalism was ever heard of, is not to be judged by the state of the public mind now, certainly not by that of only a part of the public. “ Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth.” This blessedness unquestionably was our friend's.

The only thing which I have heard of lately as particularly scandalizing some parties, is Sir Fowell Buxton's fondness for shooting. They cannot understand it. There is a mystery in the thing. The idea of a man having family worship, reading the Bible, and then going out with the gun ! Still more, that he should write down, with the same pen, an account of his shooting into the sky against the birds, and then something

about his soul soaring above it by faith and prayer ! It is strange, suspicious, inexplicable ! They cannot make it out. I really believe that many good and pious people are seriously distressed by the thought of this matter ; while others, who dislike an Evangelical, or abhor a Whig, make themselves merry, or pretend to be serious, over Buxton's inconsistency. Had he only happened to have been simply orthodox, or a "high and dry," and on the right side, he might have passed for "a pillar" or "a buttress" of the good old sort, if he had not had more religion in the whole of his great big body than he really had in his little finger.

The fact, in my honest opinion, is neither more nor less than this : Sir Fowell Buxton was rather too keen a sportsman ; he was devoted to shooting to something like excess. He admitted it and lamented it, I think. I don't quite like his feeding the pheasants out of the window, petting the creatures he intended to fire at ; though perhaps this is more sentimentalism than philosophy, or may be indicative of my innocence in respect to the gun. However, admitting all this, the explanation and defence of Sir Fowell Buxton I rest on this fact : he was never a vicious man, he was never drawn away by any field-companions into a debauch. Had he, at any time, sunk into low and sensual habits, especially if these could have been traced to his shooting associates, then, when he was met by God's grace, and, as he would in that case have been, *suddenly converted*, he would never have touched a gun more ; he would have regarded it as the means of his fall ; he would have hated it as the memorial of his disgrace. But he had no such feelings. Shooting, with him, had never been anything but an innocent recreation. It is not an immorality *in itself*. Nobody can honestly see a resemblance between Buxton writing in his journal after shooting, and Rochester doing so when plotting to govern James by a harlot !¹ Shooting had braced

¹ See Macaulay's *History of England*, vol. ii. pp. 73, 74.

Buxton when a boy ; had kept him out of mischief, perhaps, when a lad ; gave him health and recreation as a man ; re-animated his jaded and worn-out system as a Member of Parliament, when sunk and wasted with the toils of a session. Had it ever been associated with immorality, it would have been abandoned when a change took place in his character ; but that change was really *gradual*,—it was growth and development, progress and advance, rather than turning round ; and hence his continuance in the use of an exercise which he had no painful reasons for abandoning. Depend upon it, some Christians shun things that others can approach, because, in the one case, there is the painful recollection of perversion and abuse ; and, in the other, there is nothing but the innocent and rational use of an allowable liberty or a defensible indulgence. I would not willingly lower the standard of Christian conduct. I think the more a man is above an excessive or enslaving attachment to shooting, or boating, or anything else, so much the better ; but I also think, that there is a great lesson for the young in the fact, that while “to the pure all things are pure,” “to them that are defiled there is nothing pure.” He who has preserved himself “unspotted ;” who has lived without darkening the recollections of memory or poisoning the springs of thought ; who has been “kept from the pollutions that are in the world through lust ;” who has not *forfeited his right* to look round him with a sparkling eye and “a merry heart ;” such an one, however spiritual he may become, will always regard with candour and love the conduct of others, and will feel, too, that his religious growth requires but little to be positively abandoned in his own. Religion is the enemy of no pleasure consistent with innocence.

IV. Such was Sir Fowell Buxton, in his constitution and character, his labours and his fortune, his life and death ; such was he by nature, by circumstances, by self-culture, and by the

grace of God. There he stands—A STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN. Although I am well aware that I have left many things unsaid which might have been advanced, and that would have added, here and there, something of grace or beauty to the picture ; yet as I have laboured to give you a full view of all that was essential to the completeness of the subject, so, I hope, I have on the whole done so. What a pure, manly, useful, noble life has passed before you ! How much in the character of the man to awaken admiration, to inspire respect, to attract love, to encourage effort, and to prompt to imitation ! Only compare such a life as Sir Fowell Buxton's with other forms of life that will occur to you, or the elements and spirit of his character—its strength and depth, its humanity and religiousness—with that of some whom you may have known, or of whom you have heard or read. I make no claim for Sir Fowell Buxton of extraordinary genius, or even of splendid talents. I do claim for him, however, what is better than either, and more valuable than both or all. I sum up my conception of him in the language of the Book he so much loved, and in words which honour the Source of “every good and perfect gift :” —“GOD gave unto him *the spirit* of POWER, and of LOVE, and of A SOUND MIND.” I know no statement that more accurately comprehends and conveys what our friend was. Take him as such, and compare him with any one you like—distinguished or undistinguished—of the sons of men : his friends can calmly abide the issue. Contrasts, however, occur to us of many sorts ; and some of them very affecting.

One of the finest specimens I know of virtue without piety, is presented in the *Life of the late Sir Samuel Romilly*. The book is exceedingly interesting, and the character of Sir Samuel comes out in many aspects of goodness and beauty. But, to a religious mind, to one especially imbued with the spirit of evangelical belief and of earnest devotion, it is one of the most melancholy books, and the picture of its accomplished subject

one of the saddest sights I know. Romilly and Buxton both rose into distinction through inherent force of character, and alike rose, we might almost say, from the city ; they both were members of Parliament ; both gave their attention to some subjects in common ; both were made baronets ; each had his Life written by his son, and the character of each has much resemblance in some of its solid excellencies to the other. But there is not the slightest indication of piety, according to our views of it, in Romilly's Life from beginning to end. He never *prayed*, properly speaking ; for he had views which made him imagine it was wrong or unnecessary to ask anything "from above." The nearest approach to prayer that appears, is a paper containing a sort of philosophical address to God ; grateful, indeed, but as emphatically *heathen* as if no gospel had ever been revealed. How different the volume before us ! One of its most remarkable features is the quantity of it indicative of Buxton's devout "walking with God" while continually busy with the world and men. Romilly and Buxton both married, though at different ages, those who filled them with supreme satisfaction. By the loss of his wife, the mind of the one was so overturned, that he fell a few days afterwards by his own hand. The other had not to pass through the same sorrow ; but he had deep afflictions, under which his faith sustained him, and there is no doubt that if he had been called to the greatest allotted to man, he would have been able to say, though not without anguish and tears, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it ?"

Look at Sheridan, again. How poor the man of wit and genius appears, in comparison with our plodding, uninspired Sir Fowell ! How wretchedly low, the careless, reckless, impulsive creature, seen by the side of the man of prudence, of worth, of piety ; the man who had no respect for anything that would contravene DUTY, no notion of great parts or true manhood separate from God ! Sheridan laboured to be bril-

liant, Buxton to be substantial. The one often spoke for immediate effect, the other always to secure a valuable end ; the one thought of fame, the other of usefulness ; the one was willing to be admired, the other wished to be understood ; the one had no great aim in life, no grand moral object, the other was possessed by passions and ends that elevated and dignified him ; the one left no memorial in anything done, the other achieved much that he attempted. Poor Sheridan ! A man feeble in principle, extravagant, careless, selfish ; one whom nobody could help, and who would not help himself ; who was praised for his powers, admired for occasional great efforts, and for some light literary productions, but who did nothing approaching to what *labour* and *morals* might have helped him to accomplish. He progressively descended lower and lower in his tastes and habits ; went on without respect and without sympathy, till at last he sunk into the grave a shadow and a wreck, leaving many to mourn, many to pity, but none who really honoured him while living, or who could venerate or enshrine his memory when dead. How opposite to all this the character before you !

It would be easy to dwell upon other instances. Contrast, for instance, Buxton's life with that of one of mere refinement, literature, show, voluptuousness ; like that of Beckford of Fonthill. How poor the man of taste and extravagance beside an individual whose career embodied the poetry of *utility*—utility in its highest and best sense ; the poetry of all that is great and sterling, bold and bright, in the purest morals, the most manifest unselfishness, toil for the benefit of others, service and sympathy wherever needed ! Beautiful thoughts, beautiful words, style of composition, style of life, pomp, magnificence, and so on : these things are all very well ; but it is better to *be* a great book than to write one ; to live and act a poem, than to compose it. It is a fine thing for a man's life to be a true epic. Great pursuits and high purposes consti-

tuting the idea ; moral conflicts, the battles and victories ; good deeds, the sounding-lines ; the sweet rhythm, the flowing harmonies of a pure conscience ; and the poetical justice seen in the end, the glorious working out of God's eternal laws in favour of all who serve him loyally. What miserable *moral* composition some of your fine authors and great poets themselves are ! What doggerel in comparison with the glorious psalm of a good man's life !

How different, again, and how superior, Buxton's course to that of a weak-headed, soft-hearted, benevolent enthusiast ! One whose own habits may not be bad, but who has spent his life in the dissemination of principles—under the idea of benefiting the world !—which corrupt and debase wherever they prevail. A man who has spent a fortune in Utopian plans for remodelling society ; who believes himself in possession of just the thing that all the nations of the world want ; who has tried to explain it to many, but who has got few to believe and fewer to understand him. A man who, so far as his views have had any effect, has done nothing but mischief, and given rise to nothing but disorder ; and who yet clings to the idea that, if he could only get society to reconstruct itself, to give up religion, to abandon certain social monopolies that lie at the basis of domestic life, pull down all towns and cities, and arrange itself according to the pattern of some ideal parallelograms, all would be well, nothing could hinder the dawn of the millennium ! How much better for Buxton, that he possessed the spirit of “*a sound mind !*” How much wiser he, to spend his life in aiming at possibilities ; and how happy for him at last, to feel that he had not lived and laboured in vain !

What a contrast is Buxton to others of his contemporaries ! A banker in Berners Street finds himself in difficulties, and commences a course of fraud and forgery to keep up the credit of the house. At all hazards he will retain his place in society,

and have, at least, the outward seeming of a gentleman, though he is pursuing, all the time, a life of deceit and falsehood, and appropriating the property of others as his own. As might be expected, personal habits are as irregular as the social are criminal. He lives without knowing the blessedness of a home ; a husband, without the rites of the Church ; a father, without the sanctities of the relation. At length, early on a dark, damp November morning, a continual low murmuring sound is heard, increasing in the thoroughfares of the city. Before the dark abode of punishment and crime, men are busy erecting the apparatus of death. Yellow flashes from various torches flickering against it, render it dimly visible to the eye, while the hollow sounds of the workman's hammer fall like heavy strokes upon the heart. At length it is day ; thousands upon thousands are discovered—the packed filth and refuse of the metropolis—*waiting to see a gentleman hanged !* There he is ! Beautifully dressed ; elegant in figure ; his hair, slightly touched by time, moving in the wind ; he has all the appearance of being born to move in cultivated society, and to find his equals *there*. But he is *here*. And now, see, *he is left by every individual having the aspect of one of his own class*. He has brought himself to the level of the wretched dregs and offscouring of all things, who seem to hold him as their associate, and to hail him as one identified with themselves ! What a terrible price to have to pay for the past ! There is nothing in the universe so expensive as sin. Moral courage, true power, principle, religion, would not only have kept the man from sinking into the criminal, but might have raised him high into usefulness and honour. The banker might have equalled the brewer, if, like him, he had purposed, and worked, and believed, and prayed.

What a contrast such a life as the one before us, to that of the man who lives for nothing but to grub on, get money, hoard, and leave it ! And how such people sometimes leave

it ! causing the world to wonder, first at the enormous amount of their wealth, and then at the folly or vanity, the meanness or injustice, of its testamentary distribution. There was an old tradesman whom I knew by sight, and whom Buxton, I daresay, knew. He accumulated much. Every Sunday morning he used to ride out into the country, walk about a little on Clapham Common, and return to dinner. I used to meet him regularly. It was but a poor form of life his, nothing Divine about it. He was a social, genial man, too, in his way, but had no idea but that of getting money ; not much faith, I fear, in anything beyond that, and the “ great fact,” indeed, of the unseen, but not unfelt, reality—the stomach ! He married his cook, died very rich, and left some thousands to his Company “ to make themselves comfortable ! ” What an idea of the end for which man was born ! This man and Buxton seem like beings of a different species, yet were they alike ; living at the same time, inhabiting the same city, within the sound of the same gospel, and capable of the same Divine life.

What a contrast between Buxton’s life and that of the man of passion and pleasure ! In the second series of Howitt’s *Visits to Remarkable Places*, you will find an account of the dying words of Sir Francis Delaval, lamenting a useless, frivolous, dissipated life ; and urging on the attention of Mr. Edgeworth the importance of so living as to be pure and happy in himself, and advising him to seek to be “ *useful* to mankind.” Buxton *was* all this ; *but he was more*. As we have repeatedly said, his outward, useful, beneficent course, his eminent moral virtues, were all sustained and purified by the impulses of a renewed nature and the principles of a Divine life. Lord Chesterfield says that the world, and men of the world, are all like a painted and illuminated theatre, very dazzling and splendid in appearance, but not bearing to be examined, or fit to be looked at in respect to the secret sources of illusion. “ I,” said he, “ have been on the other side

of the scenes. I know what lies beneath and behind. Beautiful to appearance the world and men, as to the outside show of life ; but to see, as I have seen, the ropes and pulleys of the stage, to have to smell the smouldering tallow-candles, and to be annoyed with the oils and paints used for getting up the deceit, it is enough to sicken us with the thought of the hollowness of all things." Now, the very reverse of all this is the case *here*, and, in spite of infirmity, with every true and holy man. Buxton was like a timepiece that, in its outward movements, visibly goes in harmony with the sun, the regularity and truth of whose index is accounted for when we examine its works, and see, as Chesterfield says, what is "beneath and behind." We find, in the first place, all the wheels well made, and of good material ; and we find, in the second, that the central spring, whence issue motion and power to every part, rests upon a diamond, and is incapable of disturbance ! In the case of a man of sound understanding and sanctified affections the analogy is complete. The outward is correct, the works underneath, of head and heart, are strong and good ; but the basis and source of all activity—the grand preserver of visible order, is *the Divine principle in the centre of being* ; THE LIFE OF GOD IN THE SOUL OF MAN.

Hear, then, the conclusion of the whole matter. Study the subject that has been presented to you ; meditate upon it ; pray over it ; and strive to be like it. In many things you may. I know the objection which some of you are ready to offer. You would say, "It is all very well talking ; but give us the position, the opportunities, and the chances of Buxton, and we will be something too. What can be done by young men without an opening, without a start, without connexions, without capital, without society ; worn out by unrelieved toil, and ready, therefore, to find solace in excitement, and tempted to take recreation on the Sabbath ?" Well, I make allowance

for the difference of position. Sir Fowell Buxton *was* in more favoured circumstances than many of you ; still, as I told you before, you may be benefited by the *principles* involved in any example, however different the individual from yourselves in rank. You have much to struggle with. The isolation in which many of you are placed, residing by yourselves in large establishments like so many monastic institutions, is not good for you ; it may be unfavourable to happiness, to morals, to manners, to religion. I hope, however, that with respect to some of these things, there is a process of improvement going on. The EARLY CLOSING movement is advancing, and is gaining strength as it proceeds. Some wholesale houses are even beginning to give the Saturday afternoon in addition to the evening hours. If this becomes general—and I know not why London should be behind Manchester—there will be no conceivable excuse for Sunday recreations. The influence of a society like this may be expected, also, gradually to produce an effect on your employers ; and, where such things are not, to lead to libraries, and reading-rooms, and conveniences for retirement, that you may have, in their establishments, the means of happy and useful home-occupation, and opportunity for private reflection and thought. But suppose the worst. Put everything in the most unfavourable light, and, when the worst is realized, it just comes to this, that there is a greater need for your carefully attending to those very things which have been set before you,—for cultivating the natural virtue of resolute determination,—and seeking the Divine gifts of an inward life. None of you may be BUXTONS *in the actual form of your outward course*,—but all of you may, *in your principles and character*. By studying him as a model, you may even come to surpass him ; for your circumstances may be such as to make the difference all in your favour, supposing you should approach to anything *like* what he was.

I have known many cases in which there have been, in their degree, in young men of your class, essentially the same sort of experience and history as that we have been going through to-night. A young lad has come from a town in Yorkshire, or a village in Sussex—like Buxton from Devonshire, with its beautiful scenery and spreading sea ; or, like others, from the land of the lake and the heather,—from the fresh breezes of moor and mountain,—and he has been set down, solitary and inexperienced, in the midst of the crowds and warehouses of the city. I have known such in imminent peril from the influence of his first associates ; but good sense, self-respect, ambition to rise,—the Christian friend, the Bible, and the Church,—have combined in their influences to preserve or to restore, to raise to respectability and to sanctify by religion. I have known the Aldersgate Institution do for some, what Dublin University did for Buxton. Habits of self-improvement have been formed, which have been favourable to character, to advancement in society and success in life. An Easter visit to a friend's family in the country, or contact with his sister or cousin in town, has brought, perhaps, to bear on manly force the influence at once of intelligence and piety. New motives have arisen for action ; a higher influence been infused into the character. Then there has been the opening presented, and the attempt made, and the beginning, and the rise, and the determined perseverance, and the steady advance, till the man has felt his position established, and found his place among the traders and merchants of the land. All this while I have known going on *mental processes connected with religion*, which have been opening the intellect to truth, drawing the heart to God, and fitting the man for the associations and duties of a *church-life* in connexion with his manly battle in the world.

Men talk about heroes and the heroic element ; there is

abundant room for the display of the latter in many positions of obscure city life, and many of the former have lived and worked nobly, though unknown. The noblest biographies are not always written. There have been great heroic men, who have toiled on in their daily duties ; and suffered and sacrificed and kept their integrity ; and served God, and helped their connexions, and got on themselves ; who have displayed in all this, qualities of character—of mind, courage, goodness—that would have honoured a bishop, a general, or a judge. The world once saw your “hero” in nothing but the strong, stalwart, fighting man ; and it has not quite got above that yet. How the devil must chuckle at his success, when he gets a fellow to think himself something wonderful, because he can dress in scarlet or blue, and have a sword by his side and a feather in his hat ; and when he says to him (and the poor fool believes it), “*Your hands are far too delicate to be soiled by the dirt of the counter and the shop :*” and then whispers to himself, “*Keep them for blood, human blood !*” Fifty to one, as Buxton says of Plaistow and the Pope, fifty to one on *the great unknown*, on Brown, Smith, and Jones, on any *one* of them, against Cæsar and Napoleon. Wood Street against Waterloo, the world over.

The lesson of this lecture is to help you all, in the highest moral sense, to be strong and resolute men ; pure, devout, God-fearing men. To stimulate you to aim at getting on in life ; to encourage you to try to rise in the world ; and to remind you that, for this, energy and character are of far more importance than opportunity or luck. Energy will create the one, character is the best form of the other. Above all we wish to teach you, that whatever be the turn your fortunes may take, *that* piety, prayer, and faith,—*that* holy converse with God, which were the brightest parts of the picture you have seen, and the best possession of the man who sat for it,—may be

yours. The source whence Sir Fowell Buxton drew his strength, is open for you ; the Saviour that died for him is yours ;—the gospel that he believed, is as much your property as it was his ; and prayer can do as much for you as it did for him. I take my leave of you with hearty good wishes ; praying that the present young men of London may nobly determine, by God's help, to be what some young men of London have been before them.

A COMPLETE AND UNIFORM SERIES
OF
THE EXETER HALL LECTURES

BEFORE THE

Young Men's Christian Association,

In Twenty Volumes, for Sixty Shillings.

THE EXETER HALL LECTURES have become an institution. For nineteen years, with scarcely any diminution of popularity or interest, they have drawn together thousands of persons of all classes of society, and have been especially serviceable in forming the character, directing the thought and reading, and stimulating the religious activities of the YOUNG MEN for whose advantage they were originally established. Nor has their usefulness stopped here. Published in pamphlet-form immediately after their delivery, and collected in a volume at the conclusion of each series, they have been circulated by thousands in Great Britain and Ireland, in the United States, and in our North American and Australian colonies. It is believed that no similar publication has ever met with such public favour; certainly no publication has, from year to year, called forth such interest or accomplished so much

good ; and it may perhaps be added, without exaggeration, that the eighteen published volumes of the EXETER HALL LECTURES contain articles written by men of as much learning, eloquence, and ability, as have contributed to any publication which has issued from the press.

The editions of some of the earlier volumes have long since been exhausted ; and, as some others which remain are not uniform in size, it is proposed to republish the whole, including the Lectures of 1863-64, 1864-65, in a uniform series of Twenty Monthly Volumes, to commence from the 1st of January 1864, at the price of Sixty Shillings for the whole series.

MESSRS. JAMES NISBET and Co. very respectfully and very confidently ask to be supported in this scheme of republication by the friends of the Young Men's Christian Association, by the members of similar associations throughout the country, and by all those who would promote amongst the youth of our time the highest intelligence in combination with the soundest moral and religious principles.

They appeal also to the Managers of Literary and other Institutions, to the Proprietors of large Factories and Workshops, and generally to those who distribute useful literature among their dependants, believing that they will find nothing more suitable for their purposes than the Lectures of the Young Men's Christian Association.

SCHEME OF PUBLICATION.

I. The Series will be completed in Twenty Volumes, printed on good paper, and handsomely bound in a new style suitable for such a work.

II. The issue will be Monthly, the first volume to appear on the 1st of January 1864.

III. Each Volume will contain a Portrait of one of the Patrons or Friends of the Association. The First Volume will contain a Portrait of the President, the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G. ; the Second, the late Treasurer, George Hitchcock, Esq.

IV. The price will be Sixty Shillings for the whole Series if paid in advance ; or Three Pounds payable in instalments of One Pound each ; the first to be paid on Subscription, the second on the publication of the Sixth Volume, and the third on the 1st of January 1865.

** * * Subscribers' Names, accompanied with the whole or first instalment of the Subscription, to be sent to the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, 165, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C., or to the Publishers,*

JAMES NISBET AND CO.,

21, Berners Street,

London, W.

October, 1874.

A SELECTION FROM
JAMES NISBET AND CO.'S
CATALOGUE.

A SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE OF GOD'S LOVE

AND OF HIS FAITHFULNESS TO HIS WORD. By C. H. MALAN,
once a Major in the British Army. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d., cloth.

"It is full of incident, and pervaded by a fine religious spirit."—*Daily Review*.

HILLS THAT BRING PEACE. By the Rev. CHARLES

D. BELL, M.A., Honorary Canon of Carlisle. Crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.

"An excellent volume of sermons."—*Evening Hours*.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF HARMONIA: A Legend

of Youth. By the late Miss FRANCES ROLLESTON. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d., cloth.

"The poem gives evidence of much culture, reflection, and experience."—*Literary World*.

LETTERS OF RUTH BRYAN. By the Author of

"Handfuls of Purpose." With a Preface by the Rev. A. MOODY STUART,
M.A. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.

"Ruth Bryan's letters are remarkably like Samuel Rutherford's, not rivalling them in depth, and genius, and sanctified wit sublimed into heavenly imagery, but closely resembling them in most winning, unwearied, and gloriously endless eulogy of the King in his beauty."—*Extract from Preface*.

DARE TO DO RIGHT. By the Author of "Nettie's

Mission," &c. With coloured Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d., cloth.

"We have seldom met with a volume so thoroughly suited to boyish tastes, and so well calculated to exercise a good influence over young readers."—*Leeds Mercury*.

LECTURES ON GREAT MEN. By the late Rev.

FREDERIC MYERS, M.A. With Preface by the Rev. T. H. TARTLTON. Sixth
Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.

"Admirable lectures, true, sterling, thorough."—*Watchman*.

A GOLDEN SUNSET. An account of the last days of

Hannah Broomfield. By the Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D., Author of "The
Gates of Prayer," &c. 16mo, 1s. 6d., cloth.

"As a present for servants the book is especially valuable; but few masters or mistresses could read it without pleasure or profit."—*Christian*.

DEEP ROOTS FOR PLEASANT FRUITS. Containing Notes of above One Hundred of the Rev. E. LILLINGSTON'S Sermons. By the Editor of "Possession and Profession." Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d., cloth.
 "From these Sermons many a word of instruction, comfort, and encouragement may be gathered."—*Gospel Magazine*.

"THE WORDS OF CHRIST," and other Sermons preached in Christ Church, Gypsy Hill. By the Rev. R. ALLEN, M.A., Vicar. Crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.
 The sermons are full of vigour and earnestness, and combine purity of doctrine with freedom and independence of thought."—*Christian Advocate*.

THE FOURTH WATCH. By the Author of "The Melody of the Twenty-Third Psalm," "The Other Shore," &c. 32mo, 10d., cloth.
 "A little book full of beautiful and suggestive thoughts bearing on the everyday life of Christians, . . . deserves to be popular, and is likely to prove very useful."—*Rock*.

CHRIST AND THE CHURCH. Sermons on the Apostolic Commission. (Matt. xxviii. 18-20.) By the Rev. ADOLPH SAPHIR, B.A. Crown 8vo, 6s., cloth.
 "Eloquent, beautiful, and profoundly evangelical sermons."—*Literary World*.

SELECT REMAINS OF ISLAY BURNS, D.D., of the Free Church College, Glasgow. Edited by the Rev. JAMES C. BURNS. With Memoir by the Rev. Professor BLAIKIE, D.D. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d., cloth.
 "A varied and most instructive volume."—*Weekly Review*.

A COMMENTARY ON THE PROVERBS; With a New Translation, and with some of the Original Expositions re-examined in a Classified List. By Professor JOHN MILLER, Princeton. Demy 8vo, 14s. cloth.
 "Mr. Miller is naturally gnomie, and his Commentary abounds in happy, clear cut, pithy sayings, finely sharpened with the quaintest American force and humour."—*Weekly Review*.

CROSSING THE RIVER. By the Author of "The Life of the late Rev. Dr. Marsh," "Memorials of Capt. Hedley Vicars," &c. Crown 8vo, 1s. cloth limp.
 "This little volume is perhaps the most beautiful and touching of all that Miss Marsh has written."—*Preacher's Lantern*.

RELIGIOUS POEMS. By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward," &c. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d., cloth.
 "A volume of very sweet poems couched in a truly devotional spirit."—*Weekly Review*.

A THIRD SERIES OF SERMONS PREACHED AT KING'S LYNN. By the late Rev. E. L. HULL, B.A. Crown 8vo, 6s. cloth.
 "We have seldom met with sermons in which fervent eloquence and sobriety of judgment were more admirably combined."—*Contemporary Review on the First Series*.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH. The Substance of

Addresses on the Book of Joshua. By STEVENSON A. BLACKWOOD. Crown 8vo, 2s. cloth limp ; 2s. 6d. boards.

"It is distinguished by thoughtful exposition, and a deeply religious tone pervades every page."—*Watchman*.

INSTRUCTIONS ON THE CHURCH CATECHISM.

Being Fifty-two Short Lessons for Bible Class, Sunday School, &c. By the Rev. ROWLEY HILL, M.A. In Four Parts. Parts I. and II., 3d each.

"Eminently judicious, thoroughly evangelical and deeply spiritual."—*Our Own Fireside*.

LONG EVENINGS, AND WORK TO DO IN

THEM. By Mrs. BAYLY, Author of "Ragged homes, and how to mend them." Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. cloth.

"After an introduction full of incident and descriptive of work, follows a series of chapters on Wycliffe, Tyndale, and Gutenberg, which are written with great spirit, discrimination, and clearness."—*British Quarterly Review*.

CHURCH AND HOME LESSONS FROM THE

BOOK OF HOSEA, FOR FAMILY READING. By the Rev. A. C. THISELTON, Dublin. Crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.

"The style of these addresses is earnest and practical, and we have pleasure in recommending them."—*Church of England Magazine*.

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE. A Series of Les-

sons on the Acts of the Apostles. By the Rev. WILLIAM ARNOT, Edinburgh, Author of "This Present World," &c. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d. cloth.

"Racy and readable, based upon solid study, and brightened with facts gathered by an unusually observant eye, and with the fancies of an active imagination."—*British and Foreign Evangelical Review*.

THE HEALING WATERS OF ISRAEL ; or, The

Story of Naaman the Syrian. An Old Testament Chapter in Providence and Grace. By the Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D., Author of "Memories of Bethany." Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. cloth.

"Told with all his vigorous power of enforcing Scripture truth, and bringing it home to the heart and conscience. It teaches, in a striking manner, many most useful lessons."—*Christian Observer*.

DARK SAYINGS OF OLD. Being an attempt to Eluci-

date certain Difficult Passages of Holy Scripture, in a Series of Ten Lectures. By the Rev. J. B. MCCAUL, Honorary Canon of Rochester, &c. Post 8vo, 5s. cloth.

"A valuable contribution to current theological literature, and well adapted to counteract some of those erroneous opinions on sacred subjects which are sadly too prevalent in the present day."—*Church of England Magazine*.

THE LITTLE CAMP ON EAGLE HILL. By the

Author of "The Wide Wide World," &c. Coloured Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"Well written, full of dialogue, and clever."—*Nonconformist*.

"An excellent tale for the young, with a distinctly Christian tone."—*Our Own Fireside*.

THE RELATIONS OF THE KINGDOM TO THE

WORLD. By the Rev. J. OSWALD DYKES, D.D. Author of "The Beatitudes of the Kingdom," &c. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"For a certain nervous clearness of style, delightful freshness and vigour of thought, he has few equals in the Presbyterian Church."—*North British Daily Mail*.

THE GATES OF PRAYER. A Book of Private

Devotion for Morning and Evening. By the Author of "Morning and Night Watches." 16mo, 2s. cloth.

"The prayers of which this volume is composed are of a high order, and will be found full of suggestions."—*Rock*.

THE INGLISES; or, How the Way Opened. By MAR-

GARET J. ROBERTSON, Author of "Christie Redfern's Troubles." Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"Full of the little details which give vitality and interestingness to a story, and introducing characters queer, quaint, and peculiar, as well as those of a higher type."—*Sunday School Teacher*.

BLACK IVORY. A Tale of Adventure among the Slavers

of East Africa. By R. M. BALLANTYNE, Author of "The Lifeboat," "The Norsemen in the West," &c. Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.

"A captivating story, and likely to do good withal, with incident and information, the picturesque and the practical, adventure and pathetic appeals, skilfully mingled for a good purpose."—*Record*.

THE CHRIST OF GOD. By the Rev. HORATIUS

BONAR, D.D., Author of "Hymns of Faith and Hope," &c. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"Thoughtful, reverent, earnest, and practical. It breathes a truly devout spirit, and can scarcely fail to be profitable."—*Watchman*.

THE WORD OF LIFE. Being Selections from the Work

of a Ministry. By the Rev. CHARLES J. BROWN, D.D., Edinburgh. Post 8vo, 6s. cloth.

"Good specimens of the higher class of sermons given from the Scottish pulpit,"—*Edinburgh Courant*.

THE GOSPEL AND ITS FRUITS. A Book for the

Young. By the Rev. J. H. WILSON, Edinburgh, Author of "Our Father in Heaven," &c. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"The book is quite unique. Full of sound doctrinal teaching, illustrated by anecdote and hymn and picture, it commands and rivets attention."—*Daily Review*.

TALES OF ADVENTURE ON THE SEA, AND

TALES OF ADVENTURE BY FLOOD, FIELD, AND MOUNTAIN.

From "Ballantyne's Miscellany." By R. M. BALLANTYNE, Author of "The Lighthouse," &c. With Illustrations by the Author. Crown 8vo, each 3s. 6d. cloth.

"A better prize for the deserving school-boy could not be found than this pleasant-looking book full of seafaring experience and tales of heroism."—*English Independent on Volume I*.

THE MINISTRY OF SONG. By FRANCES RIDLEY

HAVERGAL, Author of "Bruey," &c. Cheaper Edition. 32mo, 1s. 6d. cloth.

"Exquisite poems."—*Our Own Fireside*."Full of real poetry—rich, deep, true, sweet, and brave thoughts."—*Woman's Work*.**ALICE L'ESTRANGE'S MOTTO:** And how it gained

the Victory. By RABY HUME. With Illustrations. Royal 16mo, 2s. 6d. cloth.

"A beautiful story."—*Watchman*."Nicely written and well told."—*South London Press*.**MEMOIR OF THE REV. J. J. WEITBRECHT,**

Late Missionary of the Church Missionary Society in Bengal. Compiled by his WIDOW from his Journals and his Letters. With a Preface by the late Rev. H. VENN, M.A. Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"The book ought to have a place in every library that has a missionary department."—*Literary World*.**LITTLE MAGDA.** The Story of a Child. By ROSE

BURROWES. With Illustrations. Royal 16mo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"A charming picture of bright childhood."—*Guardian*."A beautiful and true picture of child-life."—*Edinburgh Courant*.**NIDWORTH AND HIS THREE MAGIC WANDS.**

By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward," "Little Susy," &c. Royal 16mo. With Illustrations, 2s. 6d. cloth.

"The writing is pure and the lessons valuable."—*Christian World*.**OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN;** or, The Mutual Recog-

nition of the Redeemed in Glory Demonstrated. By the Rev. J. M. KILLEN, D.D., Author of "Our Companions in Glory," &c. Fifteenth Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"A full, earnest, and conclusive investigation of the entire subject."—*British and Foreign Evangelical Review*.**LIGHT AND LIFE IN CHRIST.** By the Rev. F.

WHITFIELD, M.A., Author of "Voices from the Valley," "Earthly Shadows of the Heavenly Kingdom," &c. Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.

"A series of expositions fresh in thought, spiritual in tone, and warm in feeling."—*Our Own Fireside*.**THE CHILD OF THE CHOSEN PEOPLE.** A

Tale. Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.

"A charming little tale."—*Watchman*.**CHILD LIFE.** A Collection of Poems. Edited by JOHN

GREENLEAF WHITTIER. With many Illustrations. 4to, 6s. cloth, gilt edges.

"Turning over its leaves, it appears to us a charming volume, and we know of no other which strings together so many gems of the like water."—*Times*.

THE LITTLE PREACHER. By the Author of "Little Susy's Six Birthdays," "Stepping Heavenward," &c. 16mo, with Illustrations, 1s. 6d. cloth.

"A grave though interesting tale. . . . The teaching is done quietly and pleasantly."—*Edinburgh Courant*.

SERMONS AND LECTURES. By the late Rev. JAMES HAMILTON, D.D., F.L.S., Author of "Life in Earnest," "The Great Biography," &c. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d. cloth.

"A number of sermons and lectures, in all cases, of extreme beauty and excellence."—*Rock*.

LOWENCESTER. A Tale. By SYDNEY HAMPDEN. Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.

"A clever tale. . . . The book is interesting and Christian."—*Watchman*.

SOLDIERS AND SERVANTS OF CHRIST: or, Chapters on Church History. With Preface by the Rev. F. V. MATHER, M.A., Vicar of St. Paul's, Clifton, and Canon of Bristol. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.

"An exceedingly valuable book. . . . The narratives embrace chief names from the 1st to the 16th century, and are so told that they will interest young people."—*Christian Observer*.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY. By the Rev. JOHN HALL, D.D., of New York, late of Dublin. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. cloth.

"A volume of admirable papers, full of acute thinking, attractively expressed. A section would make admirable fireside reading in the family."—*British and Foreign Evangelical Review*.

THIS PRESENT WORLD. Sketches from Nature and Art, taken in the Vacations of a Professional Life. By the Rev. WILLIAM ARNOT, Edinburgh, Author of "The Parables of our Lord." Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"A delightful little book, and one likely, we think, to be very useful."—*Edinburgh Courant*.

SERMONS ON OLD TESTAMENT SUBJECTS. By the late Rev. EDWARD WALKER, D.C.L., Rector of Cheltenham. Edited by the Rev. T. P. BOULTBEE, LL.D. Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.

"Full of sound Gospel truth, these sermons are marked by great earnestness and directness of appeal."—*Rock*.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED. Lectures on I Corinthians ii.

By the Rev. ADOLPH SAPHIR, B.A. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"A valuable commentary."—*Sword and Trowel*.

"An earnest, forcible, luminous presentation of the mind of the Spirit."—*Literary World*.

COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE. Being God's Words of Comfort Addressed to His Church, in the last Twenty-seven Chapters of Isaiah. By the Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. Second Edition, Small Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.

"Every page is full of beauty, and the book will certainly be found useful and suggestive by all into whose hands it may fall."—*Rock*.

THE EVERLASTING RIGHTEOUSNESS ; or, How shall Man be just with God? By the Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. Second Edition, Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"A rich book, suggestive, gracious, full of holy unction."—*Sword and Trowel*.

VOICES FROM THE VALLEY TESTIFYING OF JESUS. By the Rev. F. WHITFIELD, M.A., author of "Earthly Shadows of the Heavenly Kingdom," &c. Seventh Edition, Small Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"Eloquent, evangelical and simple, we cannot express too high an opinion of these expositions of Scripture."—*Our Own Fireside*.

THE NORSEMEN IN THE WEST ; or, America before Columbus. By R. M. BALLANTYNE, author of "The Iron Horse," &c. Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth, with Illustrations.

"A book that cannot possibly be laid down till the very last word of the last line has been read."—*Athenæum*.

THE LAWS OF THE KINGDOM. By the Rev. J. OSWALD DYKES, D.D., Author of "The Beatitudes of the Kingdom." Second Edition, Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"An expositor worthy of the theme . . . We recommend the book heartily."—*Edinburgh Courier*.

SYNOPTICAL LECTURES ON THE BOOKS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE. First Series—Genesis to Song of Songs—Second Series—Isaiah to Acts. By the Rev. DONALD FRASER, D.D., Marylebone. Crown 8vo, each 6s. cloth.

"Singulantly interesting, instructive and comprehensive lectures."—*Record*.

SCRIPTURE ITSELF THE ILLUSTRATOR. A Manual of Illustrations, gathered from Scriptural Figures, Phrases, Types, Derivations, Chronology, Texts, etc., adapted for the use of Preachers and Teachers. By the Rev. G. S. BOWES, B.A. Small Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"Evidently the result of attentive and persevering study . . . We strongly recommend it to the notice of preachers and teachers, feeling sure that they will derive many suggestive hints from it."—*Church of England Magazine*.

PULPIT DISCOURSES, EXPOSITORY AND PRACTICAL, AND COLLEGE ADDRESSES. By MICHAEL WILLIS, D.D., LL.D., Emeritus Professor of Divinity, and Principal of the Knox College, Toronto, and formerly Minister of Renfield Church, Glasgow. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d. cloth.

"Remarkable specimens of exegetical exposition and defence of truth, which students of theology would do well to read, ponder, and inwardly digest."—*Inverness Courier*.

BRUEY, A LITTLE WORKER FOR CHRIST. By FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, Author of "The Ministry of Song." Third Edition, Small Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"Written in a fascinating style."—*Woman's Work*.

"A peculiarly interesting volume."—*Churchman's Shilling Magazine*.

PAPERS FOR HOME READING. By the Rev. JOHN

HALL, D.D., New York. Second Edition, Small Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"Lively, practical, and earnest, and on themes of the deepest moment."—*English Independent*.

"The whole collection is excellent."—*Presbyterian*.

MORAG; A Tale of Highland Life. Second Edition,

Small Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"One of the most touching children's stories we have for a long time read."—*Nonconformist*.

TALES FROM ALSACE; or, Scenes and Portraits from

Life in the Days of the Reformation, as drawn from old Chronicles. Translated from the German. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"We can assure readers of this volume a genuine treat. . . . Young and old will be arrested by their charm, and touched by their pathos."—*English Independent*.

MATTHEW FROST, CARRIER; or, Little Snow-

drop's Mission. By Mrs. MARSHALL, Author of "Stellafont Abbey." Small Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"A pretty story told with all the author's well known charm of manner."—*Watchman*.

THE DEATH OF SELF, THE LIFE OF SER-

VICE. Lectures on Isaiah vi., preached in Portman Chapel, during Lent, 1872. By the Rev. J. W. REEVE, M.A. Small Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"Weighty truths expressed with much earnestness and plainness."—*Church of England Magazine*.

"Can hardly be too fervently commended to the attention of the Christian reader."—*Record*.

THE BEATITUDES OF THE KINGDOM. By the

Rev. J. OSWALD DYKES, D.D. Third Edition. Small Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"The purity of Mr. Dykes's language and the lucidity of thought and expression, combine to render this one of the choicest contributions to Christology which we have lately met with."—*Nonconformist*.

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN. The Lord's Prayer

Familiarly Explained and Illustrated for Children. By the Rev. J. H. WILSON, Edinburgh. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. cloth, with Illustrations.

"One of the most interesting and successful expositions of the Lord's Prayer in our language. It abounds in illustration and anecdote, and cannot fail to be a favourite with young people."—*Evangelical Magazine*.

CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTION FOUNDED ON THE

CATECHISM OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. In three successive Steps. By the Rev. W. DALTON, B.D. Twelfth Edition. Small Crown 8vo, 2s. cloth. Also, separately, 1st Step, 2d.; 2nd Step, 6d.; 3rd Step, 8d.

TRUTH IN CHRIST. By the Rev. F. WHITFIELD, M.A., author of "Voices from the Valley." Third Edition, Small Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"His readers will find his notes and comments very valuable when perused in conjunction with the passages on which they are founded."—*Rock*.

HEAVENLY PLACES. Addresses on the Book of Joshua. By STEVENSON A. BLACKWOOD. Second Edition. Small Crown 8vo, 2s. cloth limp; 2s. 6d. boards.

"Sound, earnest, and practical enforcement of Evangelical truth."—*Evangelical Magazine*.

AN EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. Intended chiefly as a help to Family Devotion. Edited and continued by the Rev. W. DALTON B.D. Fourth Edition. 2 vols. 8vo, 24s. cloth.

THE IRON HORSE; or, Life on the Line. A Railway Tale. By R. M. BALLANTYNE, author of "The Lifeboat," &c. Second Edition. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.

"A captivating book for boys."—*Guardian*.

"A most engaging tale, in which there is also a substratum of very useful practical information."—*Inverness Courier*.

ST. PAUL IN ROME; or, the Teachings, Fellowships, and Dying Testimony of the great Apostle in the City of the Cæsars. Being Sermons preached in Rome during the Spring of 1871. With a copious Introduction, containing details of Local, Historical, and Legendary interest, gathered on the spot. By the Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. With Photograph. Second Edition. Small crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. cloth.

"Simple, earnest, and evangelical."—*Evangelical Magazine*.

THE CULTURE OF PLEASURE; or, The Enjoyment of Life in its Social and Religious Aspects. By the author of "The Mirage of Life." Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s. cloth.

"A very readable, enjoyable and profitable work."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

"A pleasant volume to read; full of anecdote and illustration. It has a flavour of the raciness of the Doctor of Southey and of the philosophy of the Lacon of Colton."—*The English Churchman*.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE AND MINISTRY OF THE LATE REV. A. R. C. DALLAS, M.A., RECTOR OF WONSTON. By HIS WIDOW. With Portrait. Third Edition. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d. cloth.

"An important and well-timed contribution to the religious biography of the nineteenth century."—*Christian Observer*.

STORIES OF VINEGAR HILL. Illustrative of the Parable of the Sower. By the author of "The Golden Ladder." With coloured Illustrations. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"An admirable example of the way in which the teachings of Scripture, and especially the parables of the Lord, may be used so as to engage the attention and sympathy of children."—*Nonconformist*.

THE SONG OF THE NEW CREATION, AND OTHER PIECES. By the Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. Author of "Hymns of Faith and Hope." Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth. Cheap Edition, 32mo, 1s. 6d., cloth, circuit or gilt edges.

"Fresh specimens of that poetic power by which the author has often driven away evil spirits from the hearts of men and cheered them in the dark."—*British and Foreign Evangelical Review*.

LITTLE SUNBEAMS. Stories by JOANNA H. MATTHEWS. With Coloured Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"Many important lessons are taught in its pages, which, while never dull, are always instructive."—*Rock*.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN. A New England Story. With coloured Illustrations. Small crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"The story is well told; the characters are well delineated; the pathetic and the humorous are skilfully blended."—*Maryland Church Record*.

MEMORIES OF PATMOS; or, Some of the Great Words and Visions of the Apocalypse. By the Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. With Vignette. Sixth Thousand. Post 8vo, 6s. 6d., cloth.

"Dr. Macduff has given us a volume of beautiful thoughts, and has clothed these thoughts with language which is at once elegant and forcible."—*Rock*.

MOSES THE MAN OF GOD. A Series of Lectures by the late JAMES HAMILTON, D.D., F.L.S. Third Edition. Small Crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.

"Graceful description, imaginative reconstruction, unconventional, and often very ingenious, sometimes learned disquisition, with the light graceful touch of poetic style and delicate fancy."—*British Quarterly Review*.

LAYS OF THE HOLY LAND. Selected from Ancient and Modern Poets by the Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. New Edition, with Illustrations from original Photographs and Drawings. Crown 4to, 12s., cloth.

"The Holy Land is a subject to which all great poets have devoted some of their best endeavours, and these are now brought together and adorned by illustrations worthy of such a text. . . . The volume will long remain a favourite."—*Times*.

THE FLOATING LIGHT OF THE GOODWIN

SANDS. A Tale by R. M. BALLANTYNE, Author of "The Lifeboat," &c. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.

"As full of incident, as healthy in tone, and as fresh and vigorous in style as any of its predecessors."—*Scotsman*.

THE LIFE OF THE LATE JAMES HAMILTON,

D.D., F.L.S. By the Rev. WILLIAM ARNOT, Edinburgh. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d. cloth. With Portrait.

"We rejoice to recommend this volume as a congenial and worthy record of one of the noblest and most fruitful lives with which the Church of Christ has been blessed in modern days. The editor's work has been done with admirable judgment."—*Weekly Review*.

A MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV. WILLIAM C.

BURNS, M.A., Missionary to China. By the late Professor ISLAY BURNS, D.D., Glasgow. Crown 8vo, 6s. cloth. With Portrait. Cheap Edition. Small Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"A more apostolic life has rarely been spent. . . . It is impossible to estimate too highly the good that may flow from this record of Christian life and labour."—*Sunday Magazine*.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Lectures by the Rev. ADOLPH

SAPHIR, B.A., Greenwich. Fourth Edition. Small Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.

"A work so wide in its range of thought, and so concentrated in its doctrinal teachings, so rich and well packed, yet so simple and interesting, and so clear, pure, and intelligible in expression does not often make its appearance."—*Christian Work*.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK; or, The Keeper

of Israel and the Sheep of His Pasture. By the Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. With Vignette. Twelfth Thousand. Small Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"A remarkably well-written volume, eminently practical and devout in its tone, and one which spiritually-minded persons will read with both pleasure and profit."—*Journal of Sacred Literature*.

LIGHT AND TRUTH. Bible Thoughts and Themes—

First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Series—1. THE OLD TESTAMENT. 2. THE GOSPELS. 3. THE ACTS AND THE LARGER EPISTLES. 4. THE LESSER EPISTLES. 5. THE REVELATION OF ST. JOHN. By the Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. Crown 8vo, each 5s. cloth.

"Rich in matter and very suggestive."—*Christian Advocate*.

"Valuable work. It contains a series of brief expositions well suited for private use, or for family reading."—*Record*.

SERMONS. Preached at King's Lynn. By the late Rev.

E. L. HULL, B.A. First, Second, and Third Series. Post 8vo, each 6s. cloth.

"This new volume of twenty sermons has all the claims of the first—the same happy use of Scripture, the same clear and firm grasp of the principle of every text he selected, the same earnest longing after the beauty and holiness on which he has now entered, the same play of imagination, the same freshness of thought, and fitness of utterance."—*Freeman on Second Series*.

STEPPING HEAVENWARD. By Mrs. PRENTISS.

Author of "Little Susy's Six Birthdays," &c. With Coloured Illustrations. Seventh Edition. Small Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. cloth.

"A faithful diary, recording the experiences of a good and gentle soul in its onward march to a better land."—*Rock*.

BOOKS FOR WAYFARERS. By ANNA WARNER, Author

of the "Golden Ladder." 32mo, cloth. 1. WAYFARING HYMNS, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED. 6d. 2. THE MELODY OF THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM. 8d. 3. THE OTHER SHORE. 1s. 4. THE FOURTH WATCH. 10d.

"There is an unction and a beauty about the books that well fit them to be pocket or table companions."—*Freeman*.

"Two little books, beautiful without and within."—*English Presbyterian Messenger*.

MEMORIALS OF THE LATE JAMES HEN-

DERSON, M.D., F.R.C.S.E., Medical Missionary to China. With Appendix. Seventh Edition. Small Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth. With Portrait. Also, Cheap and Abridged Edition, 16mo, 1s. cloth limp.

"The memorials of Dr. Henderson form as beautiful and exhilarating a little history as it has been for some time our task or pleasure to read. . . . It is the story of one of those noble lives before which power and difficulty recoil, and give up the contest."—*Eclectic Review*.

NOONTIDE AT SYCHAR; or, The Story of Jacob's

Well. By the Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. With Vignettes. Ninth Thousand. Small Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"One of the most attractive of the many pleasant and profitable religious studies published by Dr. Macduff."—*Daily Review*.

DEEP DOWN. A Tale of the Cornish Mines. By R. M.

BALLANTYNE, Author of "The Life-Boat," etc. With Illustrations. Small Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.

"This is just the subject for Mr. Ballantyne, whose stories in connection with that enterprise and adventure which have made England great are amongst the best of modern days."—*Daily News*.

THE WORKS OF THE LATE JAMES HAMILTON,

D.D., F.L.S. Complete in Six Vols., Post 8vo, each 7s. 6d. cloth.

"More than most men he has embalmed his qualities in his writings. . . . They well deserve to be published in a permanent form, and this handsome library edition will be a great boon to many families."—*Freeman*.

MEMORIES OF OLIVET. By the Rev. J. R. MACDUFF,

D.D. With Vignette. Seventh Thousand. Post 8vo, 6s. 6d. cloth.

"The almost photographic clearness with which every point around Jerusalem is described, and the frequent though unobtrusive illustration of the sacred text from Eastern life, together with the vivid realization of the movements of our Saviour during the last few days of his earthly career, make the *Memories of Olivet* a most valuable companion in the study of the preacher and teacher, and in the chamber of the home student."—*Record*.

THE LIFE OF THE LATE REV. DR. MARSH,

of Beddington. By his DAUGHTER, Author of "English Hearts and English Hands," etc. With Portrait. Eighth Edition. Post 8vo, 10s. cloth; Fourth and Cheap Edition, Small Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"We have read this volume with much interest, and can recommend it as an excellent account of Dr. Marsh's life and career, and of the associations connected with them."—*Times*.

PLAIN SERMONS ON THE GOSPEL MIRACLES.

By the Rev. ARTHUR ROBERTS, M.A. Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.

"Plain and simple, without attempt at critical disquisition or philosophical inquiry, they are earnest, scriptural, and attractive. The style, with nothing lofty in it, is pleasant, and the sermons are thoroughly readable."—*Church of England Magazine*.

THE SHADOW AND THE SUBSTANCE. A Second

Series of Addresses by STEVENSON A. BLACKWOOD. Small Crown 8vo, 2s. cloth limp, 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

"Full of incident, rich in illustration, smooth and pleasing in style, and abounding in practical lessons."—*Record*.

THE PROPHET OF FIRE; or, The Life and Times of

Elijah, and their Lessons. By the Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. Eighth Thousand. Post 8vo, 6s. 6d. cloth.

"Full of incident, rich in illustration, smooth and pleasing in style, and abounding in practical lessons."—*English Presbyterian Messenger*.

ST. PAUL; His Life and Ministry to the Close of his

Third Missionary Journey. By the Rev. THOMAS BINNEY. Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.

"Mr. Binney has elaborated into a volume his magnificent lectures on St. Paul's Life and Ministry. . . Mr. Binney's books need no commendation of ours."—*Quarterly Messenger Young Men's Christian Association*.

HYMNS OF FAITH AND HOPE. By HORATIUS BONAR,

D.D. First, Second, and Third Series, Crown 8vo, each 5s. cloth. Also, Pocket Editions, Royal 32mo, each 1s. 6d. Also a Royal Edition, printed at the Chiswick Press, and handsomely bound. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d. cloth.

"There is a freshness and vigour, an earnestness and a piety in these compositions, which is very gratifying. The language is highly poetical."—*Evangelical Christendom*.

ILLUSTRATIVE GATHERINGS FOR PREACH-

ERS AND TEACHERS. By the Rev. G. S. BOWES, B.A. First and Second Series, Small Crown 8vo, each, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"Its tone is thoroughly evangelical and spiritual, and it is fitted to furnish useful hints and illustrations to the Christian teacher."—*Christian Witness*.

ENGLISH HEARTS AND ENGLISH HANDS ; or,

The Railway and the Trenches. By the Author of "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vickers." Small Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth. Also a Cheaper Edition, 2s. cloth limp.

"The Memorials of Vicars and these Memorials of the Crystal Palace Navvies are books of precisely the same type, and must not be overlooked. We recognize in them an honesty of purpose, a purity of heart, and a warmth of human affection, combined with a religious faith, that are very beautiful."—*Times*.

THE EXETER HALL LECTURES TO YOUNG

MEN, from their commencement in 1845-6, to their termination in 1864-5, all uniformly printed, and handsomely bound in cloth, and embellished with portraits of the Friends and Patrons of the Young Men's Christian Association. Complete in 20 vols., price of each volume, 4s. ; or the whole series for £3.

MATTHEW HENRY'S COMMENTARY ON THE

HOLY BIBLE, comprising upwards of 7000 Pages, well printed (the Notes as well as the Text in clear and distinct type) on good paper, forming Nine Imperial 8vo volumes, and handsomely bound in cloth. Price £3 3s.

. The work may also be had in a variety of extra bindings, particulars of which will be forwarded on application.

THE REV. THOS. SCOTT'S COMMENTARY ON

THE HOLY BIBLE, comprising Marginal References, a copious Topical Index, Fifteen Maps, and Sixty-nine Engravings, illustrative of Scripture Incidents and Scenery. Complete in 6 vols. 4to, published at £4 4s., now offered for £2 10s.

THE BIBLE MANUAL: an Expository and Practical

Commentary on the Books of Scripture, arranged in Chronological Order: forming a Hand-book of Biblical Elucidation for the use of Families, Schools, and Students of the Word of God. Translated from the German Work, edited by the late Rev. Dr. C. G. BARTH, of Calw, Wurtemberg. Third Edition. Imperial 8vo, 12s. cloth.

THE WORD SERIES.

By ELIZABETH WETHERALL and ANNA LOTHROP, Authors of "The Wide Wide World." With Coloured Illustrations. Crown 8vo, each 3s. 6d. cloth.

1. **WALKS FROM EDEN:** The Scripture Story from the Creation to the Death of Abraham.
2. **THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL:** The Scripture Story from the Birth of Isaac to the Death of Jacob.
3. **THE STAR OUT OF JACOB:** The Scripture Story Illustrating the Earlier Portion of the Gospel Narrative.

THE GOLDEN LADDER SERIES.

Uniform in size and binding, with coloured Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth.

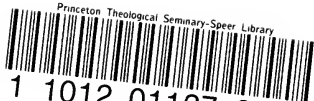
1. THE GOLDEN LADDER: Stories Illustrative of the Eight Beatitudes. By ELIZABETH and ANNA WARNER. 3s. 6d.
2. THE WIDE WIDE WORLD. By ELIZABETH WARNER. 3s. 6d.
3. QUEECHY. By the same. 3s. 6d.
4. MELBOURNE HOUSE. By the same. 3s. 6d.
5. DAISY. By the same. 3s. 6d.
6. THE OLD HELMET. By the same. 3s. 6d.
7. THE THREE LITTLE SPADES. By the same. 2s. 6d.
8. NETTIE'S MISSION: Stories Illustrative of the Lord's Prayer. By ALICE GRAY. 3s. 6d.
9. DAISY IN THE FIELD. By ELIZABETH WARNER. 3s. 6d.
10. STEPPING HEAVENWARD. By Mrs. PRENTISS. Author of "Little Susy." 2s. 6d.
11. WHAT SHE COULD, AND OPPORTUNITIES. Tales by ELIZABETH WARNER. 3s. 6d.
12. GLEN LUNA. By ANNA WARNER. 3s. 6d.
13. DRAYTON HALL. Stories Illustrative of the Beatitudes. By ALICE GRAY. 3s. 6d.
14. WITHOUT AND WITHIN. A New England Story. 3s. 6d.
15. VINEGAR HILL STORIES. Illustrative of the Parable of the Sower. By ANNA WARNER. 3s. 6d.
16. LITTLE SUNBEAMS. By J. H. MATTHEWS. 3s. 6d.
17. THE HOUSE IN TOWN AND TRADING. 3s. 6d.
18. THE LITTLE CAMP ON EAGLE HILL. By ELIZABETH WARNER. 3s. 6d.
19. WILLOW BROOK. By the Author of "The Wide Wide World." 3s. 6d.
20. DARE TO DO RIGHT. By the Author of "Nettie's Mission." 3s. 6d.
21. SCEPTRES AND CROWNS AND THE FLAG OF TRUCE. Tales. By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World." 3s. 6d.

THE SELECT SERIES.

Crown 8vo, each 3s. 6d. cloth. Bound by BURN. Most of them with Illustrations.

1. DERRY. A Tale of the Revolution. By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.
2. THE LAND OF THE FORUM AND THE VATICAN. By the Rev. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.
3. THE LISTENER. By CAROLINE FRY.
4. DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE EAST; or, Illustrations of Bible Scenes. By the Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.
5. THE HOLY WAR. By JOHN BUNYAN.
6. THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By JOHN BUNYAN.
7. THE MOUNTAINS OF THE BIBLE; Their Scenes and their Lessons. By the Rev. JOHN MACFARLANE, LL.D.
8. HOME AND FOREIGN SERVICE; or, Pictures in Active Christian Life.
9. LIFE. A Series of Illustrations of the Divine Wisdom in the Forms, Structures, and Instincts of Animals. By PHILLIP H. GOSSE, F.R.S.
10. LAND AND SEA. By P. H. GOSSE, F.R.S.
11. JOHN KNOX AND HIS TIMES. By the Author of "The Story of Martin Luther," etc.
12. HOME IN THE HOLY LAND. By Mrs. FINN.
13. A THIRD YEAR IN JERUSALEM. A Tale Illustrating Incidents and Customs in Modern Jerusalem. By Mrs. FINN.
- 14 & 15. THE ROMANCE OF NATURAL HISTORY. By P. H. GOSSE, F.R.S. First and Second Series.
16. BYEWAYS IN PALESTINE. By JAMES FINN, Esq. F.R.A.S., late H. M. Consul of Jerusalem and Palestine.
17. BLOOMFIELD. A Tale by ELIZABETH WARREN, Author of "John Knox and his Times," &c.
18. TALES FROM ALSACE; or, Scenes and Portraits from Life in the Days of the Reformation, as drawn from old Chronicles. Translated from the German.
19. HYMNS OF THE CHURCH MILITANT. Edited by the Author of "The Wide Wide World."
20. THE PHYSICIAN'S DAUGHTERS; or, The Spring Time of Woman. By the Author of "Wandering Homes and their Influences," &c.
21. WANDERING HOMES AND THEIR INFLUENCES. By the author of "The Physician's Daughters."

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



1 1012 01127 6120



